

CURRENT HISTORY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF The New York Times

VOL. V.
NO. 3

DECEMBER—1916

PRICE
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CREATOR OF THE GERMAN FLEET

Der Schöpfer der deutschen Flotte.



This Portrait of the Kaiser Appeared in a Leading German Magazine After the Battle of Skagerrak. Copies of It Recently Reached America on the Deutschland.

(© Illustrierte Zeitung, Berlin.)

MOTHER OF GENERAL VON MACKENSEN



She Is Holding a Newspaper Portrait of Her Famous
Leader of the German Offensive in Dodrudja.

(© Underwood & Underwood.)

CURRENT HISTORY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE NEW YORK TIMES

DECEMBER, 1916

THE WAR: MILITARY PHASES

Progress on All Fronts

THE war situation in the past month has inclined somewhat favorably to the Allies. The British and French made advances in France, the latter having executed a brilliant and effective stroke in the recapture of Forts Douaumont and Vaux, with many prisoners and much equipment. By this feat the French regained in a few hours what cost the Germans eight months and 600,000 men; moreover, it definitely dispelled any illusions the Germans may have cherished as to the ultimate fall of Verdun, and proved a new inspiration to the French. Along the Somme and Ancre both French and English made several effective thrusts into the German inner lines, and advanced two or three miles along an extended front.

In the Balkans the fortunes of war swayed from side to side. The armies of the Central Powers made a formidable advance into Rumania, capturing the important City of Constanza and reaching a point nearly fifty miles within the Rumanian border; but early in November this advance was checked, and then changed into a retreat. At this writing the Teutonic forces have been driven back thirty miles, and one wing of Mackensen's army is in grave danger of being caught between two strong Russian armies. The Serbians, with French assistance, have achieved success along the Cerna, and have recaptured a considerable area of their own territory. By Nov. 16 their forces, co-operating with the Franco-Russo-Italian army to

the west of them, had driven the enemy back over the Bistritza River, and on Nov. 19 they captured Monastir. Greece seems to have grown quieter, and has accepted the domination of her affairs by the Entente Powers. The independent movement under Venizelos is making further progress with allied assistance.

Italy has scored a distinct success on the Carso plateau and is now within striking distance of Trieste, which seems destined ultimately to fall into Cadorna's hands.

There has been sanguinary fighting all along the eastern front, from Riga to the Carpathians. The advance of the Russians has been checked, and they have met with some reverses; the fighting in the vicinity of Halicz has been particularly severe, and the advantage seems to rest with the Germans, for the moment, but the bloody struggle still continues. No important events are chronicled in Asia Minor, but the British are completing the capture of German East Africa.

There were no important naval engagements, but the month brought a renewal of German submarine activities with great losses to English and neutral shipping. Several large steamships with Americans aboard have been torpedoed; but the Germans assert that in each instance the vessels either offered resistance or attempted to escape. The merchant submarine Deutschland again crossed the Atlantic and reached New London safely with a cargo of dyestuffs and securities valued at several million dollars. It was reloaded with a cargo

of rubber, nickel, and copper, and quietly left port before daylight on Nov. 17. A few hours after leaving, while passing through the narrow opening of Long Island Sound, the submarine rammed one of its convoying tugs; the tug was sliced in two, and immediately sank with five of its crew. The Deutschland was slightly damaged and at once returned to port. She is expected to resume her voyage before Dec. 1.

Peace Prospects Remote

The prospects of peace made no appreciable improvement during the month. The speeches of the German Chancellor and the British Foreign Minister, printed elsewhere in this issue of *CURRENT HISTORY MAGAZINE*, offer no hope of an early solution. A feeling is manifest at Washington that the re-election of President Wilson may encourage him at an early day to take the initiative in suggesting a conference of the belligerent powers, with a view to discussing possible terms of peace, but the surface indications give slender hope that any mutual basis can be reached until the war enters a new phase.

While all the powers undoubtedly desire to end the struggle, their aims are so widely divergent and their hatreds so implacably fixed that further exhaustion must ensue before peace can come in sight. A significant passage in Viscount Grey's blacklist reply, printed elsewhere in these pages, indicates that Great Britain is preparing for a long struggle, the duration of which cannot be now foreseen.

Germany also is clearly of the same opinion, as is shown by the announcement on Nov. 15 of the proposed introduction of compulsory nonmilitary service. Major Gen. Groener, former Chief of Military Railways, has been given supreme control of all German industries and economic resources. It is understood that he will at once proceed to organize all the man power and woman power in the empire, so that every ounce of potentiality may be employed, and every available man capable of bearing arms may be released from industrial service and sent to the front.

General Fayolle, in Command on the Somme Sector

AFTER the first days of fighting on the Somme front, last July, General Fayolle, who commands the French forces there, declared that victory was certain, if the Entente forces continued to pursue it "with energy and method." The two words, the two qualities, are characteristic of the man. Energy and method General Fayolle practices himself and demands from all his subordinates. A General of Artillery, he recognizes the fact that artillery plays the essential rôle in the war today; he asks for the best guns obtainable, and he asks for the greatest results from his guns. He is in particular a master of the correlation of artillery with infantry, which has gone so far, in the French Army, that the protecting "curtain of fire" moves just far enough ahead of the advancing infantry to secure them against the spray of the bursting shells, and no further.

First, the heavy guns must smash the obstacles in the way of the infantry; then, under cover of the curtain fire, the infantry must reach exactly the objective assigned to every battalion, to every company. But it is not enough to destroy the trenches, the troops of the enemy; there remain his guns. And the best way to guard one's infantry against the enemy's guns is to make a direct attack on these guns and put them out of commission. Therefore General Fayolle has developed the organization of his "counterbatteries," whose sole objective is the guns of the enemy. He always insists that the greatest successes gained by his men are due to his domination of the enemy's guns by his own counterbatteries.

When, in crossing the field of battle, as he daily does, he notices the enemy's shells falling more thickly than usual, he immediately asks: "What are my counterbatteries doing?" And he requires a sufficient answer. General Fayolle always desires to see exactly what his guns are accomplishing. He goes to the batteries, asks what their objective is, inquires into the sighting,

the number of hits; he demands exact answers, and is no friend of zone fire or of fire not accurately controlled. He holds, in a word, that it would be foolish to ask for energy and method, unless he himself daily set the example of both. A man of 64, almost of an age with Joffre, General Fayolle is one of the most noteworthy men in the French Army.

Mackensen and Sakharoff in Dobrudja

THE outstanding fact in the Dobrudja fighting in November was the appearance of General Sakharoff to command the Russo-Rumanian troops then retreating before Field Marshal von Mackensen. Sakharoff was one of the four able Generals fighting under General Brusiloff, (Kaledin, Sakharoff, Stcherbatoff, Letchitsky,) and had greatly distinguished himself on the sector facing Lemberg. His transfer to Dobrudja shows that Russia holds this to be a very important fighting zone. Without doubt, very considerable forces, both of men and guns, went with him, crossing the Danube by pontoon bridges at Braila or Galatz, where Russia built pontoon bridges in the war of 1877, while Dobrudja was still Turkish territory.

Now, Sakharoff's forces, based on Ismailia, Reni, Galatz, and Braila, are only from 50 to 75 miles from their bases; but it is difficult to name any real base for Mackensen's army nearer than Germany, that is, some 1,000 miles off, by way of Sofia, Nish, Belgrade, and Hungary; at no nearer point, it would seem, can Mackensen get large supplies of heavy guns and the shells to load them with, and these are the backbone of his campaign. Food, in no very large quantities, he may get from Bulgaria or Turkey; but, without heavy guns and large calibre shells, he cannot go on fighting. And he can get them only over a thousand miles of railroad, much of which is only a single track.

This would seem to place an enormous advantage of position in the hands of the Russian commander, whose efforts may easily be supplemented by attacks on both of Mackensen's wings, from the Danube flotilla, on the west wing, and

from the Black Sea Fleet on the east. The dispatches leave us a good deal in the dark as to what has really happened on the Danube. There have been suggestions of Russian crossings along the line of the Czernavoda Bridge, only a short section of which may have been cut, and also further south, at a point nearer Silistria. And there are reports of artillery duels across the river both at Silistria and at Turtukai, both of which may mean preparation for a Russian crossing.

It will be remembered that in 1877 the Russians crossed the Danube by pontoon bridges at two points, first clearing the great river of Turkish monitors and gunboats, and then protecting their pontoon bridges by stringing chaplets of contact mines across the river above and below each pontoon bridge. The artillery duels at Silistria and Turtukai may well be the prelude of a similar manoeuvre; if so, then a considerable Russo-Rumanian force may at any moment appear well in the rear of Mackensen's army, and cut that thin and perilously long line of supplies. In this case, Mackensen's position would be almost desperate; it might involve the loss, or surrender, of his entire army, which must already have lost very heavily, and which can only be reinforced with the utmost difficulty—if it can be reinforced at all. Before the new year we shall probably see developments in Dobrudja which may well be decisive for this part of the campaign.

The Fall of Monastir and Its Consequences

DECEMBER would seem to be the decisive month in Balkan fighting. In the early Winter of 1877 the Russians won the great victory of the Shipka Pass, fought in the midst of blizzards, and December saw Turkey practically knocked out as a military power. In the Balkan war of 1912 the allied kingdoms reduced Turkey to impotence in December and effectively ended the war. The present month may see an equally decisive turn in the Macedonian campaign in a rapidly unfolding series of events, of which the fall of Monastir is likely to be the key.

To understand why, with a battle line of some 150 miles, General Sarraill has

been directing practically the whole of his effort against the Monastir corner of the line, we must gain some insight into the position of the mountain chains which determine the shape of the Macedonian battlefield, and thus practically compel a certain line of strategy. The mountain formation is somewhat as follows: There are three important mountain chains running almost north and south; the western chain, which separates Albania from Macedonia, runs down into Greece, with the classic name of Pindus. The central chain runs down to the eastern coast of Greece, through Mount Olympus, and forms the coast of Thessaly. The valley of the Upper Cherna ("Black River") lies between these two chains, and Monastir dominates this valley. The third, the eastern chain, runs southward from the Balkan ridge, and branches out into the three prongs of the Chalcidike peninsula, of which Mount Athos is the eastern prong. Between the second and third north-and-south chains runs the great Vardar River, reaching the sea near Saloniki. The Struma River flows beyond the third chain.

Now, it happens that there is a break in the central chain a little to the south of Monastir, and through this break the Cherna flows, bending northward, and entering the Vardar some thirty miles north of the present Bulgarian line on the Vardar. Let us suppose, then, that the composite force under General Sarrail should complete the present movement and occupy the whole of the Monastir Valley. It could then do one of two things—it could push on up to the head of that valley and through the pass at its head, coming down upon the Belgrade-Saloniki railroad, some 140 miles north of Saloniki; or it could move along the Cherna and reach the Vardar thirty miles behind the Bulgar lines. In either case the whole Bulgar army on its present line would be trapped, and its main line of supplies cut, unless it had meanwhile withdrawn all along the line for a distance of thirty miles. The English force would meanwhile advance up the Struma Valley, on the direct road to Sofia.

It seems, therefore, that Sarrail's con-

ception is brilliant and likely to succeed; he may either, by the present flanking movement, force the Bulgar army back thirty miles, away from their prepared positions, or, better still from his point of view, he may be able to get behind them, cut their line of supplies, and catch them in a trap. For these reasons, it seems likely that the present struggle in the Monastir Valley may bring about a series of very rapid and decisive military events within a comparatively short time, and that the new year may see the turning point of the whole Macedonian campaign.

A Forgotten Factor: The Natural Wastage of Armies

IN most of the calculations regarding the duration of the war based on the total available forces of the belligerents and on their admitted or estimated losses, one very important factor is left out of the reckoning, namely, the natural wastage to which all armies are subject, in time of peace, through forces which continue to be operative during war also, and which are wholly independent of the total of losses due to war, whether through death, wounds, sickness, or capture. This factor may be illustrated as follows: Taking the German Army as an example, because the figures relating to it are both full and accessible, we find that the total of the peace army—the army with the colors at any time during a period of peace—is about 800,000; as the greater number of these men served with the colors for two years, it is clear that about 400,000 recruits were added to the German Army year by year.

After two years' service these men enter the reserve, serving five years there. There follow twelve years in the Landwehr, or Second Line Army, by which time the men have reached the age of 39. From 39 to 45 they are in the Landsturm, a home defense force. Of Landsturmiers, there were, in 1912, 600,000 men who had spent two years with the colors; that is, 100,000 for each of the six years. In other words, of the 400,000 new men of the age of 20 added to the German Army each year, three-quarters, or 300,000, were gone by the

time they had reached the age of 45, and this, through causes ceaselessly operative in time of peace, but which continue, side by side with the war losses in time of war—by sickness, accident, death—in a word, by natural wastage.

If we add five years, it is clear that by the time 50 is reached the whole 400,000 are gone, so far as their fighting value is concerned; nine-tenths of them have actually joined "the great reserve." So it follows that if we take the whole period from 20 to 50 the yearly wastage of a standing army is exactly equal to the yearly number added as recruits; in other words, we may cancel the gains by the losses; the added recruits are just enough to make up those losses which have nothing to do with war.

The same thing, of course, holds good of the "peace army," the workers in munition factories and all other workers behind the fighting line. Therefore it follows that, for each country, there is a maximum which cannot be exceeded, except through the general growth of the population, and this, of course, will only

take effect after twenty years. The male children born this year become "Kanonenfutter" only twenty years hence.

Now, the maximum for Germany in 1912 was about 10,000,000, of whom 4,000,000 were trained and 6,000,000 untrained. And, while the total losses must be deducted from this number, the yearly additions of new recruits must not be added to it, since they are exactly balanced by natural wastage—by sickness and natural deaths. If, then, Germany has hitherto lost 4,000,000 men, the maximum now available is 6,000,000; of these 2,500,000 would seem to be on the western front, 1,000,000 or more on the Russian front, and, possibly, 500,000 more in the Balkan Peninsula. This would absorb 4,000,000 more, leaving 2,000,000 reserves—the maximum possible, which cannot be increased, and from which all future losses must be directly subtracted, while no additions may be made. With losses of 200,000 a month, these would last ten months. The same principle of reckoning will, of course, apply to all belligerent nations.

WORLD EVENTS OF THE MONTH

THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE AND THE POLISH QUESTION

TWO pronouncements by the heads of the Czar's Government have recently been cabled to this country, both of which are of the highest importance. The first concerns the question of a separate peace between Russia and the Teutonic powers, the declarations about which, by the President and Vice President of the Duma, were recorded in our last issue. These are now supplemented by a formal and forcible declaration of the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, who distinctly says that all these rumors of a separate peace to be made by Russia are deliberately manufactured by the enemies of the Entente, who are seeking to sow suspicion among the Allies and to disintegrate their coalition. The Russian Foreign Minister declares, as the Emperor himself has repeatedly declared,

that Russia has only one policy—to stand by France and England and to fight the war to a victorious conclusion.

At the outset, the Emperor of Russia declared that Russia would not cease fighting so long as there was a single enemy on Russian soil. Since by far the largest part of the Russian Empire occupied by troops of the Central Powers is constituted by the Kingdom of Poland, of which the Emperor of Russia is at present the legal sovereign, this naturally involves the whole question of Poland and of Polish autonomy, as involved in the declarations recently made at Warsaw by the Central Powers concerning the creation by Germany and Austria of an autonomous Kingdom of Poland. On this subject the Russian Government has recently made a very important declaration. The Teutonic proposal, Russian Ministers say, is obviously not made in

good faith, for two reasons—first, because, while including that portion of Poland which is legally a part of the Russian Empire, it does not include the equally Polish provinces which are now part of Germany and Austria. The Central Powers, says Russia, are very generous with what does not belong to them, but show no intention of giving up what does belong to them. So that the Teutonic proposal does not really intend a genuine reconstruction of Poland at all.

Further, the Russian Government declares, this proposal is obviously in bad faith, because the first proclamation was followed not by the announcement of a constitutional government for Poland, not even by the choice of a King for the new kingdom, but by a call for volunteers—to fight in defense of Poland; that is, to fight against Russia. This is, therefore, in the opinion of the Russian Government, the real aim of the whole movement, while the creation of an autonomous Poland is a delusion and a trick. And this purpose, say the Russians, which would range Poles—legally subjects of the Russian Empire—in battle against the Russian Empire, is a glaring breach of international law. Poles so fighting would be guilty of treason, and, if taken prisoners of war, would be dealt with not as prisoners of war, but as traitors. An important consequence of this action of the Central Powers would seem to be that, by creating a new cause of hostility in Russia, it makes permanently impossible the conclusion of a separate peace between Russia and the Central Powers; or, what amounts to the same thing, it demonstrates that the Central Powers have finally given up all hope of concluding such a separate peace.

* * *

IRELAND AND THE WAR

SPEAKING in the House of Commons on Oct. 18, John Redmond, leader of the Irish Nationalists, drew attention to the fact that Ireland had contributed 157,000 men—all volunteers—to the armies of the Allies; of these 95,000 were Roman Catholics and 62,000 Protestants, while there were 10,000 more Irishmen in the navy, making an Irish force of

167,000 men in all, and that they were drawn from every part of Ireland—north, south, east, and west. It will be remembered that immediately before the war Sir Edward Carson had organized the Ulster Volunteers, and that the south and west had answered by organizing the Nationalist Volunteers. Mr. Redmond pointed out that 30,000 of these Nationalist Volunteers had joined the British Army. Mr. Redmond, who was making a plea for a fuller trust in the Irish spirit, said, in conclusion:

What I feel about these Irish soldiers is that by their gallant deeds they have already won a new place for Ireland before the world, a new place in the policy and councils of the empire. My conviction is that it is for Ireland in her own interests to keep that place, and it is for the empire in the empire's interests to enable her and to help her to keep it. How? By removing once and for all this fog of bad faith and bad management and by settling Ireland on a basis of freedom and responsibility. I put on one side for the moment the question of conscription for Ireland. All I will say at this stage—we may have to speak about it later on—is that it would not be a remedy but an aggravation, and I cannot bring myself to believe that any man responsible for the government of Ireland, either in the civil or in the military sphere, would at this moment recommend it. * * * Let the Government take their courage in both hands and trust the Irish people once and for all by putting the Home Rule act into operation, and resolutely on their own responsibility facing any problems that that may entail. * * * As one who has honestly done his best, and is prepared to continue honestly doing his best, no matter what the risk to his popularity, to help you to win this war, I do beg the Government to hearken seriously to my warning and advice.

* * *

ASSASSINATION OF AUSTRIA'S PREMIER

THE Austrian Premier, Count Sturgkh, was assassinated on Oct. 20, 1916, while at dinner in the Hotel Meissl und Schadn at Vienna, by Dr. Friedrich Adler, who shot him three times. The assassin, who is 32 years old, is a son of Dr. Victor Adler, a Reichsrat Deputy and a Socialist of a mild type. The son, Friedrich, confessed that his motive in killing the Premier was purely political. The assassin held very radical views, and in consequence his father and he were not on amicable terms. It is believed that he was partially unbalanced. The

crime was doubtless precipitated by the Premier's action with relation to the Austrian Chamber of Deputies, which he had refused to convoke since its adjournment in 1914.

Former Prime Minister von Koerber has been appointed to the place thus made vacant. He is regarded as decidedly Pan-Germanistic in his views. Count Adam Tarnowski has been appointed Austrian Ambassador to the United States in succession to Dr. Dumba, whose recall was demanded in consequence of his relation to activities in this country against the Allies. Dr. Dumba died suddenly early in November.

* * *

WOMEN DOING MEN'S WORK

OFFICIAL reports in England show that up to July, 1916, 766,000 women had directly replaced males in general occupations other than nursing and domestic service. It is believed that this number will be increased to nearly 1,000,000 by the first of the new year. The London Times, in commenting on the new tasks for women, says:

There are women employed on the Tyne as blacksmiths' strikers; they are at the fires doing tool fettling and light blacksmith's work and at the power hammer. Women are loading and discharging trucks and weighing material in a sulphur and copper works, and in timber yards they are molding and turning and carrying timber from the trucks. In a motor garage they are washing cars and changing and removing tires. A number of women are employed in a sheet iron works making gunpowder kegs. They do all the work—making the kegs, painting, and packing them. For another firm they are loading picric acid, cleaning the nitrating house, filling and emptying whizzer, and drying and sieving. In a cordite factory they are at work on small cordite presses with men overseers—work which some firms had definitely stated they could not do. The corporations of Hastings and Brighton have women as chair attendants, and in a scientific workshop women are now engaged in assembling the parts of barometers and compasses.

* * *

A FOOD DICTATOR FOR ENGLAND.

ENGLAND is taking steps to safeguard her food supplies. Walter Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, announced in Parliament Nov. 15 that a food controller would be appoint-

ed, with full power over all departments concerned in food supplies. He added that if this measure was insufficient, it might become necessary to have recourse to food tickets. Aside from its relation to the food situation, the announcement is regarded as a significant demonstration that Great Britain is expecting protracted hostilities. Retail prices of food in England are 78 per cent. higher than before the war, 27 per cent. higher than a year ago. Eggs, fish, potatoes, and sugar are double the ante-bellum prices.

France also has begun a series of war economies. A Government edict invests a national board with powers to stop waste and compel economies in the use of coal, light, and provisions. Shops must begin closing at 6 P. M., restaurants and cafés must close at 9:30 P. M., theatres and operas must close on Mondays, motion-picture shows on Tuesdays, café concerts and music halls on Wednesdays; additional closing days may be named to reduce the consumption of coal for lighting.

* * *

GERMAN SOCIALISTS' ATTITUDE.

AN illuminating revelation of the real attitude of German Socialists with respect to war is made in an important work just published by the German Socialists under the title, "Die deutsche Sozial-demokratie in und nach dem Weltkriege," by Konrad Haenisch, Member of the Prussian Diet. He completely destroys the illusion generally pervading this country that German Socialists are opposed to war. He says that behind the majority of the Socialists stand "millions of members of the German trade unions in compact mass. Almost unanimously they approve of the policy of Aug. 4, (the Declaration of War,) and against this rock of strength all the waves of opposition will break to pieces." He argues at length that his party was never opposed to universal service and rejoices that every boy at school and every youth from 16 to 18 will receive preliminary military training.

This Socialist author approves a manifesto by the party that "a war of defense does not exclude a war to attack the enemy, but it does mean the enemy

must be forced to accept peace." He explains that the votes of the German Socialists in the Reichstag against military estimates were not "contradictory to their national spirit. This refusal had nothing to do with the military preparedness of the country, but was always only a protest against the system * * * and the manner in which the funds were raised—indirect taxes and tariffs on the necessities of life." He says the German State has justified itself from the political, military, and organizing points of view; hence the Socialists renounce opposition to it.

* * *

EXCLUDING TEUTONS FROM TRADE

A GENERAL movement is in progress in England and France—with especial energy in England—to exclude entirely and permanently all Germans from engaging in domestic trade. The Manchester Chamber of Commerce has excluded from future membership any unnaturalized German, Austrian, Bulgarian, or Turk, or any firm in which any of the foregoing is a member, or any firm of which one-fifth or more of its stock is held by any of the foregoing nationalities. Severe restrictions are also being put upon naturalized subjects from those countries. The movement to exclude from all professional as well as commercial intercourse all unnaturalized subjects from enemy countries, and to so hamper naturalized subjects as to render their life miserable and to nullify their activities, seems to be spreading throughout England and Scotland and is receiving fresh impetus in France.

* * *

ALCOHOL AND MAN POWER

FULL-PAGE advertisements denouncing the loss of man power through strong drink are among the most striking wartime features of the London newspapers in recent weeks. The demand for national prohibition of alcoholic drinks during the war and demobilization periods has crystallized into the Strength of Britain movement, and is fighting for its object with broadsides of startling facts such as these:

The man power lost in England through

alcohol since the war began is just as if the entire man power of the United Kingdom had stood idle for 100 days. The liquor traffic is using up 500,000 workers. Alcohol has used up 3,000,000 tons of coal during the war, though tens of thousands of miners have enlisted, reducing the coal output to a point below the absolute needs of the nation. It has crowded out 60,000,000 tons of necessary freight on the railways and 50,000,000 cubic feet of shipping space on vessels, in face of the fact that important articles of food and clothing have had to be restricted or prohibited because of lack of shipping space. Since the war the manufacture of alcohol has consumed over 3,000,000 tons of food, with sugar enough to last the nation eighty days, and has forced up the cost of living.

These and similar counts in the indictment are buttressed with extracts from official reports, one of which shows that in a shipyard employing 8,000 men the absences through drink amounted to a loss of 50,000 hours in one week; in another shipyard during four weeks of March, 1915, 670,000 hours of work were lost, or one-quarter of all the normal time of all the men. "How long," demand the reformers, "will the Government allow this colossal waste of man power to go on undisturbed?" They assert that the suppression of alcohol would save \$30,000,000 a day, (more than the war is costing,) besides thousands of lives. The Strength of Britain movement has the signatures of more than a thousand of the foremost Admirals, Generals, statesmen, scientists, and literary men of the United Kingdom.

* * *

EFFECTS OF DRINK RESTRICTION

THE effects of restricted drinking on crime are conclusively shown from the English official records. Convictions for drunkenness in England and Scotland in weekly averages from January to September, 1915 and 1916, were as follows:

	1915.	1916.
London	1,055	546
Liverpool	155	116
Manchester	83	51
Newcastle	61	39
Birmingham	44	26
Leeds	26	12
Sheffield	22	11
Middlesbrough	30	17
Gateshead	21	12

Total1,497 830

This meant a reduction in 1916 of 44.6

per cent.—males, 46.9 per cent.; females, 38.7 per cent.

For Scotland the average weekly figures for the same periods were as follows:

	1915.	1916.
Edinburgh	114	80
Glasgow	505	326
Dundee	60	49
Aberdeen	43	31

Total 722 486

The reduction here is 32.7 per cent. in 1916—males, 35.3 per cent.; females, 27.1 per cent.

* * *

THE NEW ARABIAN STATE

EVENTS in Arabia, where a revolution against Turkey broke out several months ago, are developing rapidly. In August, according to Amsterdam dispatches, the leaders of the Arabian movement were negotiating with Enver Pasha, representing Turkey, for the establishment of a Caliphate in Arabia and Turkey's recognition of Arabian autonomy. Enver Pasha especially objected to the first demand, being desirous of retaining the religious hold on the Arabs which the Turkish Sultan, as the Caliph, is supposed to have in Islam. The negotiations ended in complete failure.

Early in September the French Government, in full accord with the Government of Great Britain, dispatched a delegation of French Moslems to the Grand Sherif of Mecca. The delegation left Marseilles for Jedda, Arabia, with the mission to congratulate the new Arabian Government on its deliverance from Turkey. It was also carrying a substantial sum of money for the purpose of rendering financial aid to the new State. To cover the expenses of the expedition the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, according to *Le Temps*, Paris, asked Parliament on Sept. 29 to supply him with 3,500,000 francs. The Minister spoke of the traditional interest France has always had in Moslem affairs. He disclosed the fact that the French Government had furnished a vessel for the British and French Moslems, in which to resume their annual pilgrimages to Mecca by way of Jedda. Thousands of such pilgrims have already

taken advantage of this free service. This is an important factor in the development of the Franco-Arabian relations.

The culminating event in the evolution of the new Oriental nation is the communication which reached Washington from Mecca on Nov. 11. In this document Sherif Abdullah, Minister of Foreign Affairs, asks the recognition by the United States of the new Arabian kingdom. As monarch of the new State, the leader and originator of the revolution, Grand Sherif Hussein Ben Ali of Mecca, has been chosen unanimously by the Emirs and Imams of the various Arabian tribes and regions.

* * *

JAPAN, though nominally in the war, has profited enormously in trade in consequence of the war. Her specie holdings, which stood at \$175,000,000 before the war, bid fair to reach \$350,000,000 by the end of the year. Russia has floated a \$25,000,000 loan in Japan, and has established a further credit there for war supplies of \$40,000,000. Japan has gone energetically after trade formerly held by Germany, and will prove a formidable competitor not only to that nation, but to all others. Her shipbuilding industry is expanding to an unusual extent, likewise her cotton industry. In 1916 her spindles increased 2,763,000, with 123,000 hands; in the chemical, metal, and other industries new capital is being invested, large factories are erected, and trade is being sought and developed to an extraordinary extent.

* * *

DURING the first two years of the war the United States exported goods to the value of \$7,000,000,000 and imported to the amount of \$3,900,000,000. Gold imports from Aug. 1, 1914, to Oct. 13, 1916, were \$863,473,000; exports, \$231,822,000; net imports, \$631,651,000. Railroad securities returned to the United States from Europe between Jan. 31, 1915, and July 31, 1916, were \$1,300,000,000; 748,547 shares of United States Steel common and 141,736 preferred were returned up to Sept. 30, 1916. The obligations of foreign Governments, bankers,

and merchants held here on Nov. 1, 1916, are estimated at \$1,931,000,000, distributed as follows: British America, \$212,000,000; Europe, \$1,627,000,000; Latin America, \$88,000,000; China, \$4,000,000.

* * *

SOUNDING WAR'S PRAISES

A CONTRIBUTOR to this issue of CURRENT HISTORY MAGAZINE has written quite confidently on "The Profit Side of War," discounting many of the losses and horrors of the present conflict and drawing up an imposing array of material and spiritual blessings brought to the warring nations by the shedding of blood. The article is certain to provoke comment, but even a brief glance at another article—that upon "Human Losses in the First Two Years of War"—will present a phase in opposition to any extravagant admiration for the blessings of war. More than 5,000,000 dead! More than 13,000,000 wounded and

maimed! Place this illimitable sea of human sorrow over against all the gains that can be enumerated, and these gains look very small. It is well occasionally to count up the beneficial products of war, for even war has compensations; but any one who sees it steadily and sees it whole will be in little danger of missing the fact—namely, that the good results of war are mere by-products of a hideous survival of barbarism, whose chief effects are to destroy human happiness, to promote hatred, to pile up mountains of debt, and to retard civilization. It is a nation's first duty to fight in self-defense; but present events in Europe do not indicate that war is a good thing to start for its own sake.

* * *

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY closed last term with a grand total of 575 undergraduates, as against 3,263 in 1913. The present term starts with 500.

A French Soldier's Letter

The letter that follows was written by a wounded French corporal when about to come out of the hospital. He is a modest peasant from the Vosges Mountains, who has been decorated with the Military Medal and the War Cross, and who has lost two brothers in the war:

My Commandant: I hasten to reply to your letter of the 23d, which gave me great pleasure. I am getting much better; with two more weeks of the hospital I could go out on furlough. But I have a request to make. May I return directly to the front after seven days' leave, and rejoin my old regiment, the —th? For I have a firm desire to go back to my old corps. I even dare to think that no one can refuse me, since I have been wounded six times and am returning to the front as a volunteer for the seventh time.

If I see that my request has been refused when I get out of the hospital, I am going to rejoin the —th anyhow. In spite of everything, I will try to find some means to get on one of the permissionaire trains to the front, and will hide my weapons, which must be returned to the depot. Please tell me at once what I shall do.

I think that if this favor is refused me, and I get back to my old regiment without orders, I cannot be punished, for I deserve this favor.

I wish you good luck on your sector. Please accept, &c.,

(Signed) V——

WAR SEEN FROM TWO ANGLES

[GERMAN VIEW]

The Conflict Enters a New Phase

By H. H. von Mellenthin

Foreign Editor New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung

THE military events on the various fronts during the period ending about the middle of November brought to a close one phase of the war and ushered in another. J. L. Garvin, editor in chief of the English weekly *The Observer*, writes: "The glorious chapter of the allied offensive on the Somme is closed. The new chapter is beginning, as the Germans have fully recovered their morale. There will be no breaking through by the Allies on the west this year, nor will there be any extensive withdrawal of the German line between Arras and Noyon."

General Sir Henry Rowlinson, "right hand" of General Sir Douglas Haig, Commander in Chief of the British forces in the west, declares that the German line undoubtedly could be broken—sooner or later. He explains that British military power has not yet reached its maximum strength, that this will not be the case until next Spring at the earliest, and next Summer at the latest. Major Gen. F. B. Maurice, Director in Chief of the military operations in the British Ministry of War, reiterates his assertion that the Allies had not at all planned a "break-through" in the West. * * *

The close of the period under discussion was marked by the fact that not the Somme front, but the Verdun area, was once more in the foreground of interest, and by the second fact that Brusiloff's "break-through" attempt against Lemberg and across the Carpathians has been compelled to yield its predominance of interest and significance to the Rumanian campaign.

The "glorious chapter of the allied offensive on the west front" ended the moment that the Entente began to figure with the probabilities of the offensive's effect upon Verdun and the Rumanian

campaign. These probabilities proved deceptive. Major Gen. Maurice puts a fitting "finis" to the chapter with his declaration that the Allies never intended to break through this year.

Yet we have it on allied authorities of equal note that the great objective of the Somme front was to force the Germans to take back their lines between Arras and Noyon so far as to prepare the complete evacuation of Northern France and Belgium. That this object could have been obtained by gaining the line Péronne-Bapaume certainly cannot have been the conviction of the men conducting the war for England and France. Even the word "excursion to Bapaume" was an empty phrase. The talk of "driving the Germans back over the Rhine" was merely intended to have an inspiring effect upon the masses.

The allied Somme offensive up to date (Nov. 15) has lasted fifteen days longer than the German campaign against Verdun.

The Offensive Against Rumania

The new phase of the war may be termed the "Rumanian phase," for the Teuton-Bulgar campaign against that Balkan kingdom is the one great offensive now being executed. The developments of this campaign have virtually turned the entire military situation upside down. The Rumanians needed help. On the west front the allied offensive was to have a "long-distance effect." Russia was called upon to render more substantial aid with men and material. The Rumanian campaign is today the decisive factor for the further development of the whole war. On this comparatively small battle area there are today accumulated and expressed all the causes and ambitions of the present world conflict.

were put at Russia's disposal for the crossing of the Transylvanian Alps and the invasion of the wooded Carpathians and Siebenbuerger.

The events up to date in the Rumanian campaign may be summarized as follows:

1. The idea of the Entente to sweep down upon Constantinople, with Rumania as a starting point, and with the Rumanian Army as aid, has been buried by the victories of Mackensen's army in the Dobrudja. The Rumanian campaign was also expected by the Allies to cut the communication between the Central Empires and Turkey. But the Macedonian campaign, too, which was aimed at co-operating to this end, has received quite a different direction. The road to the east, to Constantinople, being barricaded by Mackensen, the Entente army in Macedonia heads northward, with Monastir as the immediate goal.

2. Siebenbuerger has been cleared of the Rumanian invaders. By the loss of Constanza and the main railway Constanza - Cernavoda - Bucharest, Rumania has been cut from communication with Russia by way of the Black Sea. It is forced to content itself with the scarce supply facilities afforded by the Danube ports of Galatz and Braila and their second-rate communications with the interior of the kingdom. But the gravest menace to Rumania, to her capital, is still in abeyance. The principal thrust against Bucharest will come from the north. The military operations on the north and northwest front are today the most important.

3. The expectation of the Russians to reach, with Rumanian aid, their goal in the direction of Budapest failed to be fulfilled. The Russians are themselves threatened with a catastrophe; for the road to Odessa leads from Rumania through Bessarabia into the very heart of the whole Russian economic vital organism. In the face of the broadness of this perspective the happenings on the Somme and Verdun fronts wane into insignificance.

Events on the West Front

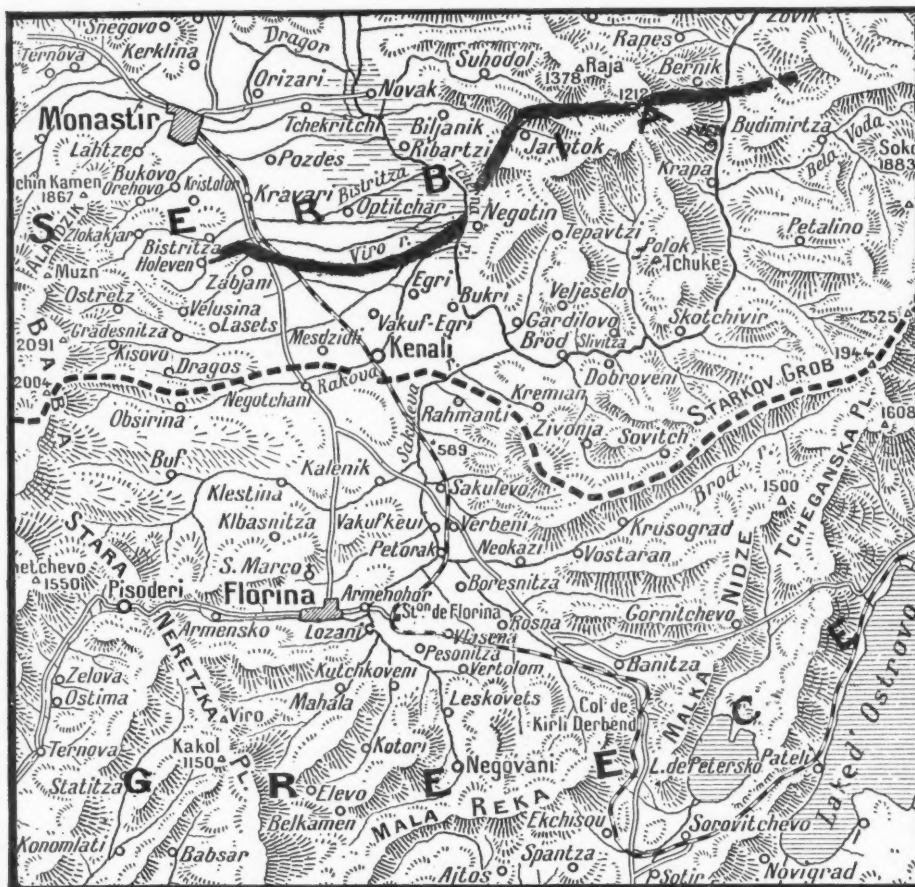
The principal event in the west, which came as a surprise, was the considerable success of the French in the region east

of the Meuse, before Verdun, a success in itself remarkable. The French attacked with four divisions—80,000 men—on a front of seven kilometers, on Oct. 24, and reconquered in one day what it had taken their opponents considerable time and large exertions of strength to take; indeed, the French in one day retook what had been the net result of the whole second phase of the German Verdun campaign, from the end of March to the end of May. The village and fort of Douaumont, the Thiaumont field works, and the farm of the same name, the Haudromont quarries, and the road from Bras to Douaumont were retaken by the French. This is the area through which the German advance had come closest to the strong fort of Souville. In the night of Nov. 1 the Germans also evacuated Fort Vaux, which had become untenable, as it was exposed to the French fire both on its western flank and from the north.

At times even the grim features of the God of War are wrapped in the wrinkles of an amused smile. Such was the case when the French, having no inkling of the German evacuation of Fort Vaux, kept firing away against its ruins. On Nov. 5 the French occupied the village of Damloup, immediately to the east of Vaux. The first word of the abandonment of the latter fort was received by the French high command when a radio message from Berlin to Sayville was picked up.

This reverse, suffered by the Germans at Verdun, is one of the many surprises of this war. Whether and how it could have been averted can be told only by the future historian. This much, however, is clear even today—that the French success, remarkable as it was in itself, can be valued only as one of a local character; for the effect upon the military situation on the Somme front, which had been expected of it by the Allies, did not come to pass.

The unity of action in the Somme battle, which had been re-established in the period from August to October, has disappeared again, and the battle once more is divided into two parts. The German defensive strategy has made extensive



THE FIGHT TO RECOVER SERBIA: THE HEAVY BLACK LINE SHOWS THE APPROACH (NOV. 15) OF THE SERBIAN AND FRENCH FORCES TO MONASTIR, HELD BY GERMANS AND BULGARIANS.

use of the medium of attack. Thus, the Germans on Oct. 29 succeeded in regaining, to the west of Péronne, La Maisonnette Farm and the adjoining trenches as far as Biaches, an area where the French had approached closest to Péronne.

In the battles of Nov. 5 and 6 they wrested Warlencourt from the British, and at the same time pushed forward to the west of St. Pierre-Vaast Wood. The principal fighting took place east of the line Gueudecourt-Les Boeufs, in front of the northern part of the road Bapaume-Péronne, against Le Transloy; for the village of Sailly-Saillisel and the St. Pierre-Vaast Wood, east of Rancourt; near Ligny-Tilloy on the British front, southwest of Bapaume.

These battles were all for the possession of Bapaume. Before Péronne the fighting has quieted down. There is no longer any talk of a "drive" against Péronne. The expectation that the allied advance would receive a new impetus through the successes of the September-October battles failed of fulfillment.

Nor have the Allies succeeded so far in gaining the Bapaume-Péronne line, which has been the main objective since the occupation of Combles. They now aim at an extension of the British front to the north and of the French front to the south. This the French meant to achieve in their attacks around Chaumes at the beginning of November. The British on their part succeeded in their aim by the powerful thrusts astride the

Ancre Brook. The British offensive in this area took the following course up to the time of writing:

On the northernmost end of the British front, north and south of the Ancre, large forces were thrown into battle on a front of five miles, after a powerful artillery preparation. The British took the village of St. Pierre Divion (north-northwest of Thiepval) and the village of Beaumont-Hamel, and advanced eastward as far as the village of Beaucourt-sur-Ancre. The battle spread northward to Hebuterne, and thence in a southeasterly direction beyond Serre as far as the region of Grandcourt. In this battle area the attackers were ejected from the positions they had gained by German counterattacks.

On Nov. 15 the British offensive on the Ancre came to a sudden standstill. On the same day the Germans attacked, north and south of the Somme, the French positions from Les Boeufs down to the region south of Bouchavesnes, as well as on the fronts of Ablaincourt and near the Chaulnes Wood. They succeeded in penetrating the French positions in the St. Pierre-Vaast Wood and on the Bapaume-Péronne road, and gained a foothold in the village of Pressoire, at the southernmost extremity of the French front.

The result of the battles on the Somme and Ancre can be summarized as follows:

The Allies failed to break through the German lines. They failed to destroy the German forces, which would mean the shaking of the German west front. The attackers did not even achieve the modest aim of arresting a sufficient number of Teuton troops on the western front to frustrate a great German campaign on another front. The proof of this is seen in the conquered Dobrudja and the liberated Siebenbuergen.

On Other Fronts

In Volhynia, west and northwest of Lutsk, Brusiloff's "grand offensive" is exhausting itself in equally costly and resultless attacks. On the East Galician front of Halicz-Brzezany General Count von Bothmer has opened a vigorous new offensive; German and Turkish troops

have stormed Russian positions on the east bank of the Narayuvka River. Field Marshal von Hindenburg points out that the Russians are short of ammunition, and that soon their supply by way of Archangel and Vladivostok will be completely cut off by the Winter's ice.

The ninth day of November brought a surprise on the eastern front. The army group of Prince Leopold of Bavaria, operating in the region northeast of Baranovitchi, southwest of Minsk, in the very heart of the whole battle line extending from the Baltic to Galicia, executed a powerful blow on a front of two and a half miles, inflicted a severe defeat upon the Russians, and hammered a breach in the latter's defense lines. But this surprise, too, failed to bring about any further military effects of consequence.

The Saloniki campaign has taken a new direction and is aiming at a new goal. The offensive on the Struma front, originally planned as the main blow, because intended against Bulgaria and Turkey, with a view to cutting the Orient railway, has been discontinued. The operations against Monastir are aimed at the reconquest of Serbia. With the rate of speed thus far maintained by the Allies this goal still lies in the misty future, but it must be conceded that the French and Serbians, constituting the allied left wing, have made considerable progress, particularly of late. At this writing they are reported to have taken Monastir.

The ninth Italian offensive has collapsed. After the occupation of Gorizia the Italians attempted to extend their attacks to the Vinaccio Valley and to the Karst. The "grand offensive" came to a standstill at Constanjevica and Jami-ane. In the meantime the Austro-Hungarians have launched a successful counteroffensive directly east of Gorizia, from the San Marco plateau. Italy once more is carrying on her own campaign. She was at no time a real link in the unity and simultaneousness of the "big push" so often proclaimed by the Entente. Today this unity of action is conspicuous by its absence on all theatres of war.

[AMERICAN VIEW]

The Month's Military Developments From October 15 to November 15, 1916

By J. B. W. Gardiner

Formerly Lieutenant Eleventh United States Cavalry

AS last month's review was being written, Rumania had just announced her decision to enter the war on the side of the Entente and had made her preliminary attempts to invade Hungary by way of Transylvania. But Rumanian ambition to occupy her irredenta ran away with Rumanian military prudence. It was another case where political considerations outweighed military considerations and produced a disastrous offspring. It is a fault which has been peculiar to the Entente. Germany alone controls the destinies of the Central Powers and dictates their policies. She does not permit any political considerations to cloud the main issue of the war. Her errors on this side, however, are just as culpable and just as far-reaching in their effects as are those of the Entente, erring in the other extreme.

The situation of Rumania at the outset was closely akin to that of the Italians when they began their campaign. And the Italians showed the greatest generalship. The Carpathians and the Transylvanian Alps, which form the northern and the western boundary of Rumania, are like the Alps in Trentino in their relation to the military situation of the countries affected. The valley of the Isonzo lies in the same relative situation as the open Dobrudja.

Campaign in Dobrudja

The logical move for Rumania to have made was to neutralize the Transylvania country by closing up all the gaps in the mountains by which an invasion of Rumania was possible, (just as the Italians closed all the gaps leading from Trentino into Italy,) and then, being safe from an attack in the rear, to have directed all of their energies to an invasion of Bulgaria through the

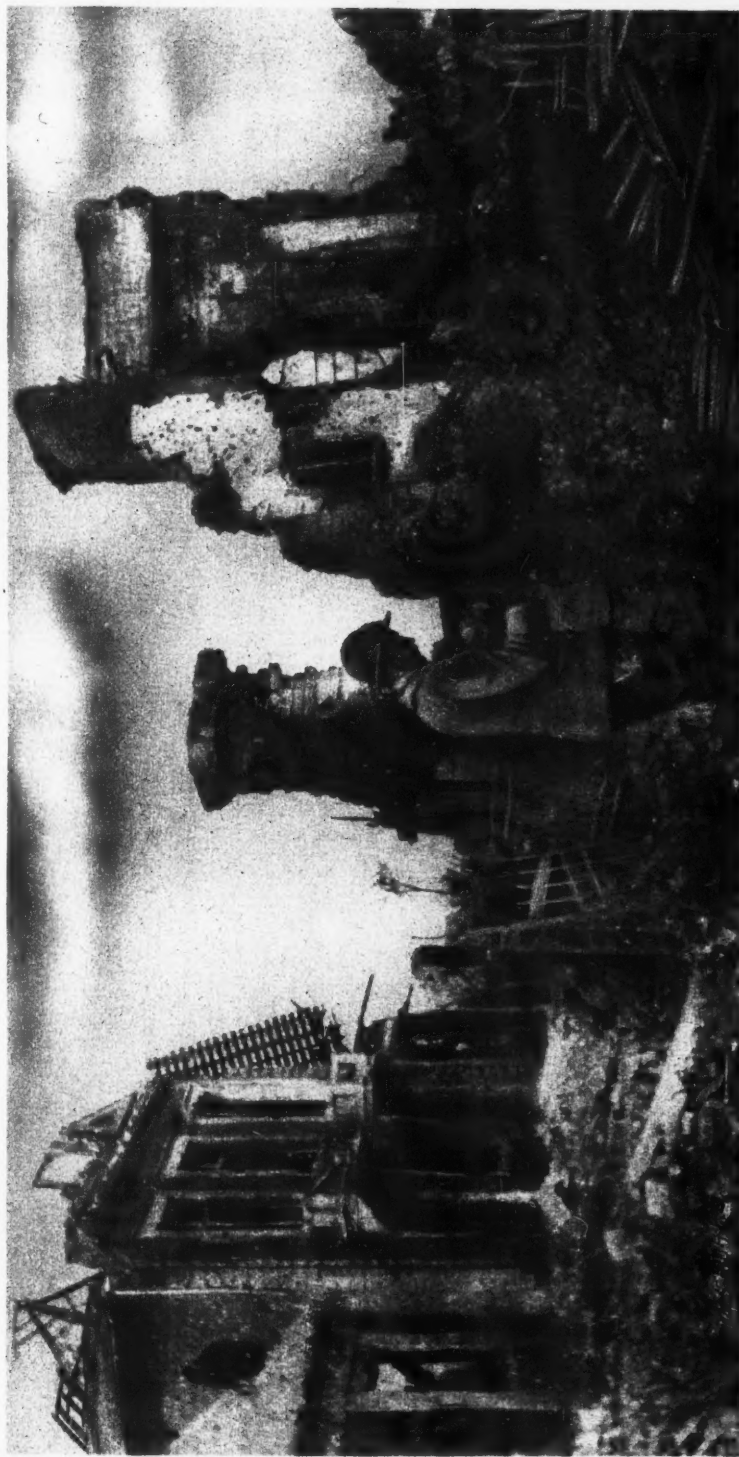
open gateway of Dobrudja. The border between Bulgaria and Dobrudja is absolutely void of any natural defense. It is low, flat open country, difficult to defend and relatively easy to attack. There is no such barrier as the Italians had to contend with on the Isonzo.

But the Rumanians had other things to do. They held what seems to be a relatively small force in Dobrudja, and extended all their early efforts to drive their way deep into Transylvania, apparently with the object of drawing their line along the Maros Valley from the southwestern tip of Bukowina to the Iron Gates near Orsava.

The Germans waited until they were thoroughly committed to this move, and then, with Mackensen in command, struck hard against the line which had been charged with the duty of defending the Dobrudja border. At first Mackensen's progress was rapid, but suddenly it slowed up. The presumption was that the Russians had been slow in reinforcing the Rumanian Army, and then, having come up in force, had immediately checked Mackensen's operations. Mackensen delayed for some time, creating reserves of artillery ammunition, and bringing up heavy guns. When ready he again struck, and this time was not halted until he had gained his object.

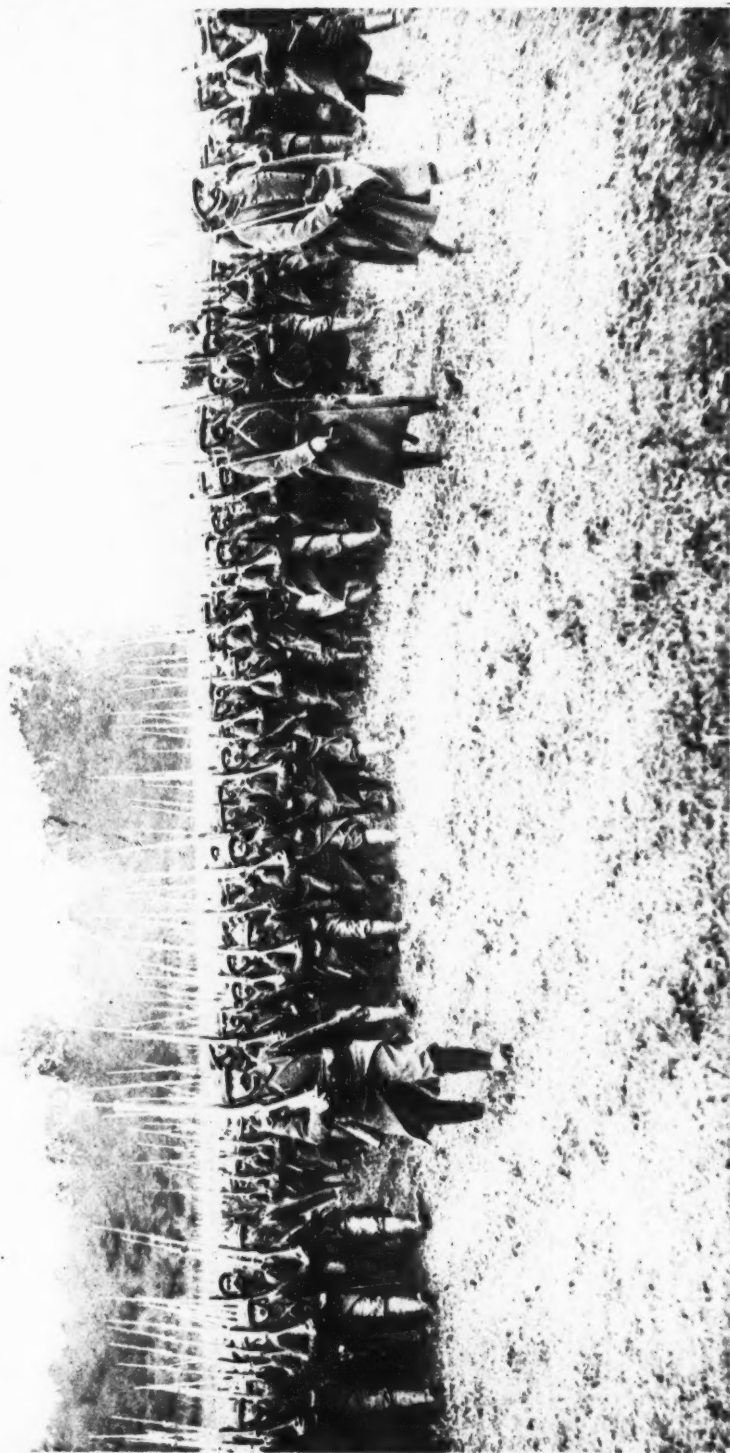
There is only one thing in all Dobrudja of military value. This is the railroad from Constanza to Cernavoda, which crossed the Danube over the great bridge at the latter point. This was the only bridge across the Danube east of Belgrade, and was absolutely necessary to the Rumanian plan of invasion of Bulgaria. At every other point on her southern and eastern border Rumania is held back by the almost uncrossable Danube. It was evident, therefore, that the entire German campaign had for its

CENTRE OF THE ONCE BEAUTIFUL VILLAGE OF COMBLES



The Whole Town Had to be Ruined Thus by British and French Artillery Before the German Troops Could Be Driven Out.
(© Underwood & Underwood.)

THE SPIRIT OF DAUNTLESS FRANCE: A NATION IN ARMS



French Soldiers in Review Near the Oise, Preparatory to Returning Into the Battle of the Somme.
(Photo by Paul Thompson.)



MAP OF ANGLO-FRENCH OFFENSIVE IN PICARDY. THE BLACK LINE SHOWS ALLIES' POSITION JULY 1. THE DOTTED LINE SHOWS THEIR EXTREME FRONT NOV. 15, AFTER FOUR AND A HALF MONTHS OF BATTLE.

initial object the Cernavoda bridge with the railroad which crossed it.

In this second attack Mackensen met with a remarkable degree of success. In almost incredible time he had pushed up along the Black Sea coast to Constanza, occupied the town, and then, pivoting his army here, had swung his entire line northward across the railroad and beyond

Cernavoda. There was nothing for the Rumanians to do but to fall still further back and destroy the bridge as they retreated.

This they did, a small portion of them crossing to the west bank of the river, the remainder retreating north toward the Russian frontier. This retreat was forced for about forty miles until the

hill country in the north of Dobrudja was reached.

Mackensen Held in Check

What happened after this is doubtful. Mackensen was quiet, the Rumanians for several weeks made no attempt to strike back. Finally, however, they massed against Mackensen's left flank close to the river and began their counteroffensive. It was just as successful as the German offensive. The Germans were driven back beyond Hirsova, retreating as quickly as they had advanced. What had evidently happened was that the Russians had sent powerful reinforcements to the defeated Rumanians, possibly the veteran troops which had been fighting in the Caucasus, and these proved sufficient to turn the tide.

Mackensen's victory is negative at present, even though he does hold the bridge at Cernavoda and the railroad between that point and the sea. He cannot cross the Danube, he cannot get out by the Black Sea route. He is indeed out of the war unless von Falkenhayn, who is struggling in the Transylvanian mountains with varying success, can cut across Rumania and link up with the forces on the east bank of the Danube.

On the Transylvanian and Carpathian fronts in Rumania the Germans have been able to make but little headway. Von Falkenhayn is making his great effort south of Hermannstadt and Kronstadt, where the frontier is closely paralleled by the railroad from Central Hungary. He has penetrated into Rumanian territory somewhat, but not sufficiently to create any alarm in the allied camps. At practically all other points on these fronts he has had rather the worst of the fighting. The entire matter is indecisive, and with the rapid approach of Winter it is highly improbable that the Germans will be able to accomplish anything until Spring.

Deadlock on Russian Front

On the Russian front the month has shown but little change in the respective locations of the battle lines. There has been considerable fighting of the most severe character, particularly on the section immediately east of Lemberg, be-

tween Brzezany and Halicz. The Russian efforts have been directed toward sending as much aid as possible to the Rumanians, while at the same time keeping the Germans as busy as possible so as to prevent them from reinforcing von Falkenhayn in Transylvania.

The result of all this fighting as far as change of territory is concerned is nil, neither side having gained the slightest appreciable advantage.

Serbian Success in Balkans

On the Saloniki front the fighting of the month has been concentrated in the Monastir plain, and among the hills with which it is buttressed. Here the Serbians, assisted by the French, have made a series of brilliant attacks with results that may yet prove to be far reaching. They have advanced well to the north of their position in the plains, and from the surrounding hills have all but flanked the Bulgarians' entire position. They are on the eastern hills almost as far north as Monastir itself, while the Bulgarian line in the plains stretches out some distance to the south. When their present hill positions are consolidated and made secure and the attack opens on the forces in the plain, it is certain that the Bulgarians will have to retire almost if not quite to Monastir itself.

Italian Offensive in the Carso

The Italian field is noteworthy this month as the scene of a short but powerful offensive by General Cadorna's troops in the Carso Plateau. The Italians plowed their way forward over the entire width of the Carso for several miles. But, like so many of the Italian offensives, it was short lived, lasting only about four days. The great trouble with Italy is that she has no source of supply of iron. No iron is mined in all of Italy, and any that she needs must come from outside sources. Before the war this came from Germany. Since the war England has been the source of her supply. Therefore, the Italians are forced to halt their forward movements on account of shortage of shell. It is doubtful if we shall ever see the Italians in a sustained operation. A steady flow of shell is the

primary requisite in modern war as it has developed during the last two years. On no other section of the front is this more true than in the Carso, where the calcareous nature of the ground and the many underground protections afforded by nature demand the most shattering explosives.

French Success at Verdun

The western front, however, has afforded the greatest fighting of the month. Probably the crowning feature of the western fighting was the French attack at Verdun late in October, delivered after the heaviest artillery fire. It was directed particularly at Douaumont, Fort Douaumont, Vaux, and Fort Vaux. These are the positions which the Germans regarded as the most important on the east bank of the Meuse, and rightly so. They are, in the true sense of the word, dominating positions, rising as they do above all the surrounding country. How many men the Germans sacrificed in order to take these positions no one can say, and if any one were to attempt an approximate estimate, it would be so large as to appear an exaggeration.

The French, whom Germany pictured as bleeding to death on the hills of the Meuse and the Somme, still had sufficient reserve force to strike here and strike hard. The result was most disastrous to the Germans. Douaumont and the fort of the same name fell almost without resistance, with over 5,000 prisoners. Fort Vaux met the same fate, and within a few days the village of Vaux also passed from the Germans together with the Damloup battery. Fort Vaux, which had cost the Germans so much, was evacuated in the night, without the French having to expend a life to take it.

This French success places Verdun out of all danger for the progress of the war. The Germans will never make another great effort here.

Progress on the Somme

Two other French attacks made during the month are also noteworthy. One was made against the villages of Sailly and Saillisel. Both of these places have fallen

into French hands, and while they are unimportant in themselves they have an important bearing on future French movements. Their principal value lies in their relation to Péronne. Péronne is guarded solely by Mount St. Quentin, which in turn is guarded by the woods of St. Pierre Vaast, which is itself guarded by the latter of these villages. Once Saillisel is in French hands the German positions in St. Pierre Vaast Woods are turned, and its capture by the French is almost inevitable.

Again, while the fighting in this section was at its height, the exhausted French struck at still another part of the German lines, this time against the Chaulnes sector. The towns of Ablaincourt and Pressoir were occupied and the way opened for a direct attack on Chaulnes. Here the Germans have counterattacked with the greatest severity, but up to the present writing have not made the slightest indentation in the new French positions. Chaulnes is in imminent danger, is, in fact, almost surrounded. Any day may see the circle complete.

The British section of the Somme line has had a hard time making progress. The weather has been extremely bad for military operations, preventing a major attack for some weeks. In spite of this, however, the fighting was severe, particularly about Le Sars. While this was at its height the British suddenly struck on what was considered an impregnable part of the German front, that part of the original German line which still remained in their possession north of the Ancre Brook. The line south of the river was also taken, and the Germans holding it were pinched in between the river and the British advance and captured. The towns of Beaumont, Hamel, Beaucourt, and Divion fell into English hands, together with five or six thousand men.

On the whole the month has been disastrous for the German cause. The Germans have not once, except in Dobrudja, where they were soon checked, been permitted to take the initiative, and they have been losing important ground steadily. All indications are that the turning point in the war has been reached.

[FOURTH INSTALLMENT]

The Battle of the Somme

An Authoritative French Account Based on Official Records

M. ARDOUIN-DUMAZET IN L'ILLUSTRATION

[Translated for CURRENT HISTORY MAGAZINE. See Map on Page 427]

DURING the first fortnight of September, the Entente Allies delivered three important attacks north and south of the Somme, and made considerable gains. Between Sept. 3 and 13 they took a total of 10,550 prisoners.

The army of General Fayolle, which holds the French front from the Somme northward to Combles, repulsed, on the evening of Wednesday, Sept. 6, a powerful German attempt to retake the Hôpital Farm, at the entrance of the Cauet Wood. The Teutons, mowed down by French machine guns, were dispersed, and their attack was not renewed.

During six days there was no infantry action on this sector. Atmospheric conditions were in part the cause. But, after an intense artillery preparation, on Tuesday, Sept. 12, about noon, General Fayolle again attacked on a front of about four miles. With admirable dash his assaulting battalions—in which colonials were fighting beside line regiments—carried, in less than a half hour, the whole system of German trenches, and then 145-Meter Hill, (475 feet above sea level, or 318 feet above the level of the Somme;) this was followed by the capture of the Marrières Wood and the group of enemy positions as far as the national road from Béthune to Péronne. On the left wing, coming out from the Anderlu Wood, our infantry succeeded in reaching the edge of the village of Rancourt. On the right wing they got as far as 76-Meter Hill, (249 feet, or 92 feet above the Somme,) to the west of Feuilancourt. This ridge, which dominates the north bank of the Somme, faces Mont Saint-Quentin, a veritable lair of German heavy artillery posted to guard Péronne.

In the evening the village of Bouchavesnes, attacked in its turn, was taken.

On Wednesday, Sept. 13, we captured by assault the Labé Wood Farm, 600 yards to the east of the Béthune Road, to the southeast of Bouchavesnes. In the afternoon we repulsed violent counterattacks. We were thus masters of the culminating points of the right bank, which the enemy defended desperately, our positions extending well beyond Mont Saint-Quentin and Péronne on the north.

In this affair more than 2,300 prisoners fell into our hands within a few hours, as well as ten cannon, some of which were heavy, and forty machine guns.

British Fight for Ginchy

On their side, the British troops, joining hands with us on the west of Combles, beyond the narrow-gauge railroad from Combles to Cléry, fought hard for several days for the possession of Ginchy.

This village is at the meeting place of six roads, and formed, with Guillemont, one of the advance defenses of Combles. Twice already our allies had entered it, without being able to hold their position beyond the road from Longueval to Morval, which cuts the village into two unequal parts. The Germans had concentrated their resistance in the north of the village. From Sept. 6 to 9, the struggle among the ruined houses continued fiercely. On Sept. 9, in the early afternoon, an attack was directed from Delville Wood as far as Leuze Wood, by Irish troops from Connaught, Leinster, and Munster, who had already taken Guillemont. By evening all Ginchy was in their hands. On three occasions, between Sept. 10 and 11, the Germans tried to recapture the village, but without success.

The taking of Ginchy happily completed the series of operations which, beginning with Sept. 3, allowed the British troops to take possession of Guillemont.

mont, the Falsmont Farm, and Leuze Wood and to realize in seven days, on a front of three and three-quarter miles, an advance to a depth varying from 300 to 3,000 yards.

In the region to the south of the Ancre and in the region of Thiepval the bombardment on both sides had been fairly lively, and 600 yards of trenches were conquered by our allies to the northeast of Pozières.

French Victory Near Chilly

To the south of the Somme, in the afternoon of Sept. 6, the army of General Micheler—which joins hands with the army of General Fayolle between Biaches and Barleux—resumed the offensive from Belloy-en-Santerre as far as Chilly, that is, on a front of some fifteen kilometers, (about ten miles,) forming an obtuse angle with its apex on the western edge of Vermandovillers.

This attack was completely successful. We carried several German trenches to the southwest of Belloy-en-Santerre, took almost the whole of Berny-en-Santerre and captured the northern part of Vermandovillers as far as the road which joins that village to Estrées. It was at this point that the struggle was fiercest, for Vermandovillers had been organized into a powerful defensive position. Further to the south we pushed our first line forward as far as the approaches of Chaulnes and even reached the railroad from Chaulnes to Roye.

The following days were filled by counterattacks, repeated sometimes five or six times, with accompaniments of flaming liquids. All came to nothing under our gun and machine-gun fire.

The eleventh week of the Anglo-French offensive on the Somme, which was also the 111th week of the war, brought the following gains to the Allies:

Five villages taken by assault—Courcelette, Martinpuich, Flers, Varmandovillers, and Deniécourt, without speaking of important positions like the Bouleaux Wood, the Fourneaux Wood, and Le Priez Farm; 7,059 additional prisoners officially registered; a general advance, varying from 1,600 to 3,200 yards, on different sectors of the Somme front,

which has a linear extent of fourteen kilometers, (8¾ miles.)

The Fight for Martinpuich

On Friday, Sept. 15, at 6:20 in the morning, the British troops attacked between Leuze Wood, to the west of Combles, and Pozières.

The German position, which they were approaching on a front of six miles, comprised three lines of trenches joined by connecting trenches and protected by strongly organized works. There was a fourth line about four miles to the rear, along the road from Bapaume to Transloy. A large number of machine guns and 1,000 cannon of all calibres completed these defenses. Within a few hours the infantry, whose road was opened by the accurate and effective fire of the artillery, had seized the whole of the first line, with the exception of two resisting islets, namely, the heights which separate Ginchy from the Leuze Wood, and the Fourneaux Wood. But these two centres of resistance, which could not be carried, were enveloped. At 10 o'clock Flers was reached, then passed. At 11 the Germans, almost surrounded in the Fourneaux Wood, began to surrender. In the afternoon Courcelette and Martinpuich were taken. Our allies also held the series of heights (156, 155, and 140 meters) which stretch from the national road connecting Albert and Bapaume, to Combles, with the exception of a hill, 154 meters high, between the Leuze Wood and Ginchy.

First Appearance of "Tanks"

Valuable aid was rendered to them in the course of these operations by novel war engines, tried for the first time—colossal armored automobiles, veritable land dreadnoughts, monsters on caterpillar tractors, which could, almost with impunity, smash down obstacles, tear up barbed wire entanglements, pour machine-gun fire into the enemy, cannonade them, and even sprinkle them with flaming liquids.

In vain the Germans brought up reinforcements from every point along their front. Their counterattacks developing on Sept. 16 and 17 in no wise

hindered the British troops from gaining one-third of a mile beyond the Fourneaux Wood and, toward the east, in the direction of Les Boeufs.

At the same time the trench called the Danube trench, which flanked the south of Thiepval for a mile, was carried by assault, as well as a work at the Mouquet Farm.

The honor of this success, the hardest blow dealt by the British troops against their enemy, as an official bulletin calls it, belongs to the Northumberland and London territorials, to the English and Scotch divisions of the new army, to the Irish, to the Canadians, New Zealanders, and the Guard.

The German front which, a few days before, was marked by the villages of Thiepval, Courcette, Martinpuich, Flers, and Combles, retained only its ends. Its centre had been driven back, forced to a defensive line on Le Sars, Eaucourt, Gueudecourt, Les Boeufs, and Morval. Even then, Combles and Thiepval were partly enveloped, their communications with the rear being gravely menaced.

It was exactly in this envelopment of Combles that the French collaborated. Their successes of the previous week had carried them, toward the east, beyond Bouchavesnes.

Closing in Upon Combles

During this week their effort was concentrated between Rancourt and Combles. Owing to its situation at the bottom of a veritable basin Combles is partly protected from gunfire. The heights which surround it form an additional natural defense. On Thursday, Sept. 14, we seized Le Priez Farm, to the northeast of the Anderlu Wood. Organized by the Germans into a fortified redoubt, it was one of the principal works protecting Combles on the east. On Sept. 15 we further carried trenches to a depth of one-third of a mile to the north of Le Priez Farm, thus practically completing the investment of the town. Finally, on Monday, Sept. 18, we took a line of trenches only 200 yards from the south side of Combles.

On Wednesday, Sept. 20, a powerful effort of the enemy, from Le Priez Farm

as far as the south of the Labé Wood Farm failed completely, after a bloody struggle begun at 9 in the morning and continued until midnight.

Four villages which offered the enemy strong points of support had hitherto checked our advance on the south of the Somme: Barleux, Berny-en-Santerre, Deniécourt, and Vermandovillers. We undertook the reduction of three of them. We succeeded.

On Friday, Sept. 15, at 10 in the morning, we released a double attack against Berny-en-Santerre and Vermandovillers. It immediately won considerable advantages for us. On Sept. 16 the enemy in vain tried to react. On Sept. 17, at 2:30 in the afternoon, our offensive was resumed. After a brilliant assault, Vermandovillers and Berny, which were already partially in our hands, were completely carried. We made ourselves masters of the trenches organized between Vermandovillers and Deniécourt, as well as between Deniécourt and Berny.

The struggle became furious about Deniécourt, where three times the enemy counterattacked with great violence. We drove him back and inflicted heavy losses on him. On the evening of Monday, Sept. 18, Berny was surrounded by us. On this same day, Deniécourt and its famous park, whose machine guns had recently tried us so severely, fell into our hands. We even pushed a thousand yards further south in the direction of Ablaincourt; we seized to the southeast of Deniécourt the three groves of Bovent, Le Tremble, and Vasset, and carried a trench between Berny and Horgny.

Events of Two Great Days

After five days of slackened activity, at least so far as infantry operations were concerned, events hurried forward on the north bank of the Somme on Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 25 and 26. The Franco-British offensive was resumed with violence. Successively, Morval, Les Boeufs, Rancourt, Frégicourt, Combles, Gueudecourt, Thiepval, fell into the hands of the Allies, as well as a number of prisoners, which cannot be less than 5,000. We must be sparing of the word victory. That of success sufficiently

characterizes the considerable advance which was realized in forty-eight hours.

The battles fought from Sept. 15 to Sept. 20 had fixed the front between the Ancre and the Somme about as follows: Immediate outskirts of Thiepval, where since Sept. 17 the British troops had held the Danube trench; counterslope of 136-Meter Hill, dominated by the Mouquet Farm; northern edge of Courcellette; 132-Meter Hill to the northeast of Martinpuich; then, after a bend toward the south, the northern verge of Flers, 154-Meter Hill between Ginchy and Les Boeufs, the eastern edge of the Bouleaux Wood, and the Leuze Wood. At the line of the railroad from Combles to Cléry began the French sector. General Fayolle's army occupied the southwest outskirts of the Douage Wood, had passed the Le Priez Farm to the north, and reached the outskirts of Rancourt on the road from Béthune to Péronne. From this point our front descended toward the southwest, enveloped Bouchavesnes and the Bois-Labé Farm, and rejoined the Somme at 76-Meter Hill, between Cléry, which was in the hands of the French, and Feuillaucourt, which was in the hands of the Germans.

On Sept. 21 heavy rain hindered operations. Nevertheless, the Germans counterattacked, without success, on the south of the Ancre and in the region of Flers. They renewed their attempts, as uselessly, on Sept. 22, between the Le Priez Farm and Rancourt, on the night of Sept. 22-23, on the west of the Mouquet Farm, and, on Sept. 23, in three successive efforts, to the west of Les Boeufs. At the same time our British allies, on the night of Sept. 21-22, carried two lines of trenches to a depth of 1,600 yards between Flers and Martinpuich, thus straightening their front between these two villages. During the night of Sept. 22-23 they advanced to a depth of 800 meters, to the east of Courcellette. On Sept. 23, to the south of the Ancre, they established advanced posts in the enemy front lines.

The artillery preparation was then at its height. The Germans themselves recognized that it attained an "unheard of" degree of violence. Finally, on Sept.

25, toward noon, the combined offensive of the two armies acting together was launched.

Success of Sept. 25

At the first blow the British troops succeeded in penetrating the enemy positions to a depth of 1,600 yards on a front of nearly six miles, between Martinpuich and Combles. In front of Flers they climbed the slopes which led to Gueudecourt; on the left of Les Boeufs they carried a series of trenches, then, toward 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the village itself. In front of Ginchy they made themselves masters of the height named from the Old Semaphore, reaching, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the outskirts of Morval, occupying the western part of the village at 4 o'clock, and the whole of it in the evening. Now, Morval, by its situation on the height which commands Combles on the north, and because of the considerable works which the Germans had constructed there, was a position of great importance. During the night of Sept. 25-26 progress continued. A strong redoubt which resisted between Les Boeufs and Gueudecourt was taken. During the forenoon of Sept. 26 the first British elements gained a foothold in the western part of Combles.

The French attack developed along parallel lines. The objectives assigned to his troops by General Fayolle were, for the first day, the village of Rancourt, which lies two kilometers to the north of Bouchavesnes, on the road from Péronne to Bapaume, the hamlet of Frégicourt, 1,100 meters to the north of Le Priez Farm, on the road from Combles to Saillisel, and the group of defenses accumulated by the enemy between Rancourt and the Somme. Almost all were reached at the first dash.

To the east of the Béthune Road we broadened our positions by two-thirds of a mile, from the Combles Road as far as Bouchavesnes; we carried by assault the height to the northeast of this village and 130-Meter Hill to the southwest, without speaking of other minor advantages, as far as the Somme. To the northeast of Combles we carried our lines to the southern outskirts of

Frégicourt and occupied all the strongly organized ground between this hamlet and 148-Meter Hill. Rancourt was carried by assault. In the night of Sept. 25-26, it was Frégicourt's turn. Reconnoissances got as far as the first houses of Combles, on its southern outskirts, and a detachment installed itself in the cemetery to the northeast of the town.

Events of Sept. 26

We have reached noon, on Sept. 26. The Germans, to connect Combles to their lines, hold only the ravine which winds to the northeast toward Saily-Saillisel. The loss of Morval and of Frégicourt has deprived them of the other roads. And even this ravine is completely dominated by the crossfire of the allied troops, and four of our gun-bearing aeroplanes have just gone to drop eighty-two shells on the convoys in formation at Saily-Saillisel. On the west, on the south, and on the northeast the Franco-British penetration of Combles has begun. It becomes more accentuated. The French carry by assault, in the afternoon, the whole section of the town which lies to the east and the south of the railroad. They join hands with the British forces who are cleaning up the northwestern section of the town. Combles is taken * * * in spite of the accumulation of every means of defense and of its dugouts developed into inaccessible lairs. Combles is the first canton capital reconquered by our army since October, 1914. Heaps of German corpses cover the ground torn up by shells. The wounded, left behind, are taken prisoner. The last unwounded defenders surrender or flee in disorder. An immense prey in munitions, arms, provisions of all sorts repays our efforts.

But this is not all. Between Combles and the Ancre the rest of the British army has been equally active. A counter-attack starting from Transloy, between Morval and Les Boeufs, was severely repulsed. In the centre Gueudecourt, another fortified village, was taken. Finally, on the extreme left, Thiepval, which had resisted obstinately since July 3, in its turn succumbed. Our allies even

seized the Zoilern redoubt, which dominated the village on the east.

Of the formidable line of enemy defenses whose extremities had rested on the two impregnable bastions, Thiepval and Combles, nothing remained.

During the week from Sept. 28 to Oct. 4 the allied offensive in Picardy showed a slackening, to be imputed at once to the necessities of a new preparation and to the persistent rain. In modern war, in which artillery plays the essential rôle, bad weather very considerably hinders operations. Not only does it make impossible the moving of batteries over soaking soil, but, even more, it keeps the airmen from making their sighting operations, and artillery deprived of aerial reconnoissances is blind and impotent.

Joffre's Order of the Day

This respite in the development of the great battle is marked by the Order of the Day which General Joffre addressed, on Sept. 29, to the armies of the north. Here is the text of it:

The Commander in Chief addresses the expression of his profound satisfaction to the troops who have been fighting on the Somme for almost three months without ceasing.

By their valor and their perseverance they have dealt the enemy blows from which he has difficulty in recovering. Verdun relieved, twenty-five villages won back, more than 35,000 prisoners, 150 guns taken, successive enemy lines driven back to a depth of ten kilometers, are the results already obtained.

Continuing the struggle with the same tenacious will, redoubling their ardor, in union with our valorous allies, the valiant armies of the Somme will make sure for themselves a glorious part in the decisive victory.

JOFFRE.

An earlier official French announcement—dated Sept. 22—had reckoned at 55,800 the number of prisoners taken, from July 1 to Sept. 18, by the Franco-British troops, 34,050 of whom were to be credited to the French troops alone. On the other hand, a British announcement of Sept. 27 counted 10,000 new prisoners taken in the course of the preceding fortnight. Therefore the general total had exceeded 60,000. When coming to confer the Order of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, or the Collar of

Commander, on the glorious leaders of the victorious armies—the French Generals, Fayolle and Micheler, the English General Gough, who took Thiepval, and General Buttler, assistant Chief of the General Staff—the President of the Republic paid them a well-earned homage.

The British Sector

The battles of Sept. 25 and 26 had carried the British front on an almost horizontal line from Thiepval to Gueudecourt, past Courcellette, leaving beyond it the village of Sars and the Eaucourt-l'Abbaye agglomeration. On leaving Gueudecourt, the line bent toward the southeast, enveloping Les Boeufs, Morval, Combles, and joining the French front on the north of Frégicourt. From Gueudecourt to Frégicourt nothing happened, except a slight advance on a front of 500 meters to the east of Les Boeufs during Sept. 29. On the other hand, the struggle was fierce to the north of Thiepval, in the region of Eaucourt-l'Abbaye.

To the north of Thiepval: Sunk in a kind of basin, the village of Thiepval is dominated on the north and northeast by a spur which commands the valley of the Ancre in the direction of Grandcourt. On this ridge the Germans had established two formidable works especially defended—the Schwaben redoubt, 500 yards to the north of Thiepval, and the Stuff redoubt, a mile and a quarter to the northeast. Between them ran the Hesse trench. On Sept. 27 the British troops carried the Stuff redoubt by assault. On the following day they occupied a part of the Schwaben redoubt. During the night of Sept. 28-29 there was grenade fighting of furious intensity for possession of the Hesse trench, which was successively taken, lost, retaken. During the whole of Sept. 30 the Germans counterattacked violently. Finally, on Oct. 1, they were definitively thrown back from the ground which they still held near the Stuff redoubt and from nearly the whole of the Schwaben redoubt.

In the region of Eaucourt-l'Abbaye: Eaucourt-l'Abbaye is a hamlet of the Commune of Warlencourt-Eaucourt, (Pas-de-Calais,) Arras Arrondissement, Canton

of Bapaume, a mile and a quarter south-east of Warlencourt, which is still occupied by the Germans. Beginning with Sept. 27, our British allies carried, to the north of Flers, more than a mile of trenches and reached the outskirts of Eaucourt on the left. During the night of Sept. 27-28 they established different posts at less than 800 yards to the west and southwest of the hamlet. On Sept. 28 they advanced to the north and northwest of Courcellette. During the morning of Sept. 29 they captured Destrémont Farm, on the national road from Albert to Bapaume, 500 yards to the southwest of Le Sars. On Sept. 30 they realized a new advance to the south of Eaucourt, and during the night of Sept. 30-Oct. 1, between Flers and Le Sars. Finally, on Oct. 1, during the afternoon, an assault was delivered on a front of two miles between Eaucourt and the northeast of the Destrémont Farm. Eaucourt fell into the hands of the British troops. It is true that, on the following day, a counterattack allowed the enemy to regain a footing among the houses in ruins. But, as a result of renewed fighting, Eaucourt was entirely reconquered during the evening of Oct. 3.

In addition to these sectors, it is right to mention frequent blows struck by our allies along parts of the front not yet affected by the great offensive. During a single day, Oct. 1, there were not less than sixteen of these raids between Ypres and Neuve-Chapelle. These were soundings, intended to feel out the enemy, with a view to taking advantage of favorable circumstances.

The French Sector

On the French sector, astride of the Somme, our bulletins only announce secondary engagements—slight progress between Frégicourt and Morval, on Sept. 29; on Sept. 30, to the north of Rancourt; on the following night, to the southeast of Morval, and, along the Somme, to the southeast of Cléry; on Oct. 1, to the north of Rancourt and the southeast of Morval; on Oct. 2, to the east of Bouchavesnes; on Oct. 3, to the north of Rancourt; on Oct. 4, between Morval and the wood of Saint-

Pierre-Vaast. On Oct. 2 we stopped on the south of the Somme an enemy attack in massed formation below Vermandovillers.

On Oct. 3 the Germans tried to come out, to the north of the river, from the wood of Saint-Pierre-Vaast, one of the last important positions occupied by them. Our gun fire completely repulsed them.

Since Sept. 27 they had not even

outlined an action against General Fayolle's army.

[In the intervening weeks the Anglo-French offensive has continued to make gradual progress, with the advance of the British along the Ancre northeast of Thiepval, capturing Beaumont, Beaucourt, and other villages on the way to Miraumont, the present objective on that sector. The French have consolidated their gains at Saillisel.]

Activities of German Submarines

SUBMARINE warfare was resumed on an extensive scale by the Germans in October and November, and their operations included the sinking of several passenger ships with Americans on board. The reports of survivors seemed to indicate that Germany's pledges to the United States were being violated, in that ships carrying passengers were sunk without warning. That question is still undetermined. At this writing the whole submarine issue has arisen anew and is the subject of serious consideration in the Chancelleries of neutral and belligerent nations.

Secretary Zimmermann's Statement

On Nov. 15 the German Under Secretary of State, Herr Zimmermann, made the following statement:

The German naval forces are not sinking neutral merchant ships per se. They are sinking as a defensive measure ammunition transports and other contraband shipments to our enemies that are calculated to lengthen the war. It is not strictly correct, therefore, to speak of "submarine warfare" in this connection. We are conducting cruiser warfare, waged by means of submarines, acting in punctilious compliance with the rules of international law applying to cruiser warfare. Our position, therefore, both military and from the viewpoint of international law, is irreproachable, and the propagandistic accusation and charge in connection with ships sunk, as agitated by the English press, are interesting and important only as indicating how hard England is being hit by our defensive submarine measures against England's hunger war and England's economic strangle hold on the neutral nations in question.

Our cruiser warfare with submarines is being conducted in strict compliance with the

German prize regulations, which correspond to the international rules laid down and agreed to in the Declaration of London, and this despite the fact that England has refused to be bound by the London Declaration. Germany, accordingly, will continue to exercise her perfect good right to take these defensive measures. If neutrals have to lament the loss of ships and cargoes, it should be remembered that the real blame lies on England.

As the armament of several British ships has been used for attack contrary to the English declaration, and it has, therefore, endangered the lives of crew and passengers, of course armed ships cannot be considered as peaceful trade boats. It is England which has from the very first consistently violated neutral commerce and reduced it to a state of bondage, making the freedom of the seas an empty phrase in violation of international law, extending the contraband list by all means in its power, including economic pressure, and seeking to encourage and in some cases to compel the carrying of contraband to our enemies, and then crying out when its own illegal measures react like a boomerang and strike home at a vulnerable and vital spot.

England has not only blockaded neutral countries, but by means of blacklists, by the compulsory chartering of neutral tonnage, by the extension of the contraband list, by the confiscation of neutral fishing fleets and other high-handed, illegal methods, it has more and more succeeded in compelling neutral trade and commerce to comply with its will. In contradistinction to England, Germany does not seek to throttle legitimate commerce. We are merely seeking to put an end to contraband shipments to our enemies in self-defense, and I am glad to be in a position to say that our submarines are able to keep up the war and prevent contraband shipments from reaching our enemies, and to do so in a manner irreproachable in the sight of international law. It is perhaps a work of supererogation to point

out that neutrals have an effective remedy against further loss of ships in their own hands by simply resisting England's illegal economic pressure and discontinuing the carrying of contraband.

The British Admiralty charges that between May 5 and Nov. 8 thirty-three vessels were sunk without warning by submarines, and that 140 lives were lost. Of this total 26 were British ships, on which 135 lives were lost. The chief vessels and life losses were as follows: Golconda, 19; Euphorbia, 11; Franconia, 12; Marina, 18. The remainder of the losses were among the Allies and neutrals, the French losing two ships with two lives, the Norwegians three ships with one life.

Agitation for Ruthless War

During late September a violent agitation arose in Germany for resumption of ruthless submarine operations, led by Dr. Ernst Bassermann, leader of the National Liberals, who was supported by Admiral von Tirpitz. German political circles were stirred to the centre over the controversy, the Chancellor representing the opposition. A definite statement sustaining the Chancellor was attributed to Field Marshal von Hindenburg, and this had a profound influence. Finally the question was submitted to a coalition committee of the Reichstag, and it was decided to postpone action, which was construed as being equivalent to a victory for the Chancellor. There the matter rests, so far as official Germany is concerned, but it is now charged that this was a mere pretext to conceal the intention of the Berlin authorities to resume ruthless submarine warfare in disregard of their pledges.

The visit of the U-53 to Newport on Oct. 7, followed immediately by the sinking of five vessels off Nantucket, some of them in the presence of United States warships, which stood by and rescued the passengers and crews, was caustically criticised at the time by English newspapers and in Parliament, but no official protest was lodged by the Allies with our Government, and no protest against the submarine activities off our shore was made by the United States. As late as Nov. 15 this matter came up again in the British Parliament.

A definite declaration is expected from the United States Government to the effect that it will not tolerate Germany's claim of the right to sink contraband-carrying ships without warning, even though the ships carry defensive arms. The United States has held heretofore that a vessel chartered by a Government is not a transport, and is as immune from attack without warning as any other merchant vessel unless her officers and crew are under orders of an Admiralty to resist when attacked.

The Marina and Others

The cases which this Government is now seriously concerned over occurred as follows: On Oct. 30, 1916, the British steamships Marina and Rowanmore were torpedoed and sunk off the Irish coast by German submarines. The Marina, owned by the Donaldson Line, was a horse transport with a mixed crew of Americans and British. The Rowanmore was a Furness freighter bound from Baltimore for Liverpool with a mixed cargo. Six Americans were killed in the sinking of the Marina.

On Oct. 28 the steamship Lanao, bound from Manila to Havre with a cargo of rice, under Philippine registry, was sunk by a German submarine. The crew was saved.

On Nov. 7 the Peninsular and Oriental liner Arabia, 7,933 gross tonnage, with 450 passengers, was torpedoed in the Mediterranean. All the passengers were saved. It is asserted by the passengers that there was no warning.

On Nov. 8 the American Hawaiian steamship Columbian, 8,579 tons gross, from Boston to Genoa with a cargo of steel, was torpedoed in the Bay of Biscay. It is stated that the Columbian encountered the submarine during a violent tempest Nov. 6. The submarine compelled the steamship to stop, and held it under surveillance until the storm subsided two days later. The crew was then compelled to abandon the vessel in open boats, the Captain being taken aboard the submarine. The vessel was then torpedoed and sunk.

The Germans assert that warning was given except in cases where the vessel

was armed or made a hostile move against the submarine. The Arabia and Marina were both armed. The passengers assert that in neither instance was any warning whatsoever given, nor did either vessel make any hostile move.

In the case of the Columbian an interesting question has arisen as to the right of a submarine to imprison an American officer of a torpedoed boat. Captain Curtis of the Columbian states that when his vessel was torpedoed he was held a prisoner on the U-49 for six days thereafter. The Columbian had a cargo of 9,000 tons and a crew of 109 men, all of whom were saved.

The following statement was made by Captain Curtis:

Submarine U-49 fired at once two torpedoes at the Columbian, which immediately sank. The crew was left in lifeboats, while I was taken on board the submarine, which plunged immediately after I was taken into the Quartermaster's small cabin, where I found the Captains of the Seatonia and the Balto. After me came Captain Yelugsen of the Fordalen. The cabin was very small. It contained a little folding table, a folding chair, and three bunks. Everything was permeated with the odor of benzine. There was no communication with the exterior and the cabin was absolutely dark, night and day. We were fed in the morning with a few

morsels of black bread, a cup of coffee, and a small portion of bad butter; at noon with a stew of canned meat and soup, and at supper, at 10 o'clock, with coffee or tea and black bread, with butter or marmalade. The hours spent in this narrow prison were very long and disagreeable.

Captain Curtis said that between the operations of the submarine he was allowed to go on deck to smoke. He was watched by members of the crew, armed with revolvers, but when he went below the crew put aside their weapons.

The submarine signaled to the Swedish steamer Varing thirteen miles off the Spanish port of Camarinas toward noon of Nov. 9. The steamer stopped and was ordered to take aboard the Captains and land them. She was also ordered to take aboard the crews of the Columbian and Norwegian steamers. All were welcomed aboard the Varing.

The submarine watched the operation, and then ordered the Varing to make for the coast, six miles from Camarinas. The Varing was directed to set out lifeboats and embark the shipwrecked men in them. This was a long and difficult operation, and an American from the Columbian fell into the sea and narrowly escaped drowning. He was slightly injured during his rescue.

The First Gas Attack at Ypres, April 22, 1915

A British soldier-author who writes under the name of "Sapper" gives this description of the first use of asphyxiating gas by the Germans in his new book, "Men, Women, and Guns":

Utterly unprepared for what was to come, the [French] divisions gazed for a short while spellbound at the strange phenomenon they saw coming slowly toward them. Like some liquid the heavy-colored vapor poured relentlessly into the trenches, filled them, and passed on. For a few seconds nothing happened; the sweet-smelling stuff merely tickled their nostrils; they failed to realize the danger. Then, with inconceivable rapidity, the gas worked, and blind panic spread. Hundreds, after a dreadful fight for air, became unconscious and died where they lay—a death of hideous torture, with the frothing bubbles gurgling in their throats and the foul liquid welling up in their lungs. With blackened faces and twisted limbs one by one they drowned—only that which drowned them came from inside and not from out. Others, staggering, falling, lurching on, and of their ignorance keeping pace with the gas, went back. A hail of rifle fire and shrapnel mowed them down, and the line was broken. There was nothing on the British left—their flank was up in the air. The northeast corner of the salient around Ypres had been pierced. From in front of St. Julian away up north toward Boesinghe there was no one in front of the Germans.

New War Methods and Victory

By Winston Spencer Churchill

Former First Lord of the British Admiralty

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THE supreme events of this war stand out just as vividly as the old one-day battles which used to decide the history of nations. But the size of the picture is so enormous and the style of the painting so crude that it can only be judged from a certain distance. One day of struggle is so like another. Looking back, even from no great distance, the true features of the stupendous panorama stare you in the face. We see them now stretching back like a range of mountain peaks to those far-off lands of August and September, Anno Domini 1914.

The German invasion and its victories; the salvation of Paris; the struggle for the seaward flank; Tannenberg; the Serbian morale; Przemysl; Warsaw; Suvla; Champagne; Ferdinand of Bulgaria; Verdun; Brusiloff;

and, nearest of all, towering and beetling above our heads, shrouded in darkness and storm, the giant battle in Picardy which history calls—the Somme.

But although we are still so close to this stupendous episode that it is in its general mass under what has been called "a false angle of vision," there are some features which can already be discerned and appreciated. The sombre difficulty of the task and the brilliant achievements of the troops leap out to us in vivid juxtaposition. Let us measure the achievement by the difficulties.

In the old wars of Marlborough and Frederick and Napoleon the differences between the offensive and the defensive

were small. Each had its advantages and its drawbacks. But, broadly speaking, an army of sixty or seventy thousand men had no hesitation in attacking an army of fifty or sixty thousand; and there are many instances where successful attacks upon troops of equal quality have been made by skilled Generals with

a smaller army. Then came the improvement in firearms; and already, in the American civil war, at Fredericksburg, at Gettysburg, at Cold Harbor, and elsewhere we begin to see the arrest of the offensive by fire. Thus, in 1870, frontal attacks were hardly ever the means of victory, and the German method of gaining battles was seen to consist mainly in the strength of large turning or enveloping movements by very strong forces. It was on this that we were all brought up.



All the theory of modern war, as taught in the nineties, dwelt on the holding of an enemy closely in front till superior forces had overlapped and threatened to surround him; and in the Boer war it was held a crime to make a frontal attack, on account of the severity of the fire and the losses inevitably incurred. These ideas received their largest and latest application in the war between Russia and Japan. All the great battles of that war were simple adaptations of the German method of 1870 upon a much greater scale; and we see the main Japanese army advancing along the railroad with Kuroki always far out on the right flank, or, as in the culminating battle of

Mukden, with Nogi and his Port Arthur army far out on the left flank. Never do we see any success attained by reason of an unsupported battle on the main front. These are broad generalizations. But they show, what is undoubtedly true, that up to the outbreak of the present war the frontal attack on good troops in intrenched positions which cannot be turned was generally regarded by soldiers of every nation as impossible.

What has happened to alter this slowly matured, profoundly studied, universally held opinion, or the hard facts upon which it rested? Certainly it is not any diminution of the power of firearms. On the contrary, their power has increased by leaps and bounds. Improvements in weapons of all kinds, improvements in their use, the magazine rifle, the automatic rifle, the machine gun in all its forms and in undreamed of numbers, barbed wire, intrenchments of marvelous cunning, have multiplied several times the power of the defense by firearms.

The fire which arrested decisively the Japanese frontal attack at Liao Yang and blasted away their furious assaults on Port Arthur, was child's play to the fire through which the British assaults on the Somme have been pushed forward. What, then, are the new facts? There appear to be three. First, the extraordinary development of massed artillery, particularly heavy artillery, with unimagined quantities of shell; secondly, the indifference to loss of life exhibited by all the nations engulfed in Armageddon; and, thirdly, the devotion and superhuman courage of the troops.

How far have these facts affected the conclusions about modern defensive fire which had been so generally accepted before the war? I have called attention recently to some of the conditions and limitations of the latest form of the artillery attack—how overwhelming it was upon the troops and areas subjected to it; but how ponderous and slow moving in application and how local in action; and how considerably it could be mitigated by an elasticity of defense which allowed for a

certain limited cession of ground. I have shown also that it reaches its maximum intensity in cases where the defenders, as at Verdun, are resolved not to yield an inch, but where, by continual counterattacks and the pouring in of new troops, they strive with the utmost desperation to hold and regain their fixed positions. No one must underrate the terrific power of the artillery development as a new means of offense; but neither must they forget its limitations. For the rest, there is only the heroism of the soldiers and the ruthless character of the war.

In these conditions, it is clear that only the absence of other possibilities have thrown the armies in the west back upon frontal attacks. If flank attacks were possible they would, of course, be resorted to by the commanders on both sides. But with armies so large and well equipped that the whole front from the Alps to the sea is on both sides perfectly maintained and thoroughly defended, nothing in this theatre but the frontal attack remains. And thus by the force of circumstances we have been driven to attempt tasks many times harder than those which, before the war, all military experience had held to be impossible. That any measure of success should attend such efforts is marvelous. It seems to lift the soldiers of our generation above the level of the warriors of every former age, and place the civilized and educated citizen of a modern democracy upon the supreme pedestal of martial glory.

It is usually assumed that the Germans will be able to relieve themselves of pressure in the west and reduce the strain by what is called "shortening the line." At a certain moment it is thought there will be a general retirement to a new and straighter line, saving, perhaps, a hundred miles of front and releasing 500,000 men. But this view ought not to be too readily accepted. It is by no means evident that any substantial relief will accrue to the Germans from such a retirement and contraction, while the injury to their prestige and the surrender of conquered territory will be a most serious disadvantage. Broadly

speaking, the struggle in the west is between 2,500,000 Germans and 3,500,000 French and British. These immense armies are locked in conflict with each other. They can bring their maximum power to bear upon each other equally well on a 350-mile front as on a 450 or 500 mile front. If the Germans, by "shortening their line," save 500,000 men, the same process will liberate at the same moment about 700,000 French and British troops who are now opposite them. These 700,000 men would be pressed into the attack on one of the existing battle fronts, or alternatively a new battle front will be opened, and the 500,000 Germans who had been "saved" will be required to meet their old antagonists in somewhat different circumstances.

Always remember this is a war of armies, of armies representing the life energies of nations, and it will be decided only by the killing and cowing of men. It is not a war of positions. There are no vital and decisive keys. There are no strategic points, which, even occupied, paralyze the resistance of large forces of the enemy. There are no railway junctions around which deviations cannot be made in a short time. There are no heights which dominate large areas of country. Trench warfare has robbed even the topography of the actual battlefield of much, if not all, its old tactical significance. Almost any positions can be defended by intrenchments and held at a certain increased rental, in spite of being outflanked or overlooked. In fact, one has only to look along the western lines to see examples of every kind of "untenable" position, according to old ideas, being held month after month, almost year after year, by both sides.

Also, this is a war of machinery. Generalship in this war consists largely in the application of machinery to men. The way to win the war is to beat men by machinery. The way to lose the war is to try to beat machinery by men. Wherever your enemy is forced to oppose flesh and blood to steel and fire, you are gaining. Wherever you have to rely on flesh and blood to resist steel and fire,

you are losing. This is the shrewdest test by which to try all operations on the western front, whether offensive or defensive, by us or by the enemy. The man-fund is large, but it is limited. It cannot be replenished. "Il faut ménager les hommes."

Here are the sharp prongs of thought: Either an effective method whereby three men can advance continually against two, or a war of sheer extermination. Every year 600,000 German youths reach the military age. Until this annual increase has been consumed—and every life costs at least a life—no progress has been made toward the final exhaustion of the capital. It is only the excess loss above the annual increment which constitutes definite progress toward the end. It is necessary, therefore, if the extermination plan is followed that the pace of the struggle should be urged to the extreme in order that the period be shortened.

For instance, if the war so languished that not more than 600,000 Germans were destroyed or disabled in any one year there would be no reason why their supply of men should ever run short. The pace of the struggle has already forced them to add largely to the number of their divisions. The German armies in response to the strains of 1916 have been greatly augmented, and it is probable that their field establishment comprises nearly 220 divisions, as compared with perhaps 180 at the beginning of the year.

The Verdun blunder, the victories of Brusiloff, the entry of Rumania, the tremendous pressures of the Somme offensive have extorted these new intense exertions and increased expenditure from the enemy. And it should not be supposed even if the Allies can find no better way of winning than by the crude processes of exhaustion and extermination, that they are not able and not ready to tread that terrible road. But the obligation to seek better methods is imperative on the chiefs of the Allies. Is generalship content only with ordering cannon to fire and infantry to charge? Is science bankrupt when she has made shells? Let search be made, let wits be used, let risks be dared by those who have the power to find the shortest way.

The Profit Side of War

By Charles Johnston

I.—Losses and Gains

LET us consider first the losses—the men killed and mutilated, the vast treasure destroyed.

There would seem to be an enormous element of illusion in both. Man born is fated to die, whether in battle or the "cow's death," as the old Vikings called it, fated to die and to be mourned, or to die unmourned, which is a greater tragedy. Let us not delude ourselves about the fundamental facts of life and death.

But even when we consider actual losses in war, there is extreme exaggeration. Take a recent instance, the British "losses" on the Somme, in a battle that may establish the power of Britain for a century. We read that each month some 100,000 Britons have been "lost"; but four-fifths of them will be "found" again; only one-fifth are killed outright, and many of the remaining four-fifths are only slightly wounded. But even if we make the extreme allowance for "losses," this does not mean that the vitality of the nation is really impaired. These men die; but their younger sons will live. The birth rate in all western countries has been steadily falling; in France it has even reached the minimum. Nothing is needed but a slight increase in the birth rate—something within the power of the nations themselves—to adjust, within a very few years, the utmost possible losses within a generation or two. The truth is that among all living things the power of increase is always very much greater than the available space; so that the greatest possible diminution will be made up with astonishing swiftness.

The pacifists tell us that, as a result of war, the feeble survive and raise feeble families, but what are the facts? Take the veterans of our own civil war, both long and destructive among modern wars; were the survivors among the combatants really the feeble? Did they, in fact, raise feeble and degenerate fami-

lies? As Dr. Johnson used to say, we should clear our minds of cant.

Then as to the loss of "treasure." The author of "The Great Illusion," following in the tracks of the able Russian, Bloch, told us that a modern war would end in swift bankruptcy, because its cost is so enormous. But the fact has smashed the theory. Each of the great belligerent nations has shown a recuperative and creative power that has made short work of the theorists. Indeed, we can see no valid reason why, so far as the element of cost is concerned, the war should not continue indefinitely.

The theorists seem to have lost sight of the fact, underlined by John Stuart Mill a half century back, that practically the whole wealth of the world, and of a nation, is created anew each year. Take the case of Germany, the simplest, because Germany is so nearly isolated. What does Germany need, in material, in order to continue the war? Food, guns, munitions; nothing more. She has demonstrated that she can produce enough food at least to keep her soldiers in fighting shape; that her mines and workshops can produce enough guns and shells. Each year creates the supply for each year; and this may continue indefinitely, so long as the German fields and mines hold out.

II.—The Huge War Debts

But, the pacifists allege, the European nations will be crushed to the earth by the tremendous pressure of war debt, which will be like millstones tied about their necks.

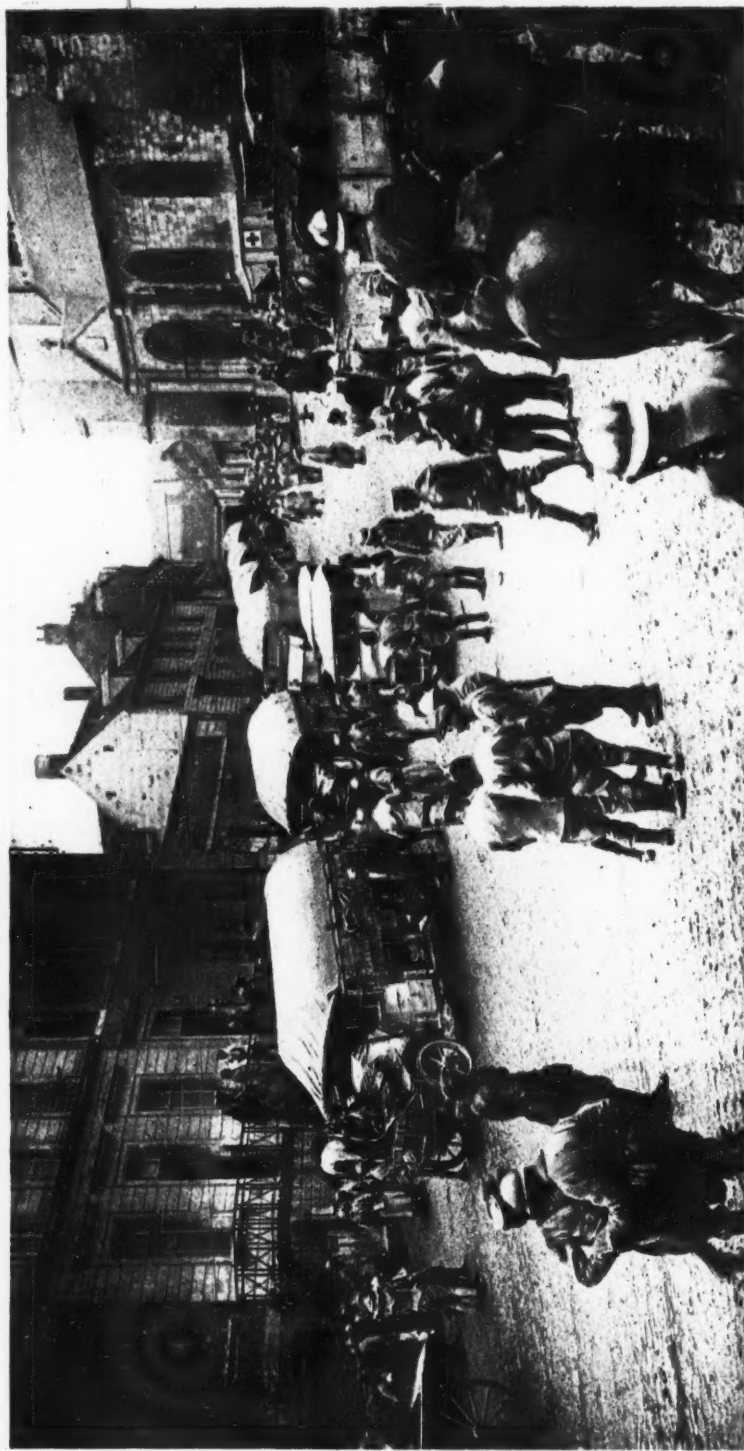
Here, again, there would seem to be an enormous element of illusion. Take once more, for the sake of illustration, Germany. It would seem that the process has been something like this—the German Government, in order to pay the war bills, has borrowed money from the German people, from the rich and from the poor. What becomes of the money thus raised? It is spent mainly in two ways—in buying food from farmers, in

A GLIMPSE OF THE POETRY OF WAR IN PICARDY



A French "Poilu's" Snapshot of His Company Resting in a Grove Just Out of Reach of the German Shells.
(© Central News Photo Service.)

A TYPICAL VILLAGE IN FRANCE NEAR THE WAR FRONT



The Once Quiet Streets Now Resound Night and Day to the Tramp of Armed Men and the Rumble of Countless Munition Lorries.
(© American Press Association.)

order to feed the army; in buying guns and munitions from the factories, which pay enormous numbers of workmen and women. What do the farmers and the workmen do with the money they thus receive? A large part of it they lend to the German Government, which immediately pays it back to them in wages or food payments. Quite evidently, this process might go on forever.

True, but how about the interest? Well, if we look at that deeply, it would seem to be a part of the illusion. A man needs no special inducement, when you are paying him money. He will take it readily enough. But if you want him to give you the money, you must bait the hook with something alluring. The interest is the bait. What will, in fact, happen as regards the German loan? Even Helfferich has long ago ceased to promise that the Allies will have to pay it in indemnities. Who will pay it? The German people in taxes. Yes, but who will receive it? The same German people.

In order to work the thing out ideally all that will be needed will be this—to look up the lists of subscribers to the war loans, with the amount of yearly interest due to each; then to impose taxation in such a way that each man in Germany will pay in taxes exactly what he is to receive in interest on the war loans. What injustice, what hardship, would be worked by this? And will not something substantially like this actually occur in every belligerent nation? It is all a matter of bookkeeping, and can go on in an endless circle.

III.—The Gains: England

What would one, who loved her, have said of England in the first six months of 1914?

There was, first, the question of votes for women. This was not being quietly and considerately debated. It had been infused with an element of violence; of what one need not hesitate to call indecency, which left the men perplexed and exasperated, and brought the "militant" women into positions which no decent man or decent woman would ever desire to see them in. Recall the now almost

mythical and archaic "forcible feeding." Is it not exceedingly difficult, viewing the splendid achievement of England today, to think one's self back to those grotesque, harrowing scenes in Pentonville Prison?

What has rendered all that obsolete? The war. What do we see instead? These same women, working long hours in munition factories, under the device: "The shell made by the wife may save the husband's life!" How does the suffrage stand in England today, in the minds and hearts of both men and women? Somewhat thus, perhaps—the steady conviction would seem to have been reached that there are two classes of "citizens," separated by a fundamental difference—first, the class fitted by God and nature to kill and be killed on the fighting line; and, second, the class not so fitted. No distribution of bits of paper will alter that. And, it should be noted, no class in England is more determined to win the war—more ready to make the grievous sacrifices by which alone the war can be won—than the women of England; they see, with intuitive keenness, what it would mean to them, the women, if the men of their nation were too philosophical to fight.

England was torn in two, next, by the perpetual, and perpetually unsolved, Irish question. Here, while no formal solution has been reached, there is no question at all that a warmer, more generous, better understanding has been created between the two nations; most of all, between the men of the two nations, who have fought side by side upon the battlefields of France. And, we may be quite confident, the air of France—that luminous, benign air—will do much for both. The Irish question may not be solved by the men now in Ireland or in England; all these are more or less in the ruts of past abortive solutions; but the Irish question may very well be solved by the Englishmen and Irishmen—whether from Ulster or the south and west, who are now fighting together in Picardy. These men will bring new light home with them, to shed on that ancient, vexed question. And those will

bring most light who have fought most valiantly.

But there were other dangers that, just before the war, cut very deep into the life and heart of England. Perhaps it would not be unfair to say that Lloyd George, in his personal history and development, is the finest, most eloquent commentary on this side of the question. If it takes an effort of historic imagination to think one's self back to the days of forcible feeding in gloomy Pentonville, so that the name sounds almost as archaic as Bedlam, does it not take an even greater effort to think one's self back from the imperial statesman who is Kitchener's successor to the orator of the famous Limehouse speech? What was the essence of that speech and the agitation it made articulate? Social unrest, founded on the sense of social injustice. Lloyd George was telling his auditors, a characteristic gathering of "the people," that they were exploited, tyrannized over, robbed, that they should rise and take their rights by force, giving him the power to act for them. It was practically the doctrine of the French Revolution.

But what is the mood of England today as regards the whole of what is called the "social question"? That it must be solved, that it will be solved, by generous co-operation, by a union of hearts forged in the melting heat of war, in the "furnace of affliction," to use the poignant phrase of Isaiah.

In the first months of the war, the first months of voluntary enlistment, it was noticeable that the upper classes, the better-educated classes, responded more readily and more generously to the call of their nation's need. Why? Because they understood more clearly the finality of that need, the imperative call of honor, to meet it. Not a noble house in England that is not wearing black today.

Only slowly, by degrees, under some pressure, did the masses of the people of England wake up to the fact of their deadly peril; wake up to see that an enormous force was organized, and armed with incalculable resources of destruction, with the deliberate intention

of wreaking that destruction upon England, of practically annulling her thousand years of history and wiping her name out from among the nations. The better born and better taught had seen that instantly, and, having the higher privileges to sacrifice, sacrificed them more speedily and generously. So much was this so that it was called in the beginning a "gentleman's war"—because it was being fought for the principles of honor and humanity that make a gentleman. Now they think of it as a war for humanity; for all that ennobles human life. We may expect to see, after the war, great changes in England—a century's advance within a few years; changes brought about, in the main, not by the men who have remained in England, but by the men who come back from France. It has been well said that England's naval power represents what England is doing for England, but that England's army—incomparably the greatest in her long history—represents what England is doing for France. An act so large hearted must bring golden fruit.

IV.—The British Empire

One of the calculations of the Teutonic war psychologists (whose metallurgy, as a witty Frenchman has said, is so much better than their psychology) was that, under stress of war, the colonies and dependencies of England, the "dominions beyond the sea," would seize the opportunity to cast loose, to break the ties that bound them to England, ties which, in the view of these psychological theorists, were nothing but fetters. That was one among many bad prophecies, to the vitiating principle of which we shall presently come.

Let us see how the matter worked out. Let us begin with India, one of the great historic regions of the world. How did India react? There were small conspiracies, here and there, but, curiously enough, investigation in the courts showed that they were hatched, for the most part, on our own Pacific Coast, not in India at all. They were the work of needy adventurers, one group of whom, recruited from California and British

Columbia, had the astounding plan of financing their "revolution" by burglary.

But these sunspots only made clearer the brightness of the sun. The facts are that almost the entire army of occupation (which never amounted to more than about 75,000 British soldiers, in a population of 300,000,000) was withdrawn; not only did India hold steadfastly to England, but her Princes gave their treasure, her people gave their lives, to fight for the British Empire on battlefields in lands that were mythical to them; for every Indian soldier who crossed the "black water" to fight for England was a volunteer, as much as were the Canadians or the New Zealanders. Can we doubt that the spiritual reaction on these ancient races will be immense and decisive?

Let us take next, South Africa. I suppose every one regrets, and deeply regrets, that a man of high military gifts and indomitable pluck like Christian De Wet, should have been inveigled into treason; but here, as in India, the treachery of De Wet and his associates only makes brighter the loyalty and devotion of Botha, Smuts, and their associates.

The truth is, that the Union of South Africa, created so soon after the Boer war, has shown itself to be not only generous, but, politically, most wise. Founded on the everlasting principle of justice, it has been so recognized by the Boers who fought against Britain; and they now see that it is their advantage in every way to be an integral part of the empire. Documents seized when Botha's troops conquered German Southwest Africa made it absolutely clear to the whole Boer population of South Africa that Kaiser Wilhelm had counted confidently on adding their territory to that of Germany as a result of the war. They enjoy, at present, free representative government and impartial justice; they have good reason to believe that, were they a part of the German Empire, they would in practice be submitted to military despotism, as is the Fatherland, in spite of constitutional forms. Further, there is a strong element among the Afrikanders which comes of French stock; Botha

is an example; Joubert was another. These men have no prejudices in favor of Germany. The war, therefore, is likely to see the Union of South Africa increased in area from about 475,000 to about 1,175,000 square miles, and drawn by much more cordial bonds to the rest of the empire; fighting on the same battle line will do much to bring this greater cordiality about.

Of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, one need say little, though very much might well be said. Each of its own motion, these great self-governing dominions have elected to play a splendid part in world history; to lend their weight to the decision of the greatest question that has ever faced mankind. They will gain in return—to a large degree they have already gained—what a gifted Canadian aptly called "cosmic consciousness"—the power to think in terms of the whole human race; the power to act on the whole of human destiny. We may believe that their whole future history will be colored by this decision.

V.—*The Russian Empire*

"With the war and without vodka, Russia is richer than with vodka and without the war"—those words, in a few hours, went round the world, and announced a new epoch of Russian history, an epoch of greater self-reliance, greater sacrifice.

From time to time, if we wish to keep our judgments just, we should remind ourselves that Russia is by far the youngest of the greater nations, the expression of the youngest of human races. The United States began life with a millennium of English jurisprudence, of English political life—which has been the foundation of all modern political life—behind them; they have built on this firm foundation. Russia, within the memory of men still living, was divided into two parts, one of which, less than a million, "owned" the remaining forty millions and often lost a few dozen or a few hundred "souls" over a game of cards. And today, within two generations, Russia is making steady, stalwart progress in constitutional government;

is steadily developing a sound, self-reliant productive system, uncovering natural resources equaled nowhere in the world. And this, in the nation's childhood. What astonishing things will not her maturity show?

The Japanese war did much for Russia, much for her Government and more for her army. But the Japanese war was remote, not sensibly felt by the great mass of the people. With this war, it is altogether different; it has cut Russia to the quick—and has roused her sons to make mighty efforts. The results, in many ways, have been immense.

There has been an enormous enhancement of the national consciousness. The great invasion of 1812 entered deep into the Russian heart, and will never be forgotten. This war, with its invasion also, has entered deeper, and has brought a far profounder reaction. It is, hour by hour, laying the fabric of a finer patriotism. There is, throughout much of the Russian literature of the past, throughout much of Russian music, a plaintive note, a note of weeping, heard first in the days of the terrible Tartar conquest. After this war, we may confidently believe, there will be a more virile note, a note of victory.

There will be more tangible and material gains. The needs of the war have aroused the Local Governments—the *Zemstvos*—to tremendous efforts, closely correlated for the whole nation; effort, as always, has brought power; and these local bodies, while they have furnished the army with food and shoes and underwear with marked efficiency, have supplied themselves with unselfish power and wide political experience. Further, industrial Russia will greatly gain. Her mines and ore fields, under the pressure of the munition famine, have expanded swiftly, gaining more in these two years than they would, without the war, have gained in two generations.

But the greatest gain of all is the strengthening of the fibre of Russian character; precisely such a strengthening as marks the change from boyhood to manhood; there is greater steadiness, greater force, greater self-knowledge, greater self-reliance. Russia has gained

a lifetime's growth within a few months, and has already shown marvelous powers.

VI.—*The Splendor of France*

What shall be said of the gains of France? First, perhaps, this: That no nation in all history, in any episode of its life, has received in so large a measure the love and admiration of mankind, as France has received since the war began. And, second, this: No nation has ever borne itself with finer dignity, greater simplicity, clearer loyalty, in the face of universal homage.

Germany began this war to exalt Germany. She has succeeded, in a degree previously unimaginable, in exalting France. She sought for herself the hegemony of Europe. She has won for France the spiritual hegemony of the world.

In Germany, before the war, they looked down on France, and despised her. There is an ugly story, very well authenticated, of the German Crown Prince declaring, six or eight months before the war, to an English guest that he "wanted to get a smack at the French swine." Well, he has had it, and a million German families are in mourning, through his personal efforts. It is said that in all Central Europe there is but one family containing six sons of military age which has not lost a son on the battlefield.

The German Emperor told his soldiers that, as the war of 1870 was ended under the walls of Paris, so the present war would be ended at Verdun. Has he yet begun to see that he may have spoken prophetically, though, like Balaam, in an opposite sense? Under Verdun France has won the admiration of the world and the certainty of victory; under Verdun Germany has tasted the first bitterness of defeat. France has shown herself to be, once more, the greatest military nation—greatest in strategy, greatest in valor. One need not say that she will win—one may already say that she has won—a sovereign place among the nations. Her ancient sceptre is once more in her hands.

And the greatest testimonial to the spirit of France is, that the whole world

feels happier for it; not a man in England, or in Russia, or in Italy, or, we may add, among the better elements of neutral nations, but feels an exultant pride in France's fine achievement. Had Germany won, all generous hearts would have felt the numbing touch of chill misgiving. France's victory brings only warmth and gladness. Can there be better evidence than that of the real place of France?

And the reaction upon France herself, not so much of her great victories at the Marne, and at Verdun, and now on the Somme, but of the heroic self-sacrifice that created these victories, has been striking. First, on her Government. No nation at this hour has a stronger Government, which so perfectly expresses the will of the whole nation. She has all the virtue of a monarchy—high ideals expressed by a unified will—and is yet intensely national. The Frenchman is the freest man on earth today, because he has freed himself by splendid sacrifice.

Next, France has gained self-knowledge and self-confidence. The grievous defeat of 1870, made possible by the dishonesties of the Second Empire, filled her with shame and self-distrust. But, even in that distrust of herself she built up an army that was able at the Marne, a month after the war opened, to smash the greatest war machine on earth. That was no extemporized victory. It had been carefully, painfully prepared; its foundations laid by years of deliberate self-sacrifice. It is because Joffre prepared that victory as well as gained it that he is sovereign in French hearts today. France was great and strong when the Marne battle began. When the battle ended she knew her greatness and her strength. We have used the phrase, "the greatest war machine"; the French soldier is not part of a machine; he is a living soul, and hence his victory.

Then, again, French literature has gained a new and vital note. In one way France, essentially pure-hearted, gravely misrepresented herself in her literature, especially in the part of it

oftenest read abroad. It was full of dramas of passion, of corrupting allurements. But this may be said for it—it was always the allurements of beauty and charm, never the sordid bribe of greed, of successful money getting; and French prose, even in novels otherwise bad, was full of beauty, of light, of poetry. The superb style carried its message of the French spirit over the head of the faulty subject matter. And even in the midst of grossness there was exquisite sensibility. Take Paul Bourget, some of whose plots are bad; does any writer know women better? Is any writer better acclaimed as their interpreter by women themselves? In Maupassant, too, there are stories of heart-breaking tenderness; there is surpassing beauty. But the new French literature, born just before and during the war, has added to these high gifts devotion and a superb purity. It is attaining heights we as yet hardly realize.

This renewal of literature is only the symptom of a renewal of life. In the years before the war there were, in France, elements of despondency, of depression, of disbelief, which brought dangerous fruit. Three years before the war the Government of France surrendered to Germany territory in Africa equal to half the area of France, under circumstances hardly distinguishable from betrayal. Political strife had flowered in assassination; Jaurès, the great orator of socialism, was slain. There was the ugly scandal of the assassination of *Le Figaro's* editor. The industrial world was convulsed; sabotage was rife and menacing; the very word is the creation of this period. The army was becoming unpopular—falling into disrepute, a target for hostile politicians. The whole question of the Church and of religion was exacerbated by the bitter policy of Combes and his successors. And today the Government of France is among the strongest in the world, and the most perfectly united, while France is aflame with magnificent patriotism. In England there have been strifes, the menace of strikes, public quarrels; in France, not a shadow of these; only splendid unanimity and heroism.

This brings us naturally to the new birth of religion in France, something so great that even the first rays of its dawn are splendid. France has had an unbroken series of great spiritual teachers and religious mystics, but never hitherto have they given expression to what was the dominant, universal spirit of the nation. But today the most genuine religious spirit, and the purest, is at the same time the most representative of France as a whole. Divine Destiny, it would seem, has in store for France gifts that will make the common kinds of success cheap and tawdry and contemptible. France is striking a new note of nobility, setting new standards for human life; we shall all have to heed them, on pain of finding ourselves among the degenerates. For men must go forward or backward; there is no halting on the path of life.

VII.—Other Entente Nations

That Italy has gained immensely in the world's esteem because of the war no one will deny; and she seems certain to gain also in territory and in wealth; to round out her national life by adding her exiled provinces; even to gain something of the extent of the older Italy, by winning a secure foothold in Africa and Asia. But there are the smaller nations. Rumania seems able, with Russia's aid, to hold her own. The first shock of attack against her is already broken, and the attack is likely to lose, rather than to gain, momentum. Had Belgium been able to hold out as long, Belgium might have escaped invasion.

But Belgium would thereby have forfeited a priceless spiritual victory. She made the supreme sacrifice, and by that sacrifice she settled forever the moral values of this war—for all who can perceive moral values. Belgium's anguish has gained her a place in history that no triumph could have given her.

What is true of Belgium is true of Serbia. She has set a new standard of heroic sacrifice and valor. She has shown herself made of rough but splendid stuff. She is likely to travel far.

VIII.—The Central Empires

Among the powers arrayed on the

other side, the Turks have probably come out best in the world's esteem; and the Hungarians next. Russians, Englishmen, who have fought against the Turks, admire them; Frenchmen, like Pierre Loti, never tire of praising them; "they fight like gentlemen," is the testimony of all their foes. And, while this war is likely to end their domination over other nations—whom they have never handled well—it may very probably confirm the strength of a genuinely Turkish state in Asia Minor, where the Turk is really at home, and where he may do magnificently.

Of the future of Bulgaria or of Austria it is yet difficult to speak; too much still remains in the balance. For Hungary, one might well wish the same destiny as for Turkey—that she may be removed from the danger—which has been a grave one for her—of finding other races in her power; so that her manly, forceful race may work out its destiny free from this pitfall.

There remains Germany. Let us conceive of some one with a love for Germany, untainted by vanity or arrogance. What gift would such a one wish that Germany might gain through the war?

This, perhaps, first: A realization of the blasphemy she has been guilty of in calling her own dark ambitions "God." And, with this, the sense that genuine religion consists, not in seeking that God shall do our will, but in sincerely seeking to do God's will.

Next, this: A deep insight into the insult she has offered to all mankind by her dogma that Germany alone is right; that other nations are Germany's natural prey; that they have no rights except what Germany is willing to give them; the tolerated liberties of slaves. When Belgium's tongue is once more untied, we shall have candid judgments on German "liberty."

Thirdly, that a worldwide organization of treachery and deceit, of bullying and falsifying, is as futile and foolish as it is evil; that the God of Truth is still King over the earth.

These would be priceless lessons; invaluable gains of war.

Britain's Daughters at Dangerous Tasks

By Hall Caine

WE have always been proudly conscious of what the sons of Britain have been doing at the front. Is it not time we realized what the daughters of Britain are doing at home?

Though the vast arsenal of Woolwich is at our own doors, few of us who sleep in London have any real sense of its colossal presence, its immense significance, the tremendous force it stands for. Its origin dates back to other wars, but when the present war began, its workers were only 14,000 in all, without a woman of their number. Now there are 17,000 women and 50,000 men.

That is not all. Notwithstanding its fierce reality Woolwich is a symbol rather than a geographical expression. To that centre on the Thames, three and a half miles by two and a half, with its numberless workshops, its endless avenues, and its 120 miles of internal railway, there radiate the activities of scores of associate factories round about, so that 30,000 workers more, chiefly women, (97,000 in all,) are feeding this almost fathomless reservoir. Woolwich is a great mechanical octopus with arms that reach over, across, and around London and the country about it.

Before going into the women's workshops you are taken to the forges of the men, for it is impossible to come to Woolwich without seeing the awful basilicas of bridled force in which the mammoth guns are created. Here is one of them, a vast place, as big as Albert Hall. A colossal Nasmyth ham-

mer, with a blow of forty tons, is pounding on a thick block of white-hot steel. First a gentle tap to make sure of position and then a thunderous thud that makes the earth quake beneath your feet.

A few moments later you are in another vast forge, but here there is nearly no noise and hardly any motion. A gigantic press of 4,000 tons' power is drilling a hole through another enormous block of white-hot metal. The great thing seems almost as large as the façade of St. Mark's at Venice, and not unlike it in form, although stark and black. Under its open arch, without a sound or the appearance of a hand to guide them, and with a motion that is almost ghost-like, the great anvils with their burning freight glide into position.

A score of stalwart men, stripped to the waist, stand round with long iron rods and pinchers. They push a thick black ring of apparently cold metal on to the top of the white-hot block. One man stands under a huge clock with his hand on a lever. No one speaks. There is scarcely a sound. Presently there comes slowly down, as from the keystone of the monster machine, a shining column of steel. It reaches the black ring, presses down on it, descends without a pause to the white-hot block, rests on top of it for a moment, there is a thud as of something falling into a pit beneath, and then the column rises, the arch is reopened, and the ring has disappeared, having passed through the metal and dropped to the ground below. The sense of silent, irresistible, oceanic,



HALL CAINE
Photo, Brown Bros.

almost motionless power has left you breathless.

But perhaps the most awesome of all sights in Woolwich is that of the big furnace house for manufacturing the steel. I think I have witnessed in various parts of the world many scenes of nature in her wrath—scenes of earthquake, eruption, tidal wave, geyser, and boiling river—but I doubt if I have ever been more awed, more moved, and in a sense more terrified, than by the spectacle here presented of the physical forces of nature chained and harnessed to the work of men.

The Big Furnace House

A huge clay-colored oven, shaped like a wart, thirty to forty feet high, topped with an open mouth like the crater of a small volcano, belching out a thick column of hungry flame, which comes with a blast and roar as from the bowels of the earth, driven up by some frantic subterranean tempest, and scattering showers of blue stars in a ring about it. The light is so fierce that you put colored glasses before your eyes to protect them; the noise is so deafening that it drowns all human speech. And around the furnace stand the half-stark furnacemen, fifteen to twenty feet away, but within the radius of its sweltering heat, silhouetted even in the glistening light of the vast chamber against the white glare of the roaring oven.

Surely this, and such as this, is a scene proper for man's work only—for man's muscle, man's naked and blackened body, man's brain and man's nerve alone. Every instinct of our nature revolts against the thought that woman, with the infinitely delicate organization which provides for her maternal functions, should, under any circumstances whatever, take part in the operations such scenes require, and just as we feel that our men only may do work like this, so we must see at the swiftest glance that to any question of which of our men should do it there can be one answer only—the skilled and brawny man who can do it best.

But Woolwich has a world of operations that are entirely suitable for women, and in a few minutes more we

are in the midst of them. There is a new shop worked entirely by women, having been built for them since the beginning of the war. The vast place covers an area which is apparently as great as that of Trafalgar Square. Two thousand women are here, and there is room for three thousand in all.

There is at first something so incongruous in the spectacle of women working masses of powerful machinery (or, indeed, any machinery more formidable than a sewing machine) that for a moment, as you stand at the entrance, the sight is scarcely believable. But you go in and move round, and after a while the astonishing fact seems perfectly natural. Although most of the machines in this shop are small, some are large, and a few alarming. Here is a slip of a girl working one of the latter kind, a huge thing that has two large wheels like mill-wheels revolving at either side of her, and though she looks like a child in the jaws of some great black monster she does not seem to be the least afraid. Here is another young girl who is feeding a round disk with bits of metal that look like discolored farthings, and as her own particular Caliban eats them up it utters from its interior a hoarse grunt that hits you like a blow on the brain, yet she does not seem to hear.

But most of the work done by the women looks simple enough, and seems perfectly natural to their sex, although it has always hitherto been done by men. One woman is turning base plates for shells on a turret lathe. Another is cutting copper bands for shells from tubes. Another is pressing the copper bands into their places. Yet another is riveting brass plugs on to high explosive shell bodies. Some are drilling the holes through the six-inch shells. Others are rough-turning the shell surfaces; and yet others are gauging and paring-off the bodies of the huge eight-inch high explosives. Many are making shell fuses, a task in which women have become amazingly proficient, and many more are at work at the inspection board, where, being trained to the use of one gauge only, they have developed an efficiency to which men have never attained.

All the women wear the same uniform, a khaki-colored overall girdled at the waist, and a cap of the shape of a bathing cap.

Hard Work and Good Pay

Their hard work does not seem to be doing much harm to their health, for their eyes are bright, their cheeks are fresh, and there is hardly any evidence of fatigue among them. The clamorous and deafening noise of the machinery, its jar and whirl and clank, which make your temples throb, sings (after their first days in the factory) like music in their ears, and they would miss it if it stopped. They work day and night, in two shifts of twelve hours each, with a break of an hour for dinner and half an hour for tea. Their pay, which is usually by the piece, is generally large, the minimum being, I think, a pound a week, and the maximum five or seven pounds.

But you realize that the lure of money is not the sole or yet the chief magnet that draws women to work for the war when you leave this immense workshop for the sinister-looking sheds in which the finished shells are filled. Everybody knows that a shell is not merely a lump of dead steel, but a living reservoir of compounds which have been brought up from the bowels of the earth and transformed into terrible explosives. Everybody knows, too, that the shell has to be loaded with its deadly charge. Therefore there ought not to be any question of exciting public alarm (there is no reasonable cause for it) or any fear of betraying a secret to the enemy (it is no secret) if—as evidence of the moral and physical courage of the daughters of Britain, and as an example of the bravest single thing woman does for the war, risking her life at home even as man risks his life in the field—I describe the scene of what is known as the danger zone at Woolwich.

This section of the arsenal is at some distance from the factories, and we drive to it in a motor car.

Entering the Danger Zone

At a low footboard, which is the boundary line of the safety and danger zones, we put rubber shoes over our boots

lest the grit of the streets should strike fire from something within. We then pass into an impressive and tremendous scene.

It is a broad encampment of small one-story wooden houses or huts, separated from each other by a liberal space, and having wide streets between, with raised causeways on either side. Down the middle of the street are lines of hooded and darkened lamps at long and unequal intervals. But the streets here are not for traffic. Within this zone there is hardly a sound or sign of motion. The moon is now shining, and in the distance, under its slow-growing light, we see the shadowy figures of women workers in their khaki gowns and caps moving noiselessly about like nuns. We could almost imagine that out of the noise and tumult, the thud and roar of the forges behind us, with their tall chimneys showing black against the steel-gray sky, we have passed into the calm rest and silent atmosphere of some open-air convent.

We walk along our causeway until we come to one of the detached wooden huts. The door is open (for fresh air is wanted) and electric light is streaming out of it. A dozen women are sitting within at two oblong tables, weighing and measuring out in little brass scales, like a chemist's, with all the care of apothecaries, small quantities of black, green, yellow, and bluish powder, and then pouring them into the open mouths of half-empty shells that stand upright by their sides.

They talk very little—indeed, hardly at all. Perhaps their work requires all their attention; perhaps their spirits are under the spell of the deadly things they are dealing with. Some of them are wearing over their mouths and nostrils light green veils that are like the veils of Arab women inverted; others, in their indifference to danger, have tucked their respirators into their waistbands, and are working with nostrils and mouths exposed.

It is not for long we can bear to look on a scene like this, so fearfully charged with spiritual as well as physical tragedy, and when we step back to the causeway outside we breathe more freely.

On the Battlefields of Picardy

By Count Ferri-Pisani

Count Ferri-Pisani, a prominent French journalist, is now in America. This vivid story of what he saw at the front was written by him in French for CURRENT HISTORY MAGAZINE.

WITH the passing of time the cities in the rear of the Somme front, where the British have concentrated their men, animals, and war paraphernalia, have insensibly become true English cities in the heart of France. Amiens is one of these. At the street corners are "Keep to the Right" signs for the allied drivers. In the suburbs adjoining the military bases the inns desirous of attracting the new clientele have transformed themselves into tea houses. Last year's signboards of "On Loge à Pied et à Cheval" have given place to "Breakfast and Five o'Clock Tea," suggestive of British home life.

In the roadhouses along the canal, at the hour when the dockers leave work, you may hear young Flemish girls answering the salutation of Tommy as he enters. After the coming of peace, when the soldiers of Sir Douglas Haig shall have returned to their island, they will leave behind them many souvenirs, words, customs implanted in the soil. Some of the men in khaki, indeed, will remain in Amiens, establishing their fireside on the ground that they have defended. For marriages between Tommies and French girls are not at all rare in these cities of the north, where betrothals are pledged to the sound of cannonading. * * *

On the Road to Albert

Arras is a corpse. Its very soul seems to have been scattered with its inhabitants. Ruins of people and things! On the other hand, Amiens, its neighbor, has known nothing of the storm save this vivifying current of war migrations.

Scarcely sixteen miles separate Amiens from Albert, the gate to the battle. But in this brief distance we pass through at least thirty posts where I have to show the special pass which I hold through the kindness of the British Chief of Staff. The first examination of my

papers takes place in a landscape animated by the passage of tugboats towing long lines of pinnaces. Dredging the estuaries of the streams running into the English Channel, borrowing forgotten canals, English sailors now ascend into the interior of the Flemish provinces. An incredible activity has sprung up between the large English seaports and small villages of France that yesterday were rural hamlets and today are river ports. Motor boats flying the allied colors have even been seen to emerge suddenly from behind the banks of narrow creeks, take aim, fire, and disappear, leaving to the astonished soldiers of the Crown Prince a wave of death and a terrifying vision of a naval combat on a sea of gray earth.

At Amiens one could, if need be, ignore the war; but after leaving the suburbs the route to the front is staked out all the way with precise images of battle. Here, in the Valley of the Somme, along the railway, is an evacuation camp. The tents, the barbed-wire inclosure, the cooking sheds, the drinking water, the infirmary, even the fumigating room for disinfecting doubtful clothes—everything had been prepared by the English before the offensive began. As fast as German prisoners are captured they are sent to this camp, where they are counted, sorted, and sent on to England.

On other fronts, in Poland, in Serbia, I have seen Hindenburg's or Mackensen's soldiers brought into the allied lines. At that time even the most gravely wounded prisoners still looked defiance with eyes that sought a weapon to strike. They had an inner certitude of final victory. But on the Somme, among the 300 captives of Contalmaison, there certainly was no more bravado. Instead there was stupor—the physical stupor of the formidable bombardment that had isolated them for three days on a little island that was fighting a sea of steel and fire;

moral stupor caused by the assault of that British infantry which up to that time the Emperor and his famous guard thought contemptible.

At least a third of the captives that I saw belonged to the élite Prussian corps. Well equipped, mostly young, they were among the enemy's best troops of attack. They showed none of the rage of knowing themselves conquered—only stupor. To have believed the French worn out with the battle of Verdun, and then to find them more redoubtable than ever on the Somme! To discover, in place of a handful of English mercenaries, whole army corps of volunteers, sure of themselves, solidly organized, brave even to madness! What deception!

The Birdmen of Battle

A ray of sun has pierced the fog that veiled the rolling plain of Picardy. Like a gigantic curtain the mist divides, disclosing villages, bell towers, water courses, green meadows, blonde fields that stretch now to the four horizons. A magnificent setting for a spectacle still more magnificent! Toward the high heavens, all blue, a famous air squadron is going to fly. The camp is on the edge of a forest glade. It is a camp of ultra-modern, scientific Bohemians. The aeroplane is a bird of luxury that demands for its service a whole group of specialists and an imposing outfit—motor tractors, a park of artillery, automobile workshops, a wireless station, a photo-electric van. To the person of the aeroplane are attached mechanics, photographers, carpenters, telegraphers, electricians, armorers.

Here are the birds in a row before their tents of green canvas. On the ground, in repose, they look like inoffensive yellow penguins. But wait till, roused by the song of the motor, they scale the clouds with outstretched wings! They will be bold falcons then. Their pilots, with legs gaitered in fawn-colored

leather and body enveloped in furs, for the moment are pacing the esplanade in couples. They are waiting.

Already the helpers are busy over the machines, testing for a last time the soundness of the stays, verifying the cleanness of the magnetos. The motors utter their staccato volleys, the fans whirl, luminous, driving the air over the shuddering grass.

When they are silent one hears the rumble of the cannon yonder on



MAP SHOWING RELATION OF SOMME FRONT TO ENGLISH CHANNEL

the Somme. * * *

In the chief's headquarters a bell has sounded. A marine officer, map in hand, advances. Over the map, fly specked with red and blue dots, the pilots lean. The last orders are given by numbers. In the past the objects of battles were cities with resounding names—victories were called Austerlitz, Wagram. Those were the days when one could plant a flag on the walls of a conquered redoubt. You could see your triumph. Today you receive the order on leaving: "Drop six bombs on 325. * * * Photograph 2113 at a height of 500 yards." How often is the man who obeys an order ignorant of the result of his act! It is the reign of abstract figures.

But the incendiary arrows are ready, in the carlings the bombs are in their place; the young men in furs approach

their birds. Some one pointed out to me an aviator who before the war led all the noted cotillions in Paris. Another in times of peace had been only a humble workman. Here is a poet; he is the observer on board a machine piloted by a celebrated boxer. Each social class has contributed its quota to the personnel of the fliers.

At Albert, Gate to Chaos

My auto now glides along the road of the offensive, which today bears an English name, for our allies rebaptize as fast as they advance. * * * On the Somme there is none of the fever that marked the road to Verdun. The motor trucks run on first speed. Who would have suspected that so much calmness led, a few miles further on, to the formidable offensive? Up to the gates of Albert women and old men are working in the fields.

Enveloped in a shroud of impalpable dust, Albert, the bombarded city, rises before us. I look in vain for the spectacle of atrocious desolation that awaits me further on with the annihilation of Fricourt, the less than nothing of Mametz and Curlu. Albert has appeared to me always since that day as a flourishing city with streets, roofs, walls, half a church. Out of a shattered window leans the resigned head of an old woman. A cat mews under a crumbled porte-cochère. A little girl crosses a dangerous zone, running. It is life again beginning to overflow these reconquered towns, which within the hour are to present to me a vision of the world before its creation.

On the route to the offensive, Albert is the last thing to which one can give a name. As soon as one has traversed what remains of the city, one advances in the midst of a monstrous leprosy that has eaten into everything, leaving nothing standing, from one place to another, but the mangled trunk of a branchless tree. Pick and shovel, shells, mines and countermines, smudges, torpedoes of all shapes and calibres, gas, the feet of men, the hoofs of beasts, the wheels of motor trucks—all have for two years done their worst against the soil. Even with the map of the General Staff in one's

hand, one risked going astray. No more horizon, no more lines, no more water, no more anything. What wandering tribe, however miserable, would consent to live in such a place?

Yet millions of men do more than live here: they die here.

Today the villages, the meadows, the roads, the groves, present to the eye only a sea of gray earth, with no other guide-point than miserable wrecks. It is a gigantic bric-à-brac that floats on waves of clay and chalk. As in a junk dealer's shop, so here one finds the débris of vehicles, old iron, rags of uniforms, black wadding, formless boots, old ammunition cases. Empty benzine cans cover whole fields. All the Bohemians in the world seem to have camped here, and yet it is here that a victorious army has passed.

The Factory of Death

One must be forewarned, for the factory of death before us is a factory all invisible, in caves. Its roads creep under the earth, its rails stretch along the bottoms of ravines. Its observatories neighbor with its catacombs. When the factory talks with the heavens, the conversation is carried on from subterranean depths, in whose obscurity shine only the eyes of the radio telegraphers leaning over their copper commutators. All is new here, and terrible, even to the unknown language which these cave dwellers employ when they throw mysterious figures to distant batteries.

Yes, it is indeed a dying factory; a factory in the proper sense of the word, both by reason of the innumerable materials which modern battle exacts, and by reason of the strict division of labor which is imposed on each of the workers. Yonder in the factory at the rear 500 different hands have labored in the making of a single shell. One gives only a stroke of the file, another only a stroke of the brush. Here, in the factory of the front, there are destinies of the humblest. I have known many men who, if asked after a day of decisive action, "What did you do during the terrible battle?" could only reply, "I displaced one stone," or "I dug a hole," or even, "I waited." And yet all these anony-

mous tasks go to make the perfect achievement.

The factory of death advances. Sometimes it seems to stop. It is getting its breath to clear a few more yards, from one funnel to another funnel, from one ravine to the next.

Devastation at Fricourt

The place where Fricourt stood is marked by a few strands of rusted wire, vestiges of conquered enemy trenches. Albert, which was under the German guns for twenty months, is still a city. Fricourt, which was under the British guns a little more than twenty hours, is not even a souvenir of a village. The fire has devoured the last joist. The bombardment has reduced the stones to dust. Of cities overwhelmed by Vesuvius one still finds ruins after twenty centuries. Here of the barns, of the cemetery, of the church, there remains not one slate, not one beam, not one brick. Only things made of iron have resisted. Over the sea of earth the tools of the farming village rise, charred, but recognizable. At nightfall they take on strange proportions—the souls of the peasants who handled them in other days seem to animate them. Ghosts full of menace, they take part in the war, and one might believe them new infernal machines invented to accelerate the work of death.

We follow the direction of the moving death factory. * * * In the direction of Guillemont the machine guns are stuttering. One-half of the effective English troops are counterattacking in order to permit the other half to lengthen the factory a few hundred paces.

"Strategic truths are eternal," remarked my guide. "If the Roman legions were so long invincible, it is because the legionaries were magnificent removers of earth. Every evening, even for a rest of one night, Caesar's soldiers erected their camp, and fortified it as if they were going to live there and defend themselves for ten years. That work with the shovel was one of the secrets of Rome's power. Certainly today victory is reserved for the army that possesses the most intrepid aviators, the heaviest guns, and the bravest infantry;

but victory already belongs to the army that shall have shoveled the most earth."

In Presence of the Guns

The manoeuvre of the earth workers had led us insensibly into the kingdom where Lizzie, Woolly Bear, and Grandmother roared. But any one who expected to "see" a modern battle upon arriving even at the extreme limit of the firing line would be cruelly disillusioned. In order to understand an action it is necessary to keep at a distance, in some army quarters, often out of the range of cannon. The clear vision of a combat is gained only at the rear, however paradoxical that may seem. In proportion as the spectator approaches the holes where the killing is going on the deeds around him take on the aspect of separate acts and the horizon contracts until it is limited by the embrasure of a battlement.

On that day the eight-inch guns into whose den I had penetrated were bombarding Combles. An important business, certainly, but for a mortar pointer the bombardment of Combles or of Strasbourg is all the same thing; for the heavy artilleryman recognizes neither meadow, nor woodland, nor citadel. It is a matter of figures, distances, ready reckoners.

It was terribly hot, and the dust that rose from the battlefield had changed the radiant morning into a dull gray afternoon. Under my eyes three "eight-inchers" were turning on elevated carriages that were themselves mounted on small wheels. Seen in silhouette, there was nothing beautiful about them. The rural "75" has an elegance of its own. But war is an affair of force, not of beauty. The mortars held their muzzles in the air, as if to see what was going on in front of them.

The men who served these guns, long intent upon the monotony of the invisible battle, were laboring bareheaded, in their shirtsleeves. Their motions were like those of bakers before an oven. At each discharge the gun advanced two yards, as if it meant to follow the shell. In its movement it carried along the men. Before the carriage had resumed its normal

position the empty shell was already removed and the new projectile had taken its place. A lightning flash, a roar, a slap in the face, a noise of wings in the sky! These are asphyxiating shells, the latest model, which come at \$500 apiece. It is hard to count by lightning flashes, for one must be able to look in all directions at the same time. To calculate by roars would be still more impracticable, for the roar is continuous. It is indeed the "drum fire" of which the Germans speak. The most precise method is to count the slaps; at each discharge the displacement of the air administers a formidable buffet to the face of the gunner.

Road Marked by Graves

To reach Hardecourt our auto had only to follow the graves that marked the stages of the British advance on the right bank of the Somme. Little crosses of wood, a name, a date, and the traditional "Killed in Action." From all corners of the world they have come to die here, the children of old England. In this bloody martyrdom all the provinces of the great island are represented. The distant dominions have offered in sacrifice the most beautiful of their sons. Irish fusiliers, whose death agony is soothed by Catholic priests; brawny Highlanders, critical Welshmen, Scottish rifles whose eyes, the pupils widened by death, still preserve their eternal dream of lake and mountain; impossible Hindus, Canadians full of French enthusiasm, New Zealanders, city street gamins, elegants from Piccadilly, cockneys from Whitehall—all the races, all religions, all the social classes.

Before one of the new graves a platoon of Australian cavalry had halted. While the horses, with loose bridle, were sniffing with astonishment at this soil where not a blade of grass grows, the men were reverently bordering the humble mound with white pebbles. Elsewhere the cherished dead rest beneath armfuls of flowers or leaves.

"The man who lies here is one of our own," said the cavalry chief; "he was a colonist, like myself, in distant Queensland." And the Sergeant told us in a few words the story of that ridiculous little mortar at Hardecourt.

On the eighth day of the allied offensive five infantrymen under the orders of an officer—the same whose grave the Australians are decorating—arrived during a grenade charge at the very heart of the village of Hardecourt. Scarcely had the British installed themselves in their new position when a counterattack was launched against them by the enemy. The Huns are a thousand. Our allies are six men, cut off from the main body of their forces. As their sole means of defense they have one little mortar, half way between a catapult and a crapouillaud in size, and poorly supplied with ammunition. Impassively the five soldiers under their officer set themselves to working the little mortar with the precision and pride of artillerymen serving a siege piece. The orders come with the same fullness as in a heavy eight-inch battery. A magnificent spectacle this of six men opposing the march of a whole battalion. The Germans are only 300 yards away. Suddenly the little mortar is silent.

"First pointer!" cries the impromptu artillery officer from his post of command.

"Killed, Sir," answers a voice.

The body of the first pointer, struck by a shrapnel full in the forehead, lies across the little mortar.

"Second pointer!" orders the Lieutenant. The Huns are 200 yards away. The second pointer has drawn aside the body of his comrade, and again the little cannon thunders. Not long, for in his turn the second pointer drops at his post.

"Second pointer!"

"Killed, Sir."

"Third pointer!"

Three more times the scene is renewed. The fourth time it is the Lieutenant himself who, all his men being dead, loads, aims, and fires the ridiculous little mortar, which, crammed with small bullets, carries terror into the enemy's ranks. The resistance of the six Britishers has been such that at the very moment when the Germans thought themselves masters of the position Australian reinforcements dashed upon the scene, occupying forever the village won by the heroic folly of the old colonist from Queensland. But the

latter had paid with his life for the magnificent exploit. While he was being carried in his agony to the first-aid post the dying man could still murmur:

"You understand? The ridiculous little mortar—we defended it to the end. It would have been shocking to abandon our battery."

After telling me this story the Sergeant added: "We shall soon be three millions of Britishers ready to do that same thing." All the indomitable tenacity of an army fighting, first as a business, then for honor, and now for the salvation of the race itself, was revealed in the words of that simple Sergeant.

In First-Line Trenches

On a punt we crossed the Somme, with its clayey banks. When we were in the middle of the current the cannonade stopped for a space of thirty seconds, during which an agonizing silence suspended all life.

Then suddenly we found ourselves in the trenches of the first line. The piled-up defenses, the posts beyond posts, each section preparing a new section, all seemed to withdraw into infinity for us the moment that our guide could at last say, as we adventured our gaze between two bags of earth: "There, in front, Péronne!" A ridge of chalky earth ran, a thousand yards away, parallel to the French works. On the right, a wood. Further to the north, in a shaded depression, the imprisoned city. It lay spread out in the elbow of the Somme, where we could see its pointed roofs, its brick fortification, its marshy environs, its roads bordered with turf pits.

A new and strange emotion thrilled us. It is true, I had already looked upon cities of France across the enemy's lines, but the houses of those villages were dead things, empty of all inhabitants. Here in Péronne, whose streets and squares we can distinguish; in Péronne, which lies within reach of the voice, almost near enough to touch it, perhaps here there is French flesh and blood. Among the blue helmets who stormed Biaches day before yesterday there are some whose dear ones—their wives, their children—are in the imprisoned city.

They have been waiting and hoping there now for two years. They hope because they know. The allotment of enemy troops that traverses Péronne, the increasing number of German wounded, the din of battle approaching—all are magnificent promises and hopes. Already our batteries have lowered their curtain of fire over the road from Bussu. When will our troops enter the first reconquered French city?

But the enemy's guns are already trained upon the roofs, the streets are mined; the Crown Prince of Bavaria is preparing to defend Péronne as he defended Carnoy, Maricourt, Curlu, Herbécourt, Fay. This time again we shall deliver only stones, and to reconquer even these we shall perhaps have to destroy them ourselves. * * *

A Night Attack

It is night, and not the voices of our 75s, not the roar of our more distant heavy pieces, nothing can drown the monotonous and terrible noise from the enemy's line. * * * An attack has been ordered. The wave is about to go forth. Already nothing separates these French soldiers from annihilation—nothing but a sack of earth and fate. * * * It is the moment when he who is going to die feels death coming.

Along the trench the Captain passes. He repeats before each man: "Come, old fellow, we must go into the thick of it." He says it without a tremor in his voice, but also without inflecting the first syllable more than the last. It is as monotonous and as terrible as the tac-tac of the German machine guns on the border of the wood. "Come, old man, we must go into it." A whistle sounds, and a physical thrill runs through the troop. Once outside the magic wall, all these men have again become fierce savages of the killing factory. The wave melts into the chaotic landscape. The last soldier to come out of the trench repeats, mechanically, "Come, old man, we must go into it." Those words epitomize the whole battle, the great, implacable war, which for two years has kept ten million men oscillating between the beast and divinity.

A Night Battle and a Close Call

By Harry C. Collins

A Soldier in the French Army

The writer of this vivid battle narrative is the son of J. Henry Collins, President of the New England Electrical Supply Corporation. He is 26 years old, a Harvard graduate, and was living in Paris when the war broke out. He joined the French Army and has been on the firing line since Oct. 19, 1914, fighting in Belgium, France, and the Balkans. He is now "somewhere in France."

OUR line of trenches had been broken through by the enemy, a few rods to our right. There was a deep depression in the line a short distance to our left, which left the trenches occupied by our battalion almost entirely cut off from the rest of the regiment, and threatened from both sides as well as the front, by the enemy.

Though the deep depression in our lines to the left was far from being a reassuring sight, it was nothing compared with the chaos that existed to our right. Here, as I said before, the enemy had succeeded in capturing a length of our trenches, and had even pushed a little beyond them, hastily digging new ones, in which they faced our troops, who had fallen back some hundred yards.

The result of this was that our communication with our troops to the right was interrupted, except by some "boy-aux," (trenches of communication,) far in the rear. Consequently, in case of attack, we would be subjected to a galling flank fire to which it would be extremely difficult to reply, as our bullets would not only strike the foe, but would to a great extent fly past them and over into our own ranks.

It was midnight. The darkness was so intense that it seemed to press down on us like a great, suffocating weight. As I stretched out on the damp ground,

which exhaled a sickening, heavy odor—dismal souvenir of past conflicts—I was obsessed with the presentiment that the night was going to be marked by events of a violent nature. So, pulling my rifle alongside of me, within easy reach of my

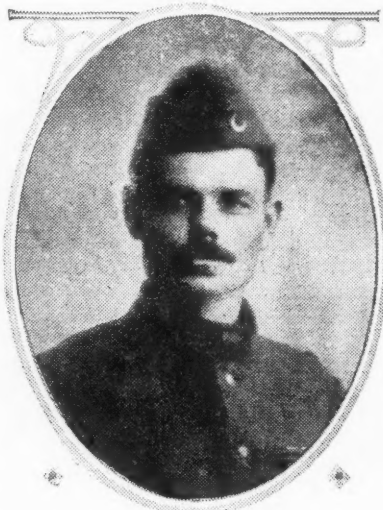
hand, so as to be ready for any proposition that might present itself, I drifted off into the "land of Nod," where the greater part of my comrades had preceded me.

"Aux armes! Aux armes! Stand by to the left there, boys! Here they come! Remember, boys, aim at their bellies—at their bellies! Remember, keep cool and take your time! Now, all together—one, two, three, fire! Crack-ck-k! Boom! S-s-s

Spat! Look out! They're sneaking up on the right there. Now! Crack! Crack! Tic-tic-tic! Boom! S-s-s Spat!"

As my sleep numbed brain grasped the situation I sprang to my feet, rushing over to where I heard my Sergeant's voice snapping out order after order in his quick, sharp, incisive manner, which resembled to a striking degree the sharp, dry snap of a lash.

As I reached his side the enemy sent a long, rolling volley of rifle fire in our direction, and its rumbling "crack-ck-ck" indicated that he was attacking, as was his custom, in great, closely packed masses. The sinister whistling "S-s-s-s!" of the flying bullets and the ugly sound-



HARRY C. COLLINS

ITALIAN ALPINI CHARGING UNDER DIFFICULTIES



An Austrian Position Just Beyond the Jagged Rocks Has Been Blown Up by a Mine, and the Agile Italian Soldiers Are Pressing Forward to Capture It.
(Pach Photo News.)

A HIGH EXPLOSIVE SHELL BURSTING ON AN ITALIAN TRENCH



This Remarkable Photograph Shows a Great Austrian Shell Exploding in the Wire Entanglements of an Italian Mountain Trench, Causing Several Deaths.
(Pach Photo News.)

ing "Spat" of the striking ones had not yet died away, however, before our machine-gun operators, turning the muzzles of their deadly arms full on this onward rushing wave of humanity, poured forth steady streams of steel as the clocklike tic-tic-tic of their madly speeding machines attained a tremendous rate of speed.

The shrieks of anguish, curses, and groans that greeted their operation testified to the valuable service they were rendering us, and added their discordant notes to the horrible, hellish concert that was crashing out in full play under the terrible leadership of its pitiless conductor, the Grim Reaper.

From time to time this music of war was punctuated by the hollow sounding "boom" of heavy artillery, or interlaced by the silvery clang of rasping bayonets; but these sounds were rare and only served to bring out in strong contrast the sullen, frightful roar of battle that bites into a man's nerves and shatters them.

"They seem to be coming in bunches," I observed to the Sergeant, as a bursting war-rocket swirled madly, high in the heavens, casting its greenish glare on the agitated mass of violently struggling men below, revealing to our searching eyes the presence of line after line of troops, who, as they hurled themselves desperately forward in the very teeth of our galling fire, fell like flies, forming heaps and mounds of corpses, over which their comrades stumbled and often fell in their frenzied onward rush.

The greatest noise and uproar seemed to be coming from our right; but there was a significant lack of activity on our left that evidently seemed suspicious to the Sergeant, for, in reply to my observation, he remarked:

"Yes; they are certainly piling in on us here, but unless I'm mistaken, all this is only a blind to attract our attention from the left, where they are going to make a desperate effort to break through our lines and cut us off from the rest of the regiment; however, we'll see.

"Come on, boys, keep on firing. Don't stop; aim low and take your time. Don't get excited. We'd stop them if there

were ten times as many. Come on, boys, get a move on. This is—"

Boom!

A shell from the enemy's "77" (cannon) interrupted the Sergeant's flow of speech by bursting with an infernal fracas a few yards away and sending us all sprawling under a perfect avalanche of earth, branches, and debris.

We were more shaken up than hurt, however, and, emerging from our covering, like so many shadowy spirits issuing from the bowels of the earth, we set to work firing faster than ever in our endeavor to make up for lost time, when the soundness of the Sergeant's judgment was proved by the sounds of heavy fighting on our left and the Adjutant's voice, crying:

"Hold steady, my lads; aim low and take your time."

"Come on, boys! Double-quick time to the left!" shouted our Sergeant, as he motioned to the greater part of us to follow him and hurled himself over to the point where the combat was at its greatest height.

On arriving at the threatened point we found our troops already being slowly but surely forced back under the overwhelming weight of the innumerable troops that were being constantly hurled against them. As we added our numbers to the defense there was an instant's hesitation in the forward push of the enemy, and a moment later we found ourselves struggling desperately in the midst of the German mass.

The next few moments would tax the pen of a Dante to describe. In my memory that encounter only stands forth as a sort of unearthly, chaotic nightmare in which friend and foe sweep unceasingly by in a kaleidoscopic scene of violence and carnage.

Kill or be killed — this was the situation, and every man there fully realized it; so every possible means of defense and offense was brought into play, and all rules of fair combat were thrust ruthlessly aside in the great common love of life.

Commencing with a duel of rifles, the battle assumed more and more the aspect of a stone-age combat as the men came

closer together in hand-to-hand fighting. After the rifles, the bayonet; then the rifle butt, and finally our fists and feet. The sudden bursting of a war rocket overhead revealed the fact that some sixty of us were almost entirely cut off from the main body; so, as one man, we hurled ourselves forward in a frantic attempt to keep in touch with the others. Too late! Our enemy saw our precarious situation at the same moment as we, and, quickly taking advantage of it, forced their way into the final "boyau" that connected us with our comrades, thus leaving us no means of retreat excepting a narrow strip of high, exposed ground, flanked on both sides by trenches held by the enemy.

To have attempted to escape by this passage would have been sheer suicide; so settling back in the short line of trenches left to us, we gazed desperately right and left, hoping to discover some line of retreat overlooked in the frenzied excitement of battle. Vain hope. All routes of retreat, except the one I previously mentioned, were closed to us. The bitter fact of our complete isolation was forced on us.

Isolated! With what horror we grasped the full significance of our position! Across our memories flashed, like the shifting scenes of a cinematograph, scenes of similar nature where the victims, after a long, brave, and painful fight against starvation and thirst, had at last succumbed under the slow but implacable action of those inexorable foes.

"Come, boys, let's throw this wreckage out of here, so we'll have room to move around while waiting for the counterattack that will set us free," cried the Sergeant, in a cheerful, matter-of-fact tone, as if no possible doubt existed as to a quick delivery from our uncomfortable position. He spoke and acted in this manner to distract our minds from the grim reality, for nothing renders a man more helpless and impotent than a feeling of discouragement or fear.

His ruse succeeded. In a few minutes every one had forgotten the existence of the grim spectre that hung over us, in the absorbing interest of cleaning out the trench, which was littered from one

end to the other with a heterogeneous collection of dead bodies, broken timber, rifles, swords, brush, and so forth.

As we were working I noticed that there seemed to be a great lull in the battle, as if the enemy had reached the extreme limit of his forward push and was endeavoring to settle himself solidly in the trenches he had already captured, so as to be able to repulse the counter-attack which our men would certainly launch against him.

The counterattack! Would it be successful or not? This was the question.

The silence. The waiting. Occasionally, a scattering volley of rifle fire broke out. Then, the cold shafts of searchlights would flash out, painting the mounds of dead bodies white; a bursting shell would paint them scarlet, or a soaring war-rocket would paint them a ghastly green. The moment was weird, horrible.

One instinctively felt that both sides were hastily and frantically preparing for another great struggle. No sign of life or movement was visible; for the most important factor in the game of modern warfare is concealment. Minutes that seemed like hours, hours that seemed days, dragged painfully by. The eastern horizon assumed a faint grayish hue that foreboded the coming of the all-revealing daylight, which would expose our trench to a hurricane of fire and steel from three directions at the same time, and as yet our side had made no move to regain the territory it had lost.

A strained anxiety was visible in each man's face, showing plainly that all were fully conscious of the gravity of our plight. Suddenly, there seemed to be some activity manifested by our heavy artillery, which gradually increased. Each man asked himself hopefully: "Is our side preparing for an attack?"

The question was hardly formulated in our minds when it was answered in the affirmative by the increased intensity of our cannons' roar, and the feverish activity manifested by the foe as he frantically hastened his work of reconstructing his captured trenches so as to be able to repulse the impending assault. Needless to say, the guns of the enemy were not idle all this time, but were booming

out their messages of defiance and death, with clocklike regularity.

As the moment for action drew nearer, the nervous tension on both sides increased proportionately, and soon the entire sky glowed luridly with the glare of soaring war rockets and flames of bursting shells.

As we were too near their own men to be bombarded by the Germans and naturally spared by our own artillery, we were able to enjoy this magnificent scene of savage beauty without great danger.

The spectacle was of short duration, however, for the bombardment ceased even more abruptly than it had commenced, and, in the comparative silence that followed, we could plainly hear the falling back to earth of parts of trenches, men, and rifles, which our shells had blown high in the air, and, what was more important, the shouted orders of our officers as they led their men forward to the charge. At the same time, to our right and left scores of guttural German voices repeated the orders that were passing down their lines.

"The dance is on!" ejaculated the Sergeant, as he snapped open and closed a couple of times the magazine of his rifle, to make sure it was in good working order. "Here's where the fun begins."

His remarks were abruptly terminated by a shower of hand bombs thrown by the enemy, who had evidently received orders to wipe us out of existence without delay, as our presence in their lines was a constant source of danger to them.

Following their usual motto, "Victory at any cost," they hurled themselves directly into the withering blast of our rifle fire, which cut them down as the farmer's scythe mows down the stalks of wheat.

Onward they came, from right and left in closely pressed masses that continued their unflinching march over the bodies of their comrades, and we saw that, in spite of our most desperate defense, we would be sooner or later crushed and annihilated under this avalanche of humanity, unless our own comrades, who had already quit their trenches and were running toward us, cheering, could reach us in time to save

us from the final rush of the foe. From firing, our rifle barrels became red hot, burning and blistering our fingers most cruelly; but at this moment of life or death we never noticed the pain, but continued charging and firing automatically into the great surging mass before us that never seemed to diminish in spite of all our efforts.

The smoke of burned powder was strangling us, but we did not cough. We were too busy; at times we were rendered completely blind from the same cause, but that was not important; we could charge and fire our rifles blindfolded.

Finally, our groping fingers searched in vain for more cartridges, and we suddenly realized that on our defense with the bayonet depended our lives. "A few minutes more and all will be over," was the dispirited thought that flashed through our minds as we rapidly and mechanically shifted our positions so as to form with our bayonets a glittering, menacing barrier of steel.

A moment's pause. Then over the parapet of our trench appeared the leering face of the enemy, who, realizing our helpless condition, was already tasting the unholy joy of vengeance and was fully determined to exterminate us.

But at this moment the sharp, shrill bugle call "En avant!" ("Forward!") sounded out clearly and triumphantly on the night air, followed instantly by such a great commotion that the savage horde, which had been on the point of hurling itself on us, hesitated and turned to face the new danger that thus suddenly loomed up behind them.

What they saw caused them to rush in the direction from which they had come.

This was our signal to leap out of our trench, and, with Sergeant Chapuis at our head, crying, "En avant, mes garçons! C'est pour la France! Vive la France!" we charged forward at the point of the bayonet.

We had not gone a dozen rods before we caught up with the foe, who was struggling desperately, man to man, with our comrades.

Without a moment's hesitation we drove our long, slender bayonets home

to the hilt in the struggling, writhing backs before us, and then threw the weight of our number into the swirling group of combatants.

At first our side seemed to be in the minority, but reinforcement after reinforcement surged up from the rear, and finally the advantage of numbers was on our side.

The enemy fought bravely and stubbornly, but nothing could have resisted the impetuous forward sweep of the French troops; and gradually the slow, methodical retreat of the enemy changed into a panic-stricken flight.

Still fairly burning with the lust of battle, we wished to rush after them and continue the primitive hand-to-hand combat; but our officers restrained us, and a moment later we saw the wisdom of their action, for when the foe was about twenty yards away and beating a wild, disorderly retreat in full view, scores of our machine guns, which had been silent up to this time, suddenly opened up on them a perfect hail of fire and steel that cut them down like flies.

The enemy continued his desperate retreat, leaving behind him the trenches he had conquered a few hours before. Finally arriving, much diminished in numbers, at the trenches from which he had commenced his attack, he stopped, evidently decided to make face to our attack from his strongly fortified position. He had barely thrown himself into these trenches, however, before our heavy artillery began to thunder with triple and quadruple force, obliging the Germans to lie flat on the ground in order to escape the flying fragments of shells and bombs, while we, profiting by this impenetrable wall of fire and steel before us, continued to advance rapidly across the corpse-strewn ground with but little danger to ourselves.

Finally, however, the rolling thunder of heavy artillery behind us suddenly ceased, and we realized we must be very near the enemy's trenches. Several volleys of rifle fire from before us confirmed this opinion. The enemy had risen from the bottom of his trenches, where he had lain hidden during the

bombardment, and was already firing on our advancing columns.

"En avant à la baïonnette!" ("Forward with the bayonet!") shouted the Captain in a voice that seemed to thrill the heart of every man present with its patriotism, for hardly had the command been given before the men were coming swiftly forward into the very teeth of the enemy's fire, singing the "Marseillaise" and crying "Vive la France!"

Our comrades dropped to our right and to our left, and we could plainly hear the shrill whistling "s-s-s" of passing bullets or the ugly "spat!" of those that had attained their human target; but our surroundings, horrible as they were, impressed us but feebly, for we were carried away, intoxicated by the feverish lust and excitement of battle.

On we went, on, on, on, right to the edge of the trench, where our enemies, huddled together like so many sheep, glared up at us with eyes expressing hate and fury. This exchange of glances was only momentary, for the surging mass behind us lifted us from our feet and threw us bodily on the enemy. In a few moments the trench was in our hands and we were firing at the enemy, who was beating a hasty retreat to his next line of trenches.

Very soon, however, our firing became unnecessary, for our heavy artillery began to roar again, and placed between them and their trench a wall of fire and steel through which they could not pass, while our favorite light cannon, the "75s," opened on them a continuous fire that was merciless in its intensity and accuracy.

The trapped Teutons rushed madly back and forth like mice in a trap, not knowing where to flee. To rush forward into the wall of fire created by our heavy artillery was almost certain death; to remain still under the fire of our "75s" and machine guns, which were systematically sweeping the ground, meant annihilation; and to have attempted to return against us, who were now strongly established in our trench, would have been suicide; so, after rushing madly from side to side for a few moments in a fruitless attempt to escape the ever-pur-

suing, withering fire we directed on them, they finally realized that they must choose between surrender and death. Naturally, they chose the former, and a white shirt waved frantically in the air informed us of the fact.

Their white "flag" of surrender barely made its appearance before the order came drifting down the line, "Cessez le feu!" ("Cease firing!") Instantly the rifles, machine guns, and 75s were silent, but the heavy artillery maintained a barrier of fire between the prisoners and their trenches, for we knew well by long experience the character of our foe.

They came toward us in great numbers, their hands high in the air, and a humble, conciliating smile on their lips, muttering in a timid voice: "Kamerad! Pas kapout! Kamerad!"

They were ordered to come forward in small groups, and, as they reached our trench, they were hustled behind the line, placed under guard, and sent back immediately toward the interior, where, after having undergone a period of questioning by the Colonel and his staff, they were

sent to the various prison camps scattered through France and her African colonies.

As the last detachment of them passed into our line and was conducted to the rear under guard, our heavy artillery ceased its firing, and, as its smoke slowly drifted away on the wings of the gentle breeze of the new-born day, a scene of terrible desolation was enrolled before us.

Turning my eyes from this distressing scene, I encountered the quizzical gaze of the Sergeant, who had evidently been reading my thoughts:

"Well, boy, what do you think of all this?" he demanded, smiling. "What do you think of war?"

"You know what Sherman, the American General, said, don't you?"

"Yes," laughed he; "and you share his opinion?"

"I certainly do!" replied I, emphatically, as my eye alighted on a group of Red Cross men carrying away the torn and lifeless body of one of my best "pals" in the regiment.

The Voyage of the Deutschland

CAPTAIN PAUL KOENIG IN HIS NEW BOOK

The second voyage of the German merchant submarine *Deutschland* has added to her fame. She landed at New London, Conn., on Nov. 1, took on a cargo of rubber, nickel, and other valuable commodities, and attempted to get away to sea during the night of Nov. 16-17, with the aid of three tugs, which were to convoy her through the tidal currents at the mouth of Long Island Sound. Suddenly an eddy flung the tug T. A. Scott, Jr., in her way, causing a collision, with the almost instant sinking of the tug and the drowning of five of the six men on board. The *Deutschland's* bow was injured, so that Captain Koenig had to return to New London for repairs, delaying his departure a week or more. The article here translated for *CURRENT HISTORY MAGAZINE* is from a book in which Captain Koenig has told the story of his first voyage—from Bremerhaven to Baltimore. It is from the chapter entitled "The Snare Spread for the Submarine," and the scene is the North Sea.

THE further we get away from land the heavier the seas become, and the boat is already tossed about in the usual fashion. I feel the motion as I lie in my cabin. About 2 o'clock in the morning I am waked by a "Hello!" hurled at me by the speaking tube that hangs on the wall near my head. Second Officer Cyring, who is on watch, warns me that a white light is approaching rapidly on the starboard side. I jump out and turn carefully,

keeping my balance, in the central compartment, and by the ladder I mount through the turret hatchway to the bridge.

Cyring shows me a white light at no great distance. It appears to be approaching. We do not wish to let it come any nearer; we give the alarm and dive.

Then, for the first time I experience the singular impression of surprising security which the power of swift immer-

sion gives you. And it seems quite natural. One is sailing in these world-war times upon an unarmed transport on a dark night; a light approaches—it may be an enemy, probably is one; in a couple of minutes a couple of cannon shots may ring out, and shells shatter your turret, letting the water rush in in a solid mass, and soon the North Sea closes over you. But now nothing of that sort happens. A brief order to the central compartment, a few manoeuvres on valves and wheels, and we go on our way without danger.

We travel more easily submerged in safety, and remain under water until daybreak. About 4 o'clock we emerge. The sky is already bright; unfortunately, the sea is extremely uncomfortable. In the distance we see a couple of fishing boats devoting themselves laboriously to their work. At first we watch them attentively, but their inoffensive nature is soon clearly apparent, and we continue on our course. This, however, is no longer a pleasure. The movements of the boat soon become so violent that the confinement in close quarters, with no air except from the ventilators, makes its effects felt upon the heads and stomachs of the men; a part of the crew gives up eating. Besides, it is impossible to remain on the deck, which is swept continually by the seas. Thus we go on all day. * * *

The weather cleared up toward evening and the sea grew calmer. The sun had just set among the clouds, which it colored magnificently. All the members of the crew who were not on watch had gone on deck to get a breath of fresh air and take a quick pull at a cigarette or cigar. Below it is strictly forbidden to smoke. The men crowded into the sheltered spots,

jammed closely against each other, flattened against the wall of the turret. They looked like a hive of bees, a cluster of men in rough, heavy sea garb. Little etiquette is observed at such a moment; I let the men take their ease; they have not much comfort below, and when a head happens to emerge from the hatch to get a few puffs at a pipe, I willingly grant the indulgence. Involuntarily all eyes

search the horizon. There is good in that. The more sailors there are looking, the more one sees, and many of our men have the eyes of a hawk.

Thus it is that in the limpid twilight of a June evening, at a great distance, two masts appear, soon followed by a smoke-stack, after which the hull of a steamer looms above the horizon. With the aid of good glasses we watch it attentively. We wish to ascertain its route in order to get out of its way. We

take our bearings quickly, and I pick up the chart; I look, compare, observe again, make calculations, look at the map again, and remain confused. Judging from its direction, the steamer is not going toward any port. Is this possible? On that course it is running straight toward shore, no matter where, upon the rocks.

I call Krapohl and show him my calculations. We look again through the glasses, examine the charts. That is fine! The fellow is sailing away into emptiness, without aim or object. Meanwhile we had come near enough to distinguish the vessel's lines perfectly. The pure, clear twilight of June allowed us to observe it clearly. It was a beautiful steamer of medium tonnage, flying a large flag of a neutral country, and upon its hull, strangely enough, were painted the colors of the same neutral country. The middle of the hull bore in large let-



CAPTAIN PAUL KOENIG
© International Film Service.

ters a double name, but this we could not read. All at once Krapohl cried:

"Good heavens! How comes it that fellow, so long after sunset, has not yet taken down his flag? Is it mere chance? And what means that strange display of paint in this time of submarine peace?"

THE NEW MERCURY



HUMOROUS GERMAN VIEW OF SUBMARINE TRADE WITH AMERICA

(Zur Zeit des U-Boot Friedens.) The chap is open to suspicion!"

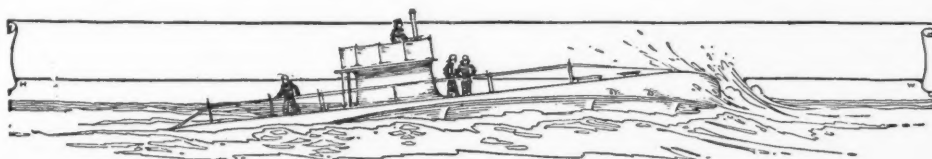
I shared his opinion. What surprised me most was the senseless direction. Boats do not go for a pleasure stroll on the North Sea at night during a world war.

We consider what should be done. The steamer has not yet seen us; it continues on its mysterious way and seems to pay no attention to us. I decide therefore not to dive, as our ways will soon part. Suddenly the steamer tacks and heads straight for us. Now we can see that the brave neutral is manoeuvring the tow lines of her small boats, the better, of course, to prove her character as an

inoffensive merchant vessel that has stopped and is ready to conform itself immediately to the orders of a warship.

This grand display of innocence was enough for us. I sent all my men below and gave the alarm. We cleared away for the dive, and turned toward the steamer to take a crosswise position, which makes the submersion easier. Then, to our great surprise, this is what happened: Scarcely had the neutral seen our movement and our submersion when it turned about at full speed; as we went under we saw it, amid clouds of smoke, scuttle away in a series of characteristic zigzags. This confession of a bad conscience was simply a triumph for us. We had never laughed as much as we did at that flight of an honest man who had no known destination. The Artful Dodger believed himself unmasked, and was afraid of getting a torpedo between his ribs. And in what a rage he must have been! It would have been so beautiful to come close, as a neutral, to the "pirate," and then, at a sure distance, drop at once his false ports and his pure intentions—and shoot. The snare was so well spread for the U-boat; the German "pirate" had only to come a little closer. Instead of that, we made a hole in the water and remained below for two hours.

On returning to the surface I first inspect the horizon through the periscope, and then, still half submerged, open the turret hatch to take a look through the glasses. The air is clear; to the south the moon has risen and renders the soft clarity of the Summer night more transparent. But as long as I look the sea is deserted; no steamer is in view. The Deutschland can go on her way without disquietude. Besides the unmixed joy that we derive from the deceptions of the wily layer of traps, I am convinced henceforth that we shall see other vessels before they can see us. And that is already so much to the good.



Italy and the Pinch of War

By Dr. Bruno Roselli

Professor of Italian Language and Literature, Adelphi College, New York, now serving in the Italian Army

TWO months ago I crossed the Franco-Italian frontier at Ventimiglia. I had not been in Paris; but I had visited such great cities as Bordeaux and Marseilles, such world-renowned resorts as Nice and Monte Carlo, such quaint little towns as Arles and Carcassonne; and the heroic behavior of France had manifested itself to me in the cheerfully met but all too apparent contrast between an undaunted resolve to win and a daily life on whose every phase war had left its unmistakable stamp. Briefly, France feels the pinch of war, although she smiles in proud defiance.

French Vintimille confirmed this; Italian Ventimiglia had a surprise in store for me. The clutch of war was not there. At first I thought it a local accident. But as I proceeded toward the heart of the Peninsula, along the two Rivas dotted with picturesque villages and with the palatial villas of the Genoese who have made fortunes in Argentina, I realized that the indescribable atmosphere of war, which had been so all-pervasive in France, was totally absent in Italy. Yet during those very days thousands of military trains and tens of thousands of autocars were pouring into the threatened valley of the Adige that vast improvised army which stopped the Austrian drive at Arsiero and Asiago, and began the counteroffensive which has not yet slackened. This, as I said, was two months ago; and during this time I have not only revisited many Italian cities, and talked over the situation with scores of Italian acquaintances, (it is a pity that all American writers of war impressions do not have a similar opportunity,) but I have also spoken with many a contadino, charcoal burner, shepherd, village priest, and hill-town Postmaster or druggist, and I am now able to state unequivocally that Italy, except

for her loss in men, does not feel the war.

A careful observer will discover that the reason for the financial ease in Italy during the war lies in the fact that she is a country different from all others in economic organization, and that her leaders knew the peculiarities of her position so well that they were able to turn this war into a source of financial stability. If war be a disease, then Italy's doctors must be given great credit for having understood that their patient was a "special" case, that the usual cures would not do, but that by a novel treatment affecting the entire organism the patient might be brought to a better state of health than before the disease appeared. I acknowledge that such a statement needs corroboration. Let me now attempt to give it.

War's Effect on Wages

Every educated American knows that Italy is still a country where wealth is very unevenly divided. For centuries she has been a land of few very rich and many very poor people; the middle class dating only from the days of the unification of Italy some fifty years ago, and only now beginning to assert itself in a generous crop of professional men. In ante-bellum days the rich people spent much less than the corresponding class in other lands. They hoarded their savings, being suspicious of all industrial and speculative investments, and, though large landowners, neglected to make any improvements, preferring an immediate although insignificant yield at no expense to a costly succession of betterments with generous but distant returns. The poor people lived as they could, exporting every year to the two Americas the surplus of their population.

Now war has changed all this. War requires money; the rich had to pay. Let

it be said to their credit that they paid rather willingly, since the war against the hereditary enemy of the country has been most popular in all quarters, and has provided a badly needed link of connection between rich and poor, Venetian and Sicilian, Republican and Conservative. It may seem strange to Americans, but most old Italian families did not know in the least how much they were worth; money had been coming in, whenever needed, from a distant agent; and property accounts had been irregularly sent, and regularly consigned to the scrap basket when they did come. War has taught many a noble family just where it stood financially. It usually stood lower than it had supposed. What little ready money it had was given to the cause, and the family, stripped of its younger offspring, set itself to the hated but unavoidable task of making the property yield what it ought to yield. Incidentally, this will mean an increased need of manual labor after the war, and a consequent decrease in the stream of Italian emigration after the first outrush of the long-dammed waters; a view of the problem which I have often expressed in public in America, before invariably incredulous audiences.

But these post-bellum questions look strangely remote here, in the midst of war-ridden Europe. Little do we care what the poor people will do then. What are they doing now? Are they starving?

Do not waste your sympathy: the proverbial wolf was much nearer to the Italian door twenty years ago than now. Of course, there are a few trades which languish, and the never-failing adaptability of the Latin must occasionally be brought into play. Take the fishermen of the Adriatic, for instance. The abundance of Austrian floating mines in that sea and the recklessness of Austrian submarines, (note this, signers of The Hague convention!) not to speak of other reasons which I shall omit in order to save the censor the trouble of doing so himself, have persuaded the Italian Government of the wisdom of forbidding all fishing in the Adriatic. Naturally, some compensation is being given to the fishermen, but they were losing money; so they have taken up

other occupations. And lest you, kind-hearted reader, should sympathize too deeply, let me remind you that almost every Italian who comes to your shores in peace times and of his own accord does exactly the same thing.

Of course, America has some kind of work for nearly every one; but so has Italy now. There never was such a cry for manual labor. I understand that the dock hands in the harbor of Genoa (which impresses me now as dwarfing those of both Bordeaux and Marseilles) are paid some 25 lire a day, a sum which, considering all things, I reckon to be equivalent in local buying power to ten American dollars. Generally speaking, the cost of unskilled labor has about doubled since May, 1915. It is not a rare occurrence to come across a woman who earns six or seven times more than she did before the war. The requirements of ammunition factories are mainly, but not exclusively, responsible for this state of affairs. Whatever positions the men have left the women have taken. Contrary to what I saw in France, here all factories are open, although numbers of them manufacture articles totally different from their previous output. France is relying mainly upon imports from abroad, pouring gold into America and men into Verdun; whereas Italy, whose stores of gold and men are differently proportioned, has chosen so far to leave her economic structure unchanged. Need I explain now why the city worker of either sex is so prosperous here?

Yet I am willing to admit that city conditions do not mean so much in a country like Italy. There are no really large cities in Italy. Her capital has a population of little over half a million people, while the capital of Spain has 700,000, and that of little Belgium had 800,000. Four-fifths of Italy's population is agricultural. Let us see, therefore, how war affects the country districts.

Prosperity for Farmers

Gentlemen farmers being a negligible quantity in Italy, there remain—roughly speaking—two systems of reward for the farmer. By the first he is paid by the day for his work; by the second he is

under contract of *mezzadria*, that is one-half of the product of the soil is his exclusive property, while the other half belongs to his landlord.

Of the former peasant I need only say that, manual labor being so scarce, he has recently seen his wages (which had been as low as 75 centesimi a day—15 cents—before so many laborers began to emigrate to America) rise from one lira and a half to three lire a day, (60 cents.) This applies to some northern districts, but mainly to the southern half of Italy, and to Sicily, and may have a noticeable effect on immigration to the United States, where so many of these day laborers go.

The Central Italian peasant, on the contrary, has had since time immemorial the *mezzadria* system, under which he has become prosperous and happy. For him this war is, economically, a godsend. Please remember how the family of the Central Italian *contadino* lives—the *capoccia* or head of the family, his children, the old people, and the women all working almost equally hard, thanks to habit, healthy life, and endurance. The man is perhaps at the front now; but his wife knows how to feed the oxen and to drive the plow. They all work a little harder than before, and they wait for the fifty centesimi a day which the man gets and which he sends home intact, since he is fed far better in the trenches than he ever was at home, and he cannot spend any money there. The wife gets seventy centesimi a day from the Government, the father another seventy, and each child an average of thirty-five. This means wealth to them. It is the first cash they ever saw, for the peasant never handled cash; and it has an enormous buying power. Until war came they used to live exclusively upon their portion of the product of the farm. Even this product has now become much more valuable.

The Central Italian peasant grows wheat and wine. The Government needs both now, in enormous quantities, for no Russian or Rumanian wheat can come through the closed Dardanelles; and Latin soldiers drink merrily. Nor is there any fear that the crop will remain unsold. The Government is pledged to

buy it all, and will pay for it generously. As a result, the price of the Tuscan *fiasco* of weak Chianti which is the daily beverage of the Central Italian family has gone up from a little over one lira to two and a half lire as a minimum. The *mezzadria* peasant never was so comfortable, with the result that the war relief committees formed in all villages can also afford to send, by way of Switzerland, weekly shipments of wholesome food to their villagers who were made prisoners and are now in some Austrian dungeon, where they would otherwise slowly starve to death. I have heard from several men from Trieste that even their dogs refused to eat the kind of bread which they themselves ate before fleeing to the motherland across that wicked border.

Learning Efficiency

One more word about the farmer. While money is so plentiful in the country districts that many farmers' savings banks are actually refusing deposits lest they should have to lower appreciably their rate of interest, and consequently their prestige, yet wherever extra help must be gotten the farmer's prosperity sinks appreciably, since wages are now so high. But this is very seldom the case. In the first place, the Government sends home on "harvest furloughs" and "seeding furloughs" all farmer-soldiers who are not absolutely needed. Secondly, each peasant family now helps its neighbors constantly, instead of only doing so at harvest and vintage time, as is the usual custom. There are no idle hands on any farm, from dawn till sunset.

Everybody works harder than before; this being made possible by the opportunity, enjoyed by few in the past, of purchasing food both wholesome and plentiful. There undoubtedly was considerable underfeeding in Italy before the war, even among the lower middle class; people ate as little as they dared, instead of following the good American rule of eating as much as one dares. And the food, all Government-supervised, is excellent. The "war bread"—you would call it graham bread, and probably prefer it to the other because it is more wholesome—costs only 39 to 42 centesimi per kilogram, (3 cents a pound

at the present rate of exchange.) There is no scarcity of anything except paper and sugar; everything else is plentiful, including good and tender meat, which I had surely not expected to find.

This regularity of supply means one of two things—either that Italy has taken from their usual occupations an insignificant number of men, or that those left among the many employed in a given trade are working so hard, so efficiently, and so systematically as to bridge the gaps. Since the censor will not permit me to say even approximately how many Italians have joined the colors, I must limit myself to emphatically denying the first possibility, and refer any skeptical reader to the map, which shows pretty conclusively that very many men are needed to confront the Austrians on the winding front from Mount Stelvio on the Swiss border to Monfalcone on the Adriatic; and I will add that, without any appreciable help from colonial troops, Italy keeps a strong military hold upon Central Albania, Tripolitania, Cyrenaica, the Island of Rhodes, the "Dodecanese," (or group of twelve islands in the Eastern Aegean,) Erithraea, and Italian Somaliland. One must therefore conclude that the few people left to their accustomed trades and occupations are doing wonders. A day of thirteen hours is a regular occurrence, and Italy, so often and not unjustly accused of being unsystematic, is redeeming herself now during her fourth war of independence, which is no mean chapter in the world tragedy of today.

If salaries are high, young men almost all in field gray, and women wage earners none too plentiful, how do the shops manage to get their sales people? They usually do not get them; and this is a boon for Italian manhood and womanhood. The owner of a shop, who had never stooped to work, when he saw most of his clerks abandon the shop for the barracks, pulled his hair in Salvinilike despair for a couple of days; then he set himself to work. Bookkeeping does not soil one's hands; he usually began with that. Gradually the few remaining clerks taught him many things which he ought to have known before. But more

and more classes were called to the colors, and then, horrified, he saw that the only alternative to business failure was to impose commercial activity upon his bejeweled wife, and his quiverful of young daughters, who had heretofore considered only one occupation worthy of them—the acquisition of lawful husbands. There must have been gloom at first, but now things have put on an air of happy permanency; and whenever those women consider that their only alternative would have been the hard life of a Red Cross nurse, (since no woman of the Italian middle class is left idle nowadays,) they find ample consolation. War has taught them the great American lesson so far overlooked, that work ennoble life.

On the day when peace is signed, (if such a day ever comes!) father and mother will certainly leave the shop for good; but I am not so sure about the daughters.

Why Italians Marry Late

This utilization of the young womanhood of the middle class may turn out to be temporary; but, if it becomes permanent, it will strengthen the one weak spot in the entire organization of the Italian middle class family; an organization otherwise ideal from an economic standpoint, since it provides the maximum of results with the minimum of expenditure.

To begin with, the number of members in each family is usually exactly what it ought to be. Italy stands now, in this respect, just halfway between the patriarchal system of the ancestral home housing all the married children with their own offspring, and the Anglo-Saxon system, in which each child takes his or her flight, more or less permanent, just as soon as his or her wings are strong enough. You young American, who at 20 years of age began married life on getting your first "raise," and took your bride to a small room in a lodging house, listen to the life story of the average middle-class Italian.

He usually marries when a little above 30 years old, bringing to his ménage several thousand lire of savings with which to start life decently, and a steady position which is beginning to pay a fair sal-

ary. The bride brings her dowry, which is to be drawn upon only in case of extraordinary or unexpected expenses—a sort of accident insurance policy. An “even match” means one in which the groom’s salary stands to the bride’s dowry as lawful rate of interest stands to principal. If the man’s salary is \$700 a year, with an ultimate prospect of \$1,400, let him cast longing eyes upon a maid with a \$20,000 dot! I can visualize the shocked expression of many American men; but I have seen worse systems, and even in the United States some pessimists claim that the girl with a rich father has a better chance to find a husband than her rival with impecunious relatives.

The coming of several children in rapid succession (Italy knows of few exceptions to this rule) usually requires some inroad on the wife’s contribution to the financial partnership. But just as soon as it is at all possible, the money is put back again, the strictest economy being practiced in everything, especially if among the children there are girls who will some day need their own dowries. It is difficult to overestimate the influence of this consideration upon the minute economy practiced by the middle-class Italian family. “There may at any time come a little girl who would need the money”—this idea keeps the pursestrings drawn even in a family having only boys.

Economy in Education

In the American middle-class budget the education of the young plays no small part. The children are seldom sent to the public schools, for fear of too close a contact with boys and girls different in moral ideas or radical stock; and then college looms up in the background as a distant Eden of costly sports whither father would be glad to send his boy or girl, were he not scared by that minimum of \$1,000 a year.

In Italy every child goes to public school, the race and the mentality of the country being all one; college sports do not exist, college towns are unknown, college fees are nominal. The boys (and also, though rarely, the girls) complete their education in one of the sixteen home

colleges situated in the largest cities and supported by the Government. Then the girls, having no literary clubs to grace by their presence, no immigrants’ tenements to inspect, no college chums to whom they are allowed to pay frequent visits, suddenly disappear into the depths of their ancestral homes and set themselves to the wearisome task of waiting for possible husbands. A dull occupation, but one infinitely less expensive than any of the other beneficent or pleasurable pursuits mentioned above.

And the boy? The boy enters some kind of a Government or municipal or banking career in his home town—almost without exception. His salary is small, but he spends almost none of it, because he invariably eats and sleeps at home. He likes to live in that way; but even if he did not like it, he would not dare to do otherwise, since an unmarried man living in the same town as his parents, and in another house, on mere grounds of “independence,” as is so often done in America, would shock everybody and cause the entire family to be ostracized. Then, when years and savings have reached the right measure, he takes a wife and the round begins again.

Ideal System for War

Is this family system perfect? Far from it. But it can and does stand the hard knocks of war infinitely better than any other with which I am acquainted. In the first place, there always is cash, for the Italian says, “No cash, no family.” Then there always is a job—at least one job in every family; and though these jobs pay little, you are so riveted to them and protected by statutes and by-laws and pension laws and accident regulations that you cannot lose your job any more than your job can lose you, no matter how hard you may try. Even if soon in the game you become an invalid or an idiot or any other kind of a servant who cannot serve, your employer’s money will continue to reach you until you have both feet in the grave. And while, as I said, there is always at least one such job in every family, sometimes there are three or four, because every unmarried son above the age of twenty is a

source of revenue, after having been a source of very limited expenditure earlier in life. The blows of war can strike such a family without finding any weak spot in its economic armor.

As to the young men, the outbreak of war sent them, of course, to their regiments; but the late marrying age, joined to the fact that the call has been general only for men between 19 and 32, and that it has not included any man above 39, reduced the number of heads of middle-class families under the colors to an infinitesimal proportion. Even those few have availed themselves of the privilege which every college graduate has of becoming a territorial officer, thus in many cases continuing to attend to his ordinary occupations. Many a young lawyer or architect adds a Lieutenant's salary to his usual professional returns.

Can Hold Out Indefinitely

But how long can such rosy conditions last?

Prophecies are rather risky in this war; however, I confidently believe—the present military and psychological situation in Europe being also considered—that they can last just as long as they need to last. Italian life behind the lines is so arranged and so organized by a process of simple adaptation infinitely more efficient than any German food cards that it can stand the war strain with little effort, just as Italy's peasant soldiers can stand the fearful fighting conditions of the Alpine front with much less suffering than could any of the other European armies, with the single exception of the Russian. And if physical resistance is a result of peculiar simplicity of habits, economic resistance is a result of an organization of family and of society whose cornerstone is thrift. Both are, emphatically, the reward—and not the only reward—of a style of living into which extravagance has never had a chance to enter. For fifteen centuries robbed by, or tributary to, barbarian or baron, foreign Emperor or absentee landlord, Italians have learned to look upon any kind of waste as sinful and wicked—witness the peasant who makes the sign

of the cross upon seeing you throw away a crust of bread. Have you ever noticed how the Italian farmer in America reduces by one-half the width of the paths made in the farm by his American predecessor? Do you not know that there was a time when calves' brains and chicken giblets used to be thrown away in America, until the Italian chefs introduced them as delicacies to the American public? Here nobody throws away an old newspaper, an old bottle, an old pasteboard box, an old overshoe, an old piece of string. Yes, you may laugh, but I will tell you that a poor country wins wars only by such thrifty methods; and Italy will win this war. A poor country? Well, perhaps she is; but half a dozen Italians of college age have as much of a lark walking out into the woods to talk about spiritualism and the future of Ireland as the same number of New York young people who spend fifty dollars (candy not included) upon a Coney Island evening—motor ride, shore dinner, Luna Park stupefactions, and the joyful contortions of Steeplechase. Do not misunderstand me: America's youth indulges in pleasures and diversions often less reprehensible than those dear to Italy's youth; but I am speaking of economic resistance to war, and my object is to show you why the Italian family can live happily where the English family would live unhappily and the American family would, also most unhappily, die.

An obscure soldier of Italy, forgetting for a moment that all his thoughts and ambitions must now be for the country under whose colors he is serving, fervently and lovingly prays that the dear land which saw him a peaceful college professor may—if her day ever comes—find in her financial stability, personal courage, and lofty patriotism that power of economic resistance which Italy is deriving from thrift, simplicity of life, and a family organization peculiarly suited to wartime conditions, if not actually created to meet them.

And now that I have tried to explain the present lack of economic suffering in Italy, do not ask me, please, whether Italy's heart is also unaffected by the tragedy of war.

Australia's Defeat of Conscription

By Spencer Brodney

An Australian Journalist

THE part played by Australia in the war has already been remarkable for a country with barely 5,000,000 inhabitants. Yet, not satisfied with the 320,000 men that have volunteered for active service and the assistance rendered to the mother country by the Australian Navy, a large section of the Australian people desired that every able-bodied man should be compelled to fight. But the Australian Government which has been in power since the first few weeks after the outbreak of the war, being dependent upon the votes of the Labor Party, found it impossible to enact a conscription law against the wishes of its supporters. A way out of the difficulty was found in the proposal to hold a national referendum at which every man and woman in Australia and every Australian soldier serving abroad were asked to vote "Yes" or "No" in answer to the question:

Are you in favor of the Government being given in this great emergency the same compulsory powers over citizens in regard to requiring their military service for the term of this war outside the Commonwealth as it now has in regard to military service within the Commonwealth?

The referendum was held on Oct. 28, and, according to a message dated Nov. 6, resulted in a majority of 73,000 votes against conscription out of a total of 2,087,000 votes counted.

Various reasons have been given for the defeat of conscription by the Australian people. Because women have full political rights it was said that their in-

fluence affected the result. But it appears that the percentage of women who voted "No" was only a shade higher than that of the men who voted the same way. Again, voters of Irish birth or descent are credited with having been an important factor. There is no doubt that some votes were influenced by the

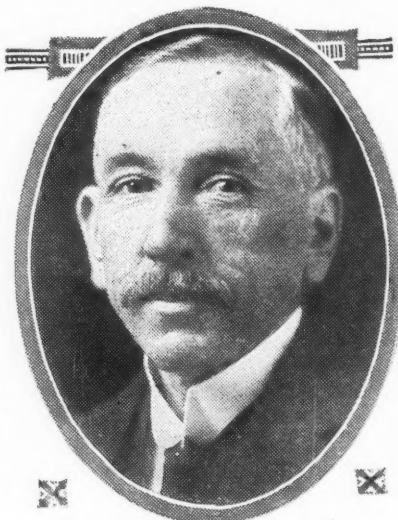
treatment of Ireland since the Dublin rising, but they contributed only to a very small extent to bring about the defeat of conscription. Perhaps slightly more importance should be attached to the farmers' votes. As in Canada, the farmers in Australia have found recruiting a serious menace to the raising and harvesting of their crops. But after an examination of all the elements in the situation there can remain no doubt that the defeat of conscription

in Australia has been chiefly the work of the organized labor movement, particularly in New South Wales and Queensland.

When Labor Unions Rule

Australia, it must be remembered, is the land where the workingman is supreme in politics. After a generation of persistent effort the Labor Party, which represents the combined political and industrial organizations of the working class, is the dominant party. At the present time it is not only in control of the Government of the Commonwealth, but also of a majority of the State Governments.

When the war began, however, a Liberal Government, representing a fusion of all anti-Labor and anti-Socialist



WILLIAM M. HUGHES
Australia's Prime Minister

forces, was temporarily in control of the Commonwealth; but with a majority of only one in the House of Representatives and a hopeless minority in the Senate, it was quite unable to carry on the business of the country. Before any one dreamed of war the Governor General had been advised to end the deadlock by dissolving both houses of Parliament and ordering a general election. The election campaign was already in full swing when war broke out in Europe. The Liberal Prime Minister, Joseph Cook, immediately placed the Australian Navy at the disposal of the British Admiralty, and steps were taken to enlist volunteers for service abroad. At the same time the Liberals, feeling certain that at the approaching election on Sept. 5, 1914, they would be swept into power on an overwhelming flood-tide of patriotism, refused to consider the political truce offered to them by the Labor Party. The election was accordingly fought with much bitterness.

Although the Labor Party contains a strong Socialist element which is opposed to militarism and denounces patriotic sentiment as a cloak of predatory business enterprise, the Labor leaders decided not to ruin their party's chances by giving their opponents an opportunity to brand them as "disloyal" or "pro-German." The election manifesto of the Labor Party was accordingly no less patriotic and militarist than that of the Liberals. It was claimed that the efficient development of the Citizen Defense Force and the Australian Navy had been the work of the previous Labor administration and that the people could surely trust a Labor Cabinet to carry out Australia's part in the war more thoroughly and honestly than the Liberals. The people adopted this view, and the result of the election was a landslide in favor of the Labor Party, which returned to office with large majorities in both the House of Representatives and the Senate.

As soon as the new Labor Cabinet assumed power in September, 1914, there began a fierce domestic controversy between the Government and the trusts, leading to the decision of the Government to hold a referendum in December, 1915,

on the question of amending the Constitution so as to give the Commonwealth extensive powers to regulate trade and industry and nationalize monopolies. At the eleventh hour the referendum was deferred because of an understanding with the States whereby the Commonwealth was to be given all the powers it was seeking to obtain by constitutional amendment. This understanding, however, was not observed, and though the Commonwealth Government has used its powers under the War Precautions act in its attempts to curb the interests that are trying to profit by war conditions, the suspicions of the great majority of the working class have not been lulled, but have instead helped to intensify the feeling against conscription.

Movement for Conscription

The cry for conscription in England was soon followed by a similar agitation in Australia. At first the Labor Cabinet, well aware of the feeling among the workers, refused to depart from the voluntary system. But gradually the anti-Labor forces brought so much pressure to bear that Andrew Fisher, who was then Prime Minister, decided on a war census to ascertain how many men there were in Australia fit for military service. This was the first step that led to the split within the Labor Party which has since become more definite. On taking command of the new Labor Government Mr. Fisher had made the historic declaration in which he pledged Australia's help "to the last man and the last shilling," and backed up by the Attorney General, William Morris Hughes, the cleverest, most energetic, and most bellicose member of the Cabinet, he now meant to make good his words.

Among the supporters of the Government there was no doubt that the war census was intended as the preliminary to conscription, despite Mr. Fisher's disclaimers, and resistance against any attempt to force Australians unwillingly to fight abroad was resolved upon. At that time I was revisiting Australia, and I was astonished by the storminess of the discussion that took place at the Prime Minister's office when a deputation representing the labor organizations called

on Mr. Fisher and, after emphatically telling him that he was the people's servant, extracted a pledge that there should be no conscription scheme unless it had first been sanctioned by the people. A few weeks later Mr. Fisher retired from politics to become High Commissioner of the Commonwealth in London. Mr. Hughes succeeded him as Prime Minister and leader of the Labor Party.

In the early part of the present year Mr. Hughes was invited by the British Government to visit England. There is no need to do more than mention the thrill that Mr. Hughes sent through England with his pugnacious oratory, his appeals for thoroughness and remorselessness in the work of obliterating Germany from the map of the world. Mr. Hughes's performance was pleasing to British Tories and imperialists, but important sections of the Labor Party in Australia were becoming intensely irritated, and while he was still in England resolutions were already being adopted strongly disapproving of his attitude and declaring against conscription. There was no doubt that Mr. Hughes was preparing to place the whole of Australia's manhood at the disposal of Great Britain. On his return to Australia the issue was at once joined. Mr. Hughes wanted to enact a conscription law at once. But his party firmly refused. At last the difficulty was settled by an agreement to refer the question to the people.

Opposed by Labor Party

In New South Wales, Victoria, and Queensland, the three largest States, the official policy of the Labor Party was opposition to conscription, and a campaign was launched to urge the people to vote "No." But Mr. Hughes, W. A. Holman, the Labor Premier of New South Wales, and some other Labor Cabinet Ministers and members of the Commonwealth and State Parliaments, joined the conscriptionists, thus flouting the principles laid down by the organizations to which they owed their positions.

A split was now inevitable, and it came. Mr. Hughes, who is a representative from New South Wales, was expelled by the Political Labor League of

that State. Several other prominent labor politicians, including Mr. Holman, were also disowned. On the other hand, anti-conscriptionists resigned from Cabinets headed by conscriptionists, the most serious case of this kind being that of four of Mr. Hughes's colleagues in the Commonwealth Cabinet, including W. G. Higgs, the Treasurer, and Frank Tudor, the Minister of Trade and Customs. Nevertheless, Mr. Hughes should now find the best of all reasons for ceasing to flout the party he leads, since the result of the referendum shows that not only is the majority of his followers against him, but his policy is opposed by the majority of the people. According to *The British Australasian*, (published in London,) even the soldiers already abroad voted for the most part against compulsion being applied to their fellow-Australians.

Drafting Unmarried Men

A month before the referendum Mr. Hughes caused a great deal of resentment in Australia by using the latent power of the Government to call up every able-bodied citizen for home defense purposes. Believing it certain that the referendum would favor conscription, he decided to draft the single men between the ages of 21 and 35 years. Many refused to obey the summons, and the prosecutions threatened by Mr. Hughes seem to promise further trouble. At every point, indeed, he has been antagonizing the Australian democracy.

Now, what was Mr. Hughes's case for conscription? It was in the first place based upon the familiar arguments that Germany is a menace to democracy. Australia is the most democratic country in the world; therefore Australia has most to fear from German domination and, to carry the argument to its conclusion, Australia should strive hardest to help in crushing Germany.

The anti-conscriptionists relied on a variety of arguments, including the Socialist case against war in general, the theory that Great Britain and France are in some secret and sinister way bound to fight to aid Russia in her designs rather than to preserve democracy, and

that the war should be regarded from an exclusively Australian standpoint. This last reason springs from the idea of Australian independence. For a long time before the war very few Australians dreamed of breaking away from the British Empire, because Australia has been free to work out her own destinies and has enjoyed all the benefits of virtual independence without the responsibilities. But if everything which the Australian democracy has achieved is to be ruthlessly destroyed, then the idea of Australian independence may become a live issue. It was noticeable during the campaign that many Australians gave expression to the opinion that the time has come—and the result of the referendum is a significant hint of the new trend of feeling—when a halt must be called to the demands for sacrifices for the empire.

What Australia Has Done

Out of a population of 5,000,000 Australia has enlisted up to date 320,000 volunteers to help Great Britain. When the Australian Government called up the single men between the ages of 21 and 35 years of age the number affected was 130,000, of whom 60,000 were pronounced fit for military service—enough men to keep the Australian regiments in France up to their full strength for only three months. It was obvious, said the anti-conscriptionists, that Mr. Hughes would soon be drafting married men or men over 35 years of age and leaving Australia with perilously few men to carry on the work of producing food and raw materials, not to mention those required in the manufacturing industries.

In the last few years before the war the Australian Governments were spending large sums of money in an attempt to people a land with an area slightly larger than that of the United States and a population considerably smaller than that of New York City. The whole gain in manhood during several years of immigration effort has already been wiped out by the war.

This danger of denuding Australia of its manhood has been in the minds of all classes, but another circumstance has made a still more vivid impression on the workers. The exclusion of laborers un-

der contract is strictly insisted upon. Nevertheless, just before the referendum a shipment of Maltese laborers arrived in Australia and more were to follow. The Labor Party at once suspected that the contract immigration law was being evaded by employers, and the cry was raised that a conspiracy was on foot to draft well-paid Australian workers into the army and fill their places with cheap, non-English-speaking, voteless, and easily oppressed alien wage slaves. The real enemy of Australian democracy, the anti-conscriptionists in the Labor Party declared, was not the Kaiser, but the big business interests in Australia itself. Any one who is intimately acquainted with Australian conditions knows how such an outcry would inevitably rouse a feeling of indignation so strong as to sweep aside all patriotic appeals.

Has Helped Most of All

Yet Australia has helped the mother country far more than any of the other "colonial nations" within the British Empire. She has sent more troops than Canada, which has a larger population, and her naval assistance has been particularly valuable. It was an Australian cruiser that finally put the Emden, the German commerce raider, out of action; it was the Australian Navy that conveyed Australian and New Zealand troops across the oceans to Europe; it was chiefly Australian naval and military expeditions that dispossessed Germany of her colonies in New Guinea and the islands of the Pacific. It was Australian and New Zealand troops—the "Anzacs"—that bore the brunt of the bloody fiasco of the Dardanelles.

Australia, too, has rendered great assistance with her Government-controlled shipping, her measures for the supply of foodstuffs, wool, metals, and other raw materials, by her ability to finance herself, and in numerous other ways. At the same time the most energetic element in her population has been diminishing through voluntary enlistment. In short, Australia has shown that along with a jealous regard for her own democracy she is capable of the greatest loyalty to that country which is affectionately called the motherland.

Human Losses in the First Two Years of the War

A VOLUNTARY organization known as the War Study Society has been formed at Copenhagen for the purpose of studying the social consequences of the world war. The first product of its labors is a valuable bulletin, issued Aug. 1, 1916, computing the human losses in each belligerent country during the first two years of the conflict. The computations are made by a Board of Administration, which consists of a Chairman and two scientific collaborators elected from the membership for six months. The Secretary is Sv. Trier of Copenhagen.

To procure the necessary data of casualties was a task of no little difficulty, as in nearly all the warring countries the number of men lost is carefully guarded. England published her losses in detail up to January, 1916, but other belligerent nations declined to give such information to the world. The results of a careful inquiry, based on the best sources of information at hand, are summarized by the society as follows:

I. Direct Losses of Human Life During Two Years of War

	Dead and			
	Dead.	Wounded.	Wounded.	Invalids.
Austria-Hungary	718,000	1,777,000	2,495,000	533,000
Belgium	50,000	110,000	160,000	33,000
Bulgaria	25,000	60,000	85,000	18,000
England	205,000	512,000	717,000	154,300
France	885,000	2,115,000	3,000,000	634,000
Germany	885,500	2,116,300	3,001,800	634,900
Italy	105,000	245,000	350,000	73,500
Russia	1,498,000	3,820,000	5,318,000	1,146,000
Serbia	110,000	140,000	250,000	42,000
Turkey	150,000	350,000	500,000	105,000

Total..4,631,500 11,245,300 15,876,800 3,373,700

II. Comparison with Earlier Wars

	Duration in days.	Number of dead.	Prop't'n'l per day.	numbers.
1790-1815..	9,000	2,100,000	235	3.7
1854-1856..	730	785,000	1,075	17.0
1859.....	41	45,000	1,100	17.4
1864.....	135	3,500	26	0.4
1866.....	40	45,000	1,125	17.8
1870-1871..	210	184,000	875	13.9

	Duration in days.	Number of dead.	Prop't'n'l per day.	numbers.
1899-1902..	995	9,800	10	0.2
1904-1905..	548	160,000	292	4.6
1912-1913..	238	462,000	1,950	30.9
1914-1916..	731	4,631,500	6,336	100.0

The society takes up in detail each country as follows:

Austria-Hungary

The computations are based on general casualty losses made public at the beginning of the war. From Aug. 13 to Sept. 14, 1914, lists of casualties among officers were published; also during the period from Sept. 20, 1914, to Oct. 10, 1915, since which time no more lists have been issued. The total number of lists published was 244. The results were deduced by applying the averages from known statistics in other countries; for instance, in Germany for twenty-three months of war there were 28 dead soldiers for each dead officer, 40 wounded soldiers for one wounded officer, 40 dead for 100 wounded. Applying this ratio to Austria-Hungary, the losses of the Austro-Hungarian Army during the first year of the war would be:

	Officers.	Men.	Total.
Dead	14,850	416,000	43,850
Wounded	26,000	1,040,000	1,066,000
Prisoners	763,000

Regarding the second year of the war, the calculations are based on averages with the following results:

Austro-Hungarian Losses Second Year of War (Aug. 1, 1915—Aug. 1, 1916.)

	Officers.	Soldiers.	Total.
Dead	9,904	277,300	287,204
Wounded	17,340	693,600	710,940
Prisoners	387,000

Total

Austro-Hungarian Losses During Two Years of War

	Officers.	Soldiers.	Total.
Dead	24,754	693,300	718,054
Wounded	43,340	1,733,600	1,776,940
Prisoners	1,150,000
Total	68,094	2,426,900	3,644,994

The estimates for the second year of the war do not include the missing, nor the sick, hence the figures above are considerably less than the figures heretofore given by the countries hostile to Austria-Hungary. Russian statements regarding Austria-Hungary up to the end of February, 1916, nineteen months of the war, computed 723,200 dead, 2,692,100 sick and wounded, and 809,000 prisoners, making for the two years of war 913,512 dead, 3,400,296 sick and wounded.

The society estimates that the losses of Austria-Hungary in the first two years of the war are, in round numbers: Minimum total dead, 718,000; maximum total dead, 913,512; sick and wounded, minimum, 533,000; maximum, 1,000,000.

Compared with wars waged by Austria-Hungary in the second half of the last century, the following shows the relative losses:

	Dead.	Wounded.	Total.
1859	5,400	26,000	31,400
1866	10,994	29,304	40,298
1914-1916	718,000	533,000	1,251,000

British Army Losses

Fourteen statements of losses of the British Army appeared to Jan. 27, 1916, when they ceased, and from these averages the following totals are arrived at: (Aug. 4, 1914, to Aug. 21, 1915.—Statement in House of Commons.)

	Non-com's'd Officers and Men.	Officers.
Killed and died of wounds	4,965	7,992
Wounded	9,973	241,086
Missing	1,501	53,466
Total	16,439	365,544
Grand total		381,983

The number of prisoners from the British Army, as reported up to June 1, 1916, were as follows: In Germany, 32,000; in Turkey, 17,827; in Bulgaria, 449. Lord Newton stated in the House of Commons on May 31, 1916, that 1,318 of the 25,621 prisoners of the army then in Germany had died—a death rate of 5.14 per cent. The ravages of disease among the soldiers in the Dardanelles is evident by the official report, showing that between April 25 and Dec. 11, 1915, 96,683 were taken to the hospital, while

the dead and wounded amounted to 112,991. This large percentage of sickness was due to epidemics of typhus; there were 28,500 cases out of a total of 78,200 between April and October, 1915. The absolute losses, including the killed, missing, wounded, and sick, who will not return to the front, from the beginning of the war to Jan. 9, 1916, in the English Army is figured at 410,722, being 74 per cent. of the total losses as reported up to Jan. 9, 1916, which aggregated 549,467. Of the 410,722 total losses, 128,138 were killed or died of wounds.

British Navy Losses

The total of losses in the British Navy, as reported before the Jutland battle on May 31, 1916, was 12,160, of which 10,517 were killed or died of wounds. The losses in the Jutland battle were 6,617, which brings the total losses of the British Navy up to the middle of June, 1916, to 18,777, of whom 16,983 were killed and wounded.

From the preceding figures—the losses being based upon official reports and established averages—the total losses for the British Army and Navy in the two years are computed at 808,463, of which 34,360 were officers. The absolute losses were, in killed and permanently wounded during the two years, 359,725. This total compares with the Crimean and Boer wars, as follows:

	Total Army.	Killed and Died of Wounds.	Wounded.
Two years, present war	2,000,000	188,464	512,465
Crimean war	97,864	4,602	18,283
Boer war	250,000	5,774	22,829

Losses of France

Only approximate estimates of the French losses can be arrived at, as casualty lists are not published, and official statements regarding the number of killed and wounded are not given. Some reliable figures, however, are computed from statistics of certain organizations related to the army.

It is known that from Sept. 15 to Nov. 30, 1914, 490,000 wounded were treated at the different hospitals, of

which 54.5 per cent. returned to the front; only 2.48 per cent. died; 17 per cent. remained at the hospitals and are computed as permanently lost.

The French Relief Society officially stated that up to June, 1915, (ten months of the war,) the killed, wounded, missing, and prisoners of the French aggregated 1,400,000. From other information, and meagre reports, the War Study Society arrives at the following losses for the two years of the war:

French Losses in Two Years of the War

Killed	885,000
Wounded	2,115,000
Invalided	634,000

Comparison with Former Wars

	Killed.	Wounded.	Total.
1859	2,536	17,054	19,590
1870-1871	138,871	137,626	276,497
1914-1916	885,000	2,115,000	3,000,000

Germany's War Losses

The losses of Germany are computed from the casualty lists published by the Minister of War. Up to July 1, 1916, 1,032 such lists had been issued, containing 13,178 pages, averaging 262.3 casualties per page, but these included certain percentages of corrections and duplications, so the actual bases are figured at 225.8 per page, which would bring the total published losses from the beginning of the war to the first of July, 1916, (twenty-three months,) to 2,975,592. These lists, however, do not indicate the time at which the losses were sustained; but from the reports it is estimated that the casualty lists up to the twenty-third month of the war only covered the period to May 15, 1916. Maintaining the same average for the six weeks, the total up to the 15th of May, 1916, (twenty-one and a half months of the war,) would be 3,012,637; and, according to the above computations, of these the dead number 771,308, 26.3 per cent.; seriously wounded, 447,177, 15.2 per cent.; slightly wounded, 1,395,146, 47.4 per cent.; prisoners, 327,148, 11.1 per cent.

From all the data and averages the society estimates that the total German losses during the first two years of the war were as follows:

Dead	885,500
Slightly wounded	1,602,900
Severely wounded	513,400
Prisoners—about	400,000

As compared with the losses of the Franco-Prussian war:

Dead	280,000
Wounded	101,000

Losses of Italy

The Italian Government does not publish figures, and results can only be computed from partial reports and averages. The Austrian General Staff on Nov. 31, 1915, asserted that six months of the war had cost Italy a half million men. The German Kölnische Zeitung, in May, stated that the first twelve months of the war had cost Italy 3,000 dead officers. The Army and Navy Gazette, April 22, 1916, reported the total Italian losses at 25,000 a month. From these reports and others the Italian losses for the first fourteen months of the war are computed as follows:

Killed	105,000
Wounded	245,000
Prisoners	55,000

Losses of Russia

The losses of Russia are computed from estimates, with deductions, from fragmentary reports. No official figures are available. It is known from hospital reports that during the first six months of the war the sick and wounded amounted to 1,200,000, and unofficial figures show that during eighteen months of the war the sick and wounded reached 3,953,000, of whom 1,048,000 were sick. The Russian Government has issued 185 lists of killed, but these official lists were not always available. Based upon the most reliable data and reports, the following estimates are arrived at:

Russian Losses in First Two Years of the War

	Officers and Men.
Losses in fighting	7,235,000
Losses in sick	1,362,000

Total losses	8,597,000
Military losses	5,181,000
Killed	1,171,000
Died of wounds	244,000
Died of sickness	82,000
Wounded	3,820,000
Prisoners, estimated	2,000,000

<i>Russian Losses in Previous Wars</i>			
	Killed and	Died of	Wounded.
	Wounds.		
Crimean war	72,000	
Russo-Turkish war....	36,000		118,000
Russo-Japanese war...	34,000		141,000

Balkan States and Belgium

No official information of the losses of the Balkan States and Turkey is procurable, but based upon the available data and reports the following results are arrived at by the society:

The War Losses of the Balkan States and Turkey Up to Aug. 1, 1916

	Dead.	W'nded.	Invalids, Approx.	Died from Illness.
Bulgaria ...	25,000	60,000	18,000
Serbia	60,000	140,000	42,000	50,000
Turkey	150,000	350,000	105,000
Together.	235,000	550,000	165,000

No official information of the losses of Belgium is procurable, but from reports the total losses of the Belgians in the first two years of the war are put at

247,000, of whom 47,000 are killed, 160,000 wounded, and 40,000 prisoners.

The Appalling Totals

All the above figures cover, as stated, the first two years of the war. At this writing, (Nov. 15, 1916,) three and one-half months more have elapsed, or 14½ per cent., of additional time. These three and one-half months have been the bloodiest since the outbreak of the war, particularly among the French, Germans, Austrians, Italians, Russians, and British, while a new element has entered into the contest—Rumania. It is a conservative computation to add, in order to reach a grand total of losses up to Nov. 15, 1916, 16 2-3 per cent. to the above figures; indeed, in the cases of France, England, Germany, Russia, Austria, and Italy, from 20 to 25 per cent. might safely be added. The adding of 16 2-3 per cent. would bring the total dead on Nov. 15, 1916, into the neighborhood of 5,600,000, and would show the wounded to be in excess of 13,000,000.

The German War Map

[Italian Cartoon]



From L'Asino, Rome

GERMAN CROWN PRINCE: "Tell papa that I have Paris under my hand whenever I want it"

The War's Origin and Lasting Peace

Address by Viscount Grey
British Minister for Foreign Affairs

[Delivered before the Foreign Press Association, London, Oct. 23, 1916]

YOUR President said I was to make a historic speech. Will he and you forgive me if I say I doubt whether any historic speech can be made while the war is actually in progress? After the war very likely, but while the war is in progress the real historic work is being done in the offices of the General Staffs of the allied countries and on the battlefield where our soldiers are fighting. Words can be but little, but the work done by the General Staffs at headquarters, and by the armies in the field, and by the navies on the sea, that is really the work that is making history.

We have had since the beginning of the war two or three notable speeches. First of all there was a great speech by M. Briand in the French Chamber. Next in time there was the interview given by Lloyd George to a press correspondent, and then in this country the speech by the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, in the House of Commons; and lately we have had the note struck just as firmly in Petrograd by an official communiqué, I think under the auspices of the Minister of the Interior. Those speeches have given to the world the note and tone and feeling of the Allies at this moment. I indorse all that they have said, but for a few moments I would like to talk not indeed about the actual conditions of peace, which can only be stated and formulated by the Allies together and not by any one of them separately, but about the general object which the Allies must secure in this war.

To do that I would ask you to recall a thing we must never forget—how the war came about. If we are to approach peace in the proper spirit it can only be by recalling and never forgetting what was the real cause of the war. Some people say we need not go back on that old ground now.

Everybody knows it. Well, you cannot go back on it too often. It affects the conditions of peace. Germany talks of peace; her statesmen talk of peace today. What sort of peace do they talk of? They say Germany must have guarantees against being attacked again. If this war had been forced on Germany that would have been a logical statement. It is precisely because it was not forced upon Germany, but forced

by Germany upon Europe, that it is the Allies who must have guarantees for future peace.

In July, 1914, no one thought of attacking Germany. It is said Russia was the first to mobilize. That, I understand, is what is alleged in Germany as the justification for the statement that the war was not an aggressive war on Germany's part, but was forced upon her. Russia never made the mobilization of which Germany complained until Germany had refused a conference, and never made it until after a report appeared in Germany that Germany had ordered mobilization, and that report was telegraphed to Petrograd. As a matter of fact it was the story of 1870 over again. The preparations for war, not merely the preparation of material, were prepara-



VISCOUNT GREY

tory steps to an advance in Berlin to a stage beyond that of any other country. Then when the chosen moment came the manoeuvre was made to procure some other country to take a defensive step, and when that defensive step was taken, then to resent it with an ultimatum which made war inevitable.

The same thing with the invasion of Belgium. Strategic railways had been made in Germany; the whole plan of campaign of the German Staff was to attack through Belgium. Now the Germans are representing that they had to attack through Belgium because other people had planned to attack through Belgium. I would like nothing better than to see the statements that the Russian mobilization was an aggressive, and not a defensive, measure and that any other power than Germany had planned to attack through Belgium investigated before any independent and impartial tribunal.

Hiding the Truth

The German organization is very successful in some things, but in nothing more than in preventing the truth reaching their people, and in succeeding in presenting to them the point of view which is not that of the truth. As for the statement that war was forced on Germany: When England proposed a conference, when Russia, France, and Italy accepted a conference, when four powers offered a conference and one power refused it, is it the powers who offered the conference which were forcing war or the power which refused it? The Emperor of Russia offered The Hague Tribunal. When one sovereign offers The Hague Tribunal and another ignores it, is it the sovereign who offers a reference to The Hague who is forcing war?

On the very eve of war France gave her pledge to respect the neutrality of Belgium if Germany would not violate it. We asked for such a pledge. Was it the power which asked for the pledge and the power which gave the pledge which were responsible for the violation of the neutrality of Belgium or the power which refused? I say, and every Belgian knows it to be true, as well as every

Frenchman and Englishman, that never at any time was there a suggestion that an English or French soldier should enter Belgium unless it were to defend Belgium from the violation of her neutrality, first undertaken by Germany. Why was it that all efforts to avoid war in July, 1914, failed? Because you cannot have peace without good-will, and because in Berlin there was the will to war and not the will to peace.

Crown Prince's Reflections

And just lately, I think to an American, the Crown Prince has deplored the loss of life which is caused by this war. Yes; it was because we knew what the sufferings of war must be, because we knew how terrible a thing war let loose in Europe would be, that we tried to avoid it in July, 1914. Then was the time to be penetrated with a sense of all that war would mean. It is precisely because we knew then what it must mean that we tried to avoid war.

It is because we have had this terrible experience now on the Continent of Europe—we and our allies—of what war does mean, that we are determined that the war shall not end till we can be sure that at any rate the generations which come after us and our nations in future shall not be subject to such a terrible trial again.

What was the plan—the German plan? I saw a statement in the press the other day that a German officer had recognized that Germany had failed this time, but in ten years she was going to succeed. The German plan was to be a short, successful war. The war was all thought out in Berlin on a plan, and there was a time table—so long to get to Paris, so long to defeat France, so long afterward to defeat Russia. And England! The plan was that England was to be kept out of the war, but if England should enter the war it was not thought that the expeditionary force which we had available would be enough to upset the enemy plan. People who are militarists, whose ideas and whose thoughts run solely on military considerations, people who are material, forget to estimate—indeed, they cannot estimate—the spirit

and the soul which exist in nations when they are attacking a foe for their lives. The plan was that Russia and France were to be defeated, and England was to be isolated and disgraced.

We must never forget, as we go through this war, that an offer was made to us to keep out of the war. We were asked by the German Government to engage to remain neutral on certain conditions. We were asked to condone the violation of the neutrality of Belgium—because that is what the offer came to—though we were obliged by treaty to uphold it. We were also asked to give Germany a free hand to take whatever she liked of French colonies. That is practically what the offer was. That is why I say that the plan was not only to isolate us, but to disgrace us. I would ask any neutral to put it to himself: What would have been the future of this country if the British Government had for a moment accepted such an offer? We might have had an army and a navy, but there would have been no morale, no spirit in the nation. We should have had the contempt of the whole world.

German Aims

Happily tactics so gross as those did not succeed, and I need not recall what the reply of the British Government was, nor what the spirit of the nation was at the opening of the war. We should not think merely of what Germany says today. It is worth while looking back at the exhibition of her Government and people when the war started. Then we saw something of their real mind, and there was a certain Professor Ostwald in Germany who unburdened himself, again I think to an American, in August, 1914. He called himself a pacifist, and this is how he described the German aims. It was a long interview, but in it occurred these two things: Germany was to dictate peace to the rest of Europe, and the principle of the absolute sovereignty of the individual nations must be given up. Do not let us forget that that was the spirit in which this war was begun. What is the spirit in which the war is being carried on by the Allies today? I take it from the words of the Prime Minister the other day:

We shall fight until we have established the supremacy of right over force, free development under equal conditions, and each in accordance with its own genius, of all the States, great and small, which build up the family of civilized mankind.

Into this struggle we have put rightly and necessarily all our resources—all our wealth, all our material, all our labor—and now when we have had time, because it needed time, to equip and train a large army, we are putting all the best life-blood of the nation, shedding it on the Continent, side by side with our allies, in emulation with them, stimulated by the courage and self-sacrifice which they are showing in defense of their own countries, shedding it because we know that their cause and ours is one. To the end we stand or fall together. The separation of one from the other means the destruction of the one separated, and not its safety. For all of us unity is essential, not merely to victory, but to our future life and success.

Germany is trying, and has been throughout the war, to separate one from the other, in order to realize her aims. Not a week passes that does not confirm our resolve to go through with our allies to the end of the war, and after the war I trust the memory of the sufferings we have undergone together, the memory of the joint courage which is carrying us through—and all that we have been through—will be a perpetual bond of alliance and sympathy between our Governments and our peoples.

Opportunity for Neutrals

Now, I should like to say one word on another subject. Looking to the future after the war, what is it that neutrals can do? The other day I wrote this to a correspondent who sounded me on the subject:

I believe the best work neutrals can do for the moment is to work up opinion for such an agreement between the nations as will prevent a war like this from happening again.

If nations had been united in such an agreement and prompt and resolute to insist in July, 1914, that the dispute must be referred to a conference, or to The Hague, and that the Belgian Treaty must be observed, there would have been no war.

I would ask neutrals to observe that belligerent countries, fighting as we are

today for our very existence—fighting, it is true, for victory with a daily increasing prospect of seeing that victory brought nearer, but still knowing that if we stop short of victory we stop short of everything for which we are fighting—cannot be expected to spend much time in developing ideas of what can be done after victory is secured. But neutrals can do it, and it is interesting to observe that not only President Wilson but also Mr. Hughes, the candidate for the Presidency of the United States, are supporting a league which has already sprung into existence supported by various distinguished people with the object not of interfering between the belligerents in this war, but of getting ready for some international association after this war is over which shall do its part in making peace secure in future.

I would like to say that, though we may have little time to give to such ideas ourselves while we are engaged in this struggle, I think that is a work in neutral countries upon which we should all look with favor and with hope.

Only bear this in mind, that if the nations of the world after this war are to do something more effective than they were ever able to do before this war, to combine themselves for the common object of preserving peace, they must be prepared not to undertake more than they are able to uphold by force, and to see when the time of crisis comes that it is upheld by force.

In other words, we would say to neutrals who are occupying themselves with this question, in a colloquial phrase, that we are in favor of it, but with the understanding that we shall ask them when the time comes for them to make any demand for such a thing, "Will you play up when the time comes?"

It is not merely the sign-manual of sovereigns or Presidents that is required, but it must also have behind it the force of national sentiment. The object of this league is, as I understand it, to insist upon treaties being kept and some other settlement than war being tried before recourse to war. In July, 1914, there was no such league in existence. Supposing a generation hence such a condi-

tion of things as in July, 1914, recurs, and there is such a league in existence. Everything will depend upon whether the national sentiment behind it is so penetrated by the lessons of this war as to feel that in the future each nation, although not immediately concerned in the dispute, is yet interested, and vitally interested, in doing something, even if it be by force, to keep the peace.

Methods of War

But there must be more than that. You must have some agreement after this war is over as to the methods under which war is to be conducted. Germany complains of our methods in this war. She complains of our blockade. From the very beginning Germany did her utmost to prevent food from reaching this country. In the early stages of the war she sank two neutral ships bringing food to this country. It does not lie with her to complain of our blockade. But what about other methods—the new methods which have been introduced—the sowing of mines indiscriminately upon the high seas, to the danger equally of neutrals and belligerents, the firing of shells into defenseless coast towns? Because you must remember that what is required, according to the German official communiqués, to convert an allied town on the coast into a fortress is not the provision of guns in it, not the presence of troops, but merely the fact that it has been fired upon by a German cruiser. Then the use of poisonous gas in war, which nobody would have believed possible if the Germans had not begun it, which nobody thought of using until the Germans began it. In the Gallipoli Peninsula, neither we nor the French used gas, because we would not be the first to introduce it anywhere. That has been brought into the war. Then there is the sinking of merchant vessels and the destruction of passengers and crews. There are also the acts committed in Belgium and other allied territory in German occupation, some of which have been the subject of investigation and report, and which to public knowledge are in breach of all the laws and conventions of war and of the most elementary dictates of humanity.

One thing more of which we hear very little, of which we do not know the full story. Since Turkey entered the war she has been the vassal of Germany. Probably neutral nations know more of the story than we do, but enough has leaked through to make it clear that there has gone on, and is still going on, in Turkey, on a scale unprecedented even in that country, and with horrors unequaled before, an attempt to exterminate the Christian population of Turkey—horrors which Germany could have prevented, and which could only have gone on with her toleration. Perhaps some day some neutral nation which knows the whole story will make it known to the world.

The Greatest Anarchist

All these things have been happening during this war. What a prospect it opens for the future! Are all the researches of science to continue to be devoted after this war to the inventing of means to destroy the human race, with no restriction whatever on their use? It is a prospect which threatens civilization and the existence of the race itself.

In letting loose these things and in introducing them into war, Germany has been the great anarchist who has let loose on the world a greater and a more terrible anarchy than any individual anarchist ever dreamed of.

Unless there is some means of restraining these things future war will, by the developments of science, be made even more terrible and horrible than this war, because Germany has thrown down all the barriers which civilization had previously built up so as to keep the horrors of war within bounds. Neutral nations have an interest in seeing that something is done to insure that there shall be rules which are kept in future wars—rules which shall be so laid down and supported that it will be clear that any nation which departs from them will be regarded by the whole world as the enemy of the human race, and have the whole world against her.

The indiscriminate use of high explosives to destroy great cities and combatants and noncombatants alike, all

those things which have been done in this war—the introduction of poisonous gas and the introduction, perhaps, of disease—it will need all the efforts, not only of belligerents but of neutrals, after this war is over, to see that the barriers necessary to secure that the inventions of science are used in the future in the air, on the land, on the water, and under the water, not for the destruction of mankind but for its welfare; to see that all nations shall recognize some responsibility to prevent outbreaks of war, and that if there be war it shall be conducted by rules at least as humane as those which our ancestors observed, and which Germany today has disregarded and thrown to the winds. That is a matter in which the whole human race is interested.

For years before this war we were living under the deepening shadow of Prussian militarism, extending itself over the whole of Germany, and then extending itself over the whole Continent. There must be no peace except a peace which is going to insure that the nations of Europe will live in the future free from that shadow, will live in the open air, and in the light of freedom. For that we are contending. We know that if mankind has any birthright, as we believe it has the birthright of peace and liberty, then our cause is just and right, because it is for that we are fighting. If we are asked how long the struggle is to continue, we reply it must continue till these things are secured, and if it be hard that the present generation in its prime should be called upon to sacrifice all that it has for the sake of the future of the nation and the generations that come after, it is our determination, which the progress of the war but deepens, in common with that of our allies, to continue the war till we have made it certain that the Allies in common shall have achieved the success which must and ought to be theirs; till they have secured the future peace of the whole Continent of Europe, and until they have made it clear that all the sacrifices we have made shall not have been made in vain.

The German Chancellor's Reply to Viscount Grey

Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg's reply to the foregoing speech of Viscount Grey was delivered on Nov. 9 before the Main Committee of the German Reichstag. He declared that Germany was at all times ready to join a league of nations—"even to place herself at the head of such a league—to keep in check the disturbers of peace." He said in part:

WE never concealed our doubts as to whether peace could be guaranteed permanently by international organizations, such as arbitration courts. I shall not discuss the theoretical aspects of the problem in this place. But from the standpoint of matters of fact we now and in peace must define our position with regard to this question.

If at and after the end of the war the world will only become fully conscious of the horrifying destruction of life and property, then through the whole of humanity there will ring out a cry for peaceful arrangements and understandings which, as far as is within human power, will avoid the return of such a monstrous catastrophe. This cry will be so powerful and so justified that it must lead to some result.

Germany will honestly co-operate in examination of every endeavor to find a practical solution, and will collaborate for its possible realization. This all the more if the war, as we expect and trust, shall create political conditions that do full justice to the free development of all nations, of small as well as great nations. Then the principle of justice and free development, not only on the Continent, but also on the seas, must be made valid. This, to be sure, Lord Grey did not mention.

[The Chancellor pointed out that Lord Grey's ideas in regard to international guarantees of peace seemed to possess a peculiar character, in that they took

into consideration only British wants. He said it was known on reliable authority that in 1915 Great Britain and France promised to Russia dictatorial domination of Constantinople, the Bosphorus and the west shore of the Dardanelles, with the hinterland, and that Asia Minor should be divided among the Entente powers. These plans, he continued, probably were of interest for neutrals, who were expected to guarantee this order of things. The British Government, he asserted, has kept silent in regard to these plans, in spite of questions asked in Parliament. He added:]

British "Brute Force"

Such a policy of brute force cannot be the basis of an efficient international league for peace.

These are the plans of our enemies for annexation, to which must be added Alsace and Lorraine, while I have never designated the annexation of Belgium as our intention when I spoke about the aims of the war.

The first condition for the evaluation of international relations by way of arbitration and peaceful compromise of conflicting interests ought to be that no more aggressive coalitions be formed. Germany is at all times ready to enter a league of peace which will restrain the disturber of peace.

The history of international relations before the war stands clear before the eyes of all the world. What made France join with Russia? Alsace and Lorraine. What did Russia want? Constantinople. Why did England join them? Because Germany had become too strong for her, by peaceful toil. And what did we want? Lord Grey says that Germany with her first offer of Belgian and French integrity wanted to purchase from England permission to take of the French colonies whatever she pleased. Even to the most insane person in Germany it never occurred to assault France in or-

der to rob her of her colonies. It was not this which was Europe's doom, but the fact that the British Government favored French and Russian plans of conquest, which could not be obtained without a European war.

Origin of the War

[The Chancellor referred to the situation as it was on July 30, 1914, two days before Germany declared war on Russia. The German Ambassador at Vienna had been instructed to request Austria-Hungary most urgently to reach an understanding with Russia, making it clear that Germany did not desire to be drawn into a world war in consequence of disregard of her advice. Austria-Hungary agreed to Germany's suggestion. He continued:]

With this compare the following steps taken by Lord Grey, (British Foreign Secretary:) On July 2, 1914, the Russian Ambassador at London said that German and Austro-Hungarian circles were under the impression that England would remain quiet. Lord Grey replied: "This impression is removed by the orders which we gave to the main fleet." On July 29 he informed the French Ambassador of a confidential warning which had been given to our Ambassador in London that Germany ought to be prepared for quick decisions of England, which meant England's participation in the war. Could Lord Grey suppose that such a disclosure made to the French Ambassador would be of service to the cause of peace? Was not the French representative obliged to consider this disclosure as a promise of armed assistance in case of war? Must not France have been encouraged by this to give to Russia a promise of the unconditional fellowship in war asked for so urgently for days? And must Russia not have been strengthened to the utmost by this certainty of a British and French alliance in her intentions to wage war?

The Russian answer to the morning conversation of Lord Grey, indeed, came as quickly as was expected. On the evening of the same day, July 29, M. Sazonoff (Russian Foreign Minister) in-

structed the Russian Ambassador at Paris to express to the French Government sincere thanks for the declaration given to him by the French Ambassador that Russia could count completely upon the assistance of France.

Says Grey Ignores Facts

Thus on the night of July 30 Russia was faced by the following situation: Austria-Hungary yielded under German influence, which cleared the road toward peace. At the same time Lord Grey's disclosure to Paul Cambon (French Ambassador at London) assured Russia of the armed assistance of England and France, by which only the possibility of war was given to Russia. Russia decided upon mobilization and war. Who has been guilty of this decision, full of fate? Lord Grey did not mention all these facts, but directed the attention of his audience to unessential details.

The Hague Arbitration Tribunal offered by the Russian Emperor no doubt sounds very serious, but the offer was made when Russian troops were already sent to move against us.

As to Lord Grey's own suggestion of the conference he himself had substituted for our mediation, this has been repeatedly explained in the Reichstag. And the Belgian question—before a single German soldier had set foot on Belgian soil—Lord Grey had already told the French Ambassador, as related in his report: "If the German Navy should enter the Channel or pass the North Sea with the intention of attacking the French coast or French Navy and harass the French merchant marine, (gentlemen, "harass,") then the British Navy would act in order to protect the French Navy in such a fashion that from that moment England and Germany would be in a state of war."

Can the same man who proclaimed that the sailing of our navy would be a casus belli, can that very same man still asseverate sincerely that only the violation of Belgian neutrality had forced England against her will into war?

[The Chancellor then took up Lord Grey's statement that Germany had asked England to condone the violation

of Belgian neutrality. "I challenge Lord Grey," he said, "to examine the fact in his own Blue Book and in his records." In order to localize the war, the Chancellor explained that on July 29, 1914, he assured the British Ambassador at Berlin that in case of England's neutrality Germany would guarantee France's territorial integrity. On Aug. 1 Prince Lichnowsky, German Ambassador at London, asked Lord Grey whether England would promise to remain neutral in case Germany accepted an obligation to respect Belgian neutrality. He further offered that in case of English neutrality the integrity not only of France itself, but also of the French colonies, would be guaranteed, and said that Germany was ready to renounce an attack on France if England guaranteed French neutrality. At the last moment the Chancellor gave his promise that so long as England remained neutral the German Navy would not attack the French north coast, and, mutual treatment presupposed, would do no hostile act against French merchantmen. To all this, according to the Chancellor, Lord Grey answered that he must decline, definitely, to give any promise of neutrality and could only say that England wanted to keep her hands free. The speaker continued:]

If England had given this declaration of neutrality then she would not have been the object of the whole world's contempt, as Lord Grey thinks, but would have prevented the outbreak of war. I also ask: Who wanted war—we, who were ready to give to England all imaginable securities, not only for her immediate interests, but also for France and Belgium, or Lord Grey, who declined every one of our propositions and refused even to hint a way by which to preserve peace between our two countries?

Russian Mobilization Fateful

The action which made the war unavoidable was the Russian mobilization, ordered on the night of July 30-31, 1914. Russia, England, France, the whole world, knew that this step made it impossible for us to wait any longer, and that this step was synonymous with a

declaration of war. The whole world—even England, too—now begins to comprehend the fateful importance of the Russian mobilization. Truth makes headway. An English scholar of world fame recently said: "Many people would think differently about the end of the war if they were better informed about its origin, especially about the facts of Russian mobilization." It is no wonder, therefore, if Lord Grey could not leave the Russian mobilization unmentioned.

[The Chancellor said Lord Grey admitted that the Russian preceded the German and Austro-Hungarian mobilization. But since he desired to clear the Entente of guilt, Lord Grey could not help referring to the Russian mobilization as Germany's work. Lord Grey said that Russia mobilized its army only after it received a report that Germany had ordered mobilization. Lord Grey added that Germany had played a trick in order to provoke the other country into a defensive measure to which Germany could reply with an ultimatum. It was two years and three months before this version of the cause of the war occurred to Lord Grey, said the Chancellor, and he characterized it as a version which was as incorrect as it was new. The event at which Lord Grey hinted was known. The document on which he based his argument, the Chancellor said, was a special edition of the Berlin newspaper *Lokal-Anzeiger*. The Chancellor recalled the fact that on Thursday, July 30, 1914, the *Lokal-Anzeiger* early in the afternoon issued a special edition with the untrue report that the German Emperor had ordered mobilization. The Chancellor added that every one in the Reichstag committee knew that the sale of this special edition was prohibited immediately by the police, and that the Secretary for Foreign Affairs immediately informed the Russian Ambassador by telephone that this news was untrue. He continued:]

I may state further that the Russian Ambassador, indeed, had sent a cipher telegram to St. Petersburg as soon as the special edition was issued, and that the telegram, according to the Russian

Orange Book, read: "I understand that an order for mobilization of the German Army and the German Navy has been proclaimed at this moment." After the explanation given by Secretary von Jagow over the telephone, this telegram was followed by a second telegram not in cipher: "I beg you to consider my last telegram as null and void. Explanation follows."

A few minutes later the Russian Ambassador sent a third telegram in cipher, which, according to the Russian Orange Book, stated that the Foreign Minister at that moment had telephoned that the news of the mobilization of the army and navy was untrue, and that the special edition had been confiscated. The quick action of Secretary von Jagow, which is confirmed by the official Russian Orange Book, giving Ambassador Sverbeew's telegram, set right the wrong news and in itself refutes Lord Grey's assertion that we intentionally desired to deceive Russia in order to cause her to mobilize. * * * At all events, the incorrect report had been set right before the Russian Government ordered a general mobilization.

Gentlemen, we do not fear any tribunal. I can state further that this new version has been brought forward entirely by Lord Grey. To the Russian Government itself, which ought to be the best informed about the cause of mobilization, it never occurred that it could refer to a special edition of the *Lokal-Anzeiger* as an explanation of its fateful step.

Germany Third to Mobilize

Lord Grey, I take it, will not refuse the Russian Emperor as a witness, and the Emperor at 2 P. M. on Friday, July 31, when the order for mobilization had already been issued to all Russian forces, telegraphed to the German Emperor as an answer to his last appeal for peace: "Technically impossible to stop our military preparations, made necessary by Austro-Hungarian mobilization." There was no word about the *Lokal-Anzeiger*, no word about German mobilization.

[The Chancellor then recalled that the Russian Emperor's reference to Austro-

Hungarian mobilization could be no excuse for a general Russian mobilization, since Austria-Hungary then had mobilized only eight army corps against Serbia, to which Russia on July 29 already had replied by mobilizing thirteen army corps. Only after the general Russian mobilization did Austria-Hungary, on the morning of July 31, order a general mobilization. As to Germany, after the news of the general Russian mobilization, it did not mobilize at once, but at first only proclaimed a state of threatened danger of war, which was by no means mobilization. This was communicated to the Russian Government, and it was added that mobilization must follow if Russia did not stop all war measures against Germany and Austria-Hungary within twelve hours and if it did not inform Germany in clear fashion that this had been done. Thus Russia once more received time, even when, as a result of Russia's guilt, war already seemed unavoidable. Likewise, Russia's allies and friends had the possibility of still using their influence with Russia, in the same direction as Germany with her ally, Austria-Hungary. Russia, said the Chancellor, gave no answer. England remained silent to Russia. France, through her Prime Minister, on the evening of July 31, merely declared to the German Ambassador that Russia had not mobilized, and ordered her own mobilization some hours before Germany did. The Chancellor continued:]

As to the so-called defensive character of the Russian general mobilization, I may state here, in the most explicit fashion, that at the outbreak of the war in 1914 there was still valid a general order of the Russian Government, issued in the year 1912, in which was the following paragraph verbatim: "From the highest place it is ordered that a proclamation of mobilization is at the same time a proclamation of war against Germany." Against Germany, gentlemen, against Germany!

Russia never would have decided upon this fateful step if it had not been encouraged to do so from the Thames by actions and by failures to take action.

An Italian Diplomat's Part in Events Preceding the War

A Preface by Gabriel Hanotaux

M. Hanotaux, the famous French diplomat, historian, and Academician, has written the following introduction to a collection of speeches delivered since the war by Tommaso Tittoni, the Italian Ambassador in Paris, who resigned that position about Nov. 1.

SIGNOR TITTONI, Deputy, Prefect, Senator, a former Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Ambassador, is a man who knows politics to the fingertips. He has knowledge and tact, courage and skill; he is a humanist, an intellectual, and a practical man, an excellent representative of the present generation of Italians, who received a free and united Italy from their predecessors and who reckon on leaving a "Greater Italy" to the generations of the future. * * * At the approach of the great war we find him master of his thought and of the ability to come to a decision when the crisis was in sight. The crowd suspected nothing. They were still living their laborious and heedless lives as the lookout men watched the rising of the storm. The Italians in particular early took in sail. They knew that in case of a storm their country would be tossed about in the opposing currents.

Italy was a member of the Triple Alliance, and her position was all the more perilous on that account. She was not ignorant that Prussia, so as to turn aside the rivalry of Austria on German territory, was thrusting this power toward the Balkans and the Adriatic. If such a policy prevailed, Italy would be the dupe of the bargain. She had contracted the alliance for the sake of the European

equilibrium and peace. What would she do if she were faced with deprivation of rights and war? Luckily Italian prudence had taken its precautions. The seventh article of the Triple Alliance provided for the possibility of Austrian intervention in the Balkans. That at bottom was all the treaty was made for. That article, the force and precision of which are admirable, reads:

Austria-Hungary and Italy, aiming only at the preservation of the status quo in the Orient, bind themselves to exert their influence so as to avoid any territorial change prejudicial to either of the contracting powers.

These powers will give one another reciprocal explanations making clear their respective intentions, in the same manner as the other powers, if in the course of certain events the

maintenance of the status quo of the Balkan territory, the coasts or the Ottoman islands in the Adriatic Sea and in the Aegean Sea becomes impossible, and if the situation is the consequence of a third power or has a cause which ought to constrain Austria or Italy to change the status quo by a temporary or permanent occupation.

This occupation can take place only after preliminary agreements between the two powers, on the principle of reciprocal consent in regard to all territorial advantages or any other arrangements which one of them should obtain modifying the status quo, and so as to satisfy the just claims of the two parties.

From the time that Austria's ambitions came into play and struck at the territorial status quo in the Balkans by falling upon Serbia without explanation



TOMMASO TITTONI
© Topical Press Agency

or preliminary arrangement with Italy this power had to take sides and sacrifice either her interests or the alliance. To break the alliance meant renouncing a system dating back many years and but recently renewed, which presented the appearance of security and prestige, serviceable in practice; which avoided a grave risk, and which, over and above the bargain and because of it, had sent Italy to sleep and left her unarmed. On the other hand, there were honor and the future, but risk. The situation was such that to take a step backward was to turn completely round. In the crisis that was to divide Europe a great power was obliged to declare itself under penalty of being excluded from the final settlement and of having enemies in both camps.

Italy had been driven into a corner a year and a half before the war, when Austria-Hungary, in connection with the Scutari incident, had threatened Montenegro. It was the Austro-Hungarian hegemony throwing its shadow on the Balkans. Great was the alarm at the Consulta. The Ambassadors were questioned. Ready as he was, Tittoni did not hesitate. To the question put to him he gave a reply which is a masterpiece of perspicacity and resolution. As between the alliance and the interests of Italy the Ambassador advised sacrificing the alliance. Just think—the other European powers were still holding back and Italy was then alone. The following is the text of this memorable dispatch, made public by the Ambassador himself in his speech at the Trocadero on June 22, 1916:

The artifices to which the Austro-Hungarian and German Ambassadors are resorting in sticking to the letter of the seventh article have not the least value. The spirit of this article is clear, and for the rest it does not matter what may be the disturbance to the Italo-Austrian equilibrium, which might impair not only the seventh article but the entire treaty of alliance. The day Austria means to disturb, no matter how and to what extent, the balance of power in the Adriatic, *that day the Triple Alliance will have ceased to exist.*

This was written in April, 1913. From that date the crisis begins, and Italy, following the advice of her Ambassador, really ceased to belong to the Triple

Alliance. Here were high resolves giving birth to action. Events now unfolded according to the logic of destiny. The man who had struck the decisive blow at the critical hour was not going to let himself be misled. He knew that the storm would burst in the direction of Serbia. He said so; he repeated it and kept every one on the watch. And when a tragic incident, the murder of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, furnished Austria with the pretext she was looking for, he gave his country in a great flash of insight the supreme counsel. On July 26, 1914, he telegraphed the following brief words, laden with meaning and responsibility:

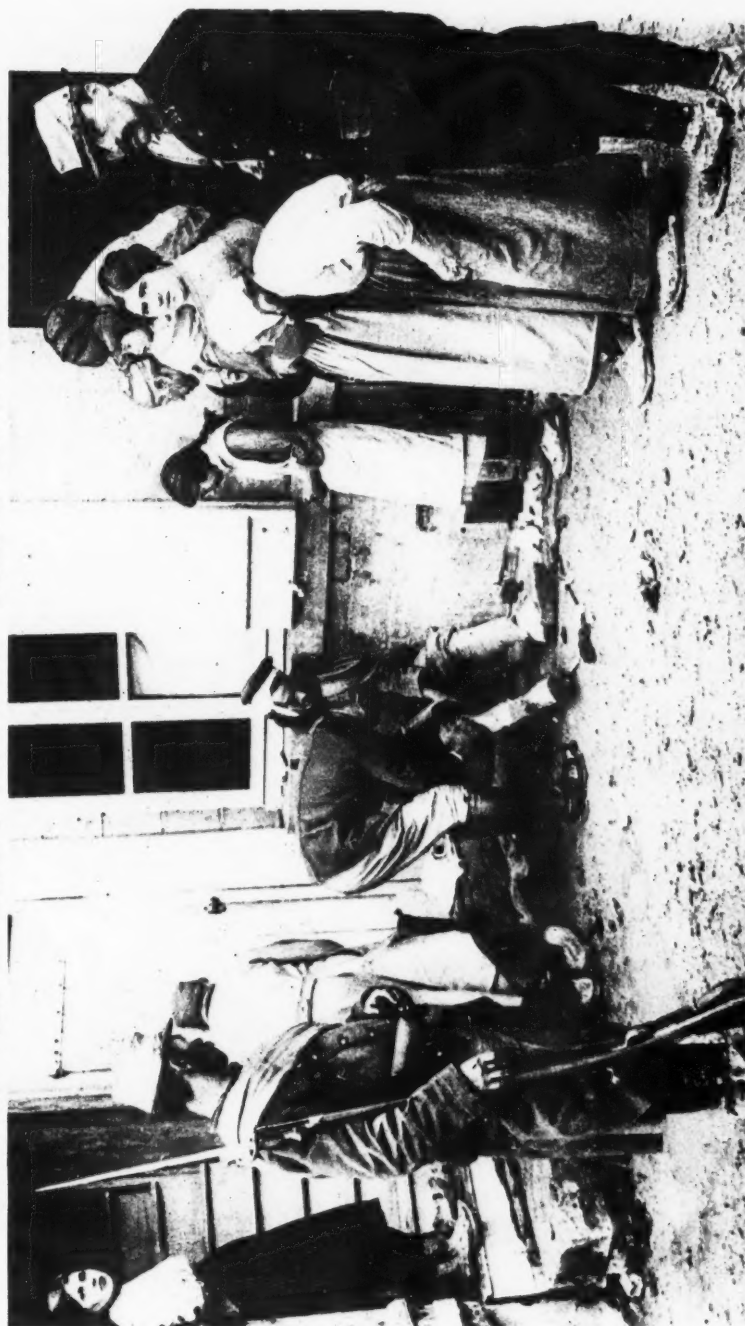
I am of opinion that from duty and loyalty we ought to declare to Berlin and Vienna that the ultimatum presented to Belgrade unknown to us and without being preceded by diplomatic negotiations constitutes on the part of Austria-Hungary a real provocation to war.

Therefore, the compact of the Triple Alliance would no longer be applicable even if Russia took part in the war, (that is to say, in case of general war.) It is necessary to make the declaration at once.

It cannot be said that this diplomat disguises himself. What a pleasure it is to see thus at work these fine minds with the gift of articulate thought! The Ambassador's words were inspired solely by the dignity and interests of Italy. They were in conformity with the ideas of the King and the Government, full of frankness and wisdom even to the members of the Triple Alliance if they had been in a condition to understand and listen to them. They bore first the seed of Italy's neutrality, then of her participation in the war, and finally of her declaration of war against Germany.

It could not escape the penetration of the Italian statesmen that Austro-Hungarian ambitions are only substitutes for German ambitions. Because Prussia wishes to stand alone in Germany she throws Austria back toward the Slav world. It is Germany that laid the trap in which Italy would have been caught if she had not known how to break through it. It is Germany that wants Trieste. Austria is only the tool. Sufficient allowance is not made for Pan-

BINDING THE ENEMY'S WOUNDS: SCENE ON A FRENCH FARM



This Eloquent Picture Almost Tells Its Own Story in the Faces and Attitudes of the People. A Wounded German Prisoner Has Been Brought in for First Aid.

(Root Newspaper Association.)

TENDING THE WOUNDED WITHIN SIGHT OF THE GUNS



An Official Crown Copyright Photograph of a British Red Cross Ambulance Corps Collecting and Caring for the Wounded Just Behind the Battle Line in France.

(Central News Photo Service.)

Germanism. German hegemony had Balkan and Mediterranean ambitions just as it had worldwide ambitions.

No longer is any compromise possible with Germany. She must submit to the general will of Europe since she has refused to be a "good European." The Bismarckian system has fallen; and now the proud militarism of Wilhelm II. must be destroyed; it must be torn up by the

roots. When the time comes I count on Tittoni being a careful gardener in the garden of victory—*maturae vinitor uvae*, (gatherer of the ripe grapes.) Thus a short, brief phase in the life of one man will have seen the gravest problems raised and solved. There is not a line in the speeches published by Signor Tittoni that does not merit thoughtful reading.

[ITALIAN SEMI-OFFICIAL STATEMENT]

The Responsibility for the War

TOMMASO TITTONI IN NUOVA ANTOLOGIA, ROME

Under the above heading Senator Tommaso Tittoni, late Italian Ambassador to France, has addressed a twenty-page letter to the Director of the Nuova Antologia of Rome. The letter is intended to supplement the speeches of the Ambassador, which are soon to be published in book form. It deals with other questions than the one taken for the heading. Thus, under the subhead of "Problems After the War" Signor Tittoni says he has not embraced the Utopian idea that perpetual peace may be obtained, but he believes the Allies should begin now with measures to ward off a return of the calamity. He urges a postponement of all economic and kindred questions, as a "mentality of war" has been created, which tends to vitiate any plans now laid for peace times. The most important part of his article is devoted to answering semi-official utterances in German and Austrian journals, and to demonstrating that diplomats in those countries were aware that a turning of the Triple Alliance to aggression would bring about its dissolution. It is this portion that is here reproduced.—TRANSLATOR.

IMMEDIATELY after I had read the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia I telegraphed to the late Marquis of San Giuliano, Minister of Foreign Affairs, that the ultimatum constituted a real provocation to war on the part of Austria and that we should at once declare this to Berlin and Vienna, so that they should not count on our co-operation in any case whatsoever. The publication of my telegram (reproduced by Gabriel Hanotaux in his preface) induced two Austrian papers, the *Fremdenblatt* and the *Reichspost*, to draw from it the unexpected conclusion that I was one of the men responsible for the war, because, having communicated my telegram to the French statesmen, (the papers cited have the kindness not to affirm this precisely, but say "in all probability,") I pushed them on and encouraged them to war.

Now, all this is baseless. The French statesmen had no knowledge whatever of my telegram. It was strictly secret and personal for Minister San Giuliano. If I had communicated it to the French Gov-

ernment before knowing to a certainty the decision of the Italian Government, I should have failed in my duty to the country I represented. It is easy to prove, moreover, that the communication of my telegram to the French Government may not be considered "probable," as the Austrian papers pretend, but must be absolutely excluded as impossible. * * *

My telegram was sent with an intention exactly the opposite of the one attributed to me by the Austrian journalists. Not only did I never think of exciting France to war, but I hoped confidently that the declaration I was advising the Marquis of San Giuliano to make to Berlin and Vienna at once, without losing a minute, might inspire milder counsels and have the effect of preserving peace. I saw, behind the ultimatum itself, the pretext, badly chosen and more badly shaped, for war. I hoped that our categorical refusal to participate in it, delivered in time at Berlin and Vienna, could hold back the men in power in those

capitals from the fatal slope to which they had rushed.

Declarations of Sazonoff

The Pester Lloyd, like the Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, finds it awkward and difficult to meet my documented demonstration of the responsibility for the war. So what does it do? It gets rid of it en bloc by saying that my arguments are useless and superfluous after the statements of Mr. Sazonoff. But it does not seem to me that there is anything incriminating in the interview that Mr. Sazonoff gave to the Russkoe Slovo, anything that would justify the Norddeutsche in saying that "Mr. Sazonoff has swept away, with a brutal gesture, the cobweb tissue of my reasoning." Here is the passage of Sazonoff's to which the Norddeutsche refers:

Herr Bethmann Hollweg maintains that France and Russia would never have dared to accept the challenge of Germany if they had not been sure of the support of England. But the real political situation was the following, even if the Chancellor will not admit it: In reality, France and Russia, notwithstanding their profound love for peace and their sincere efforts to avoid bloodshed, had decided to break the pride of Germany at any price and to make her stop, once for all, treading on the toes of her neighbors.

Read and reread this passage as much as you will, you cannot find in it the proposal to commit aggression that the Norddeutsche denounces. Sazonoff meant and said that even without the aid of England, France and Russia were decided on a resistance of Germany's bullying and aggression. In short, he did no more than repeat the determination that surged up unanimously in Russia, when, in March, 1909, that country had to accede to Germany's intimation, and sanction at once the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, renouncing every guarantee; renouncing, also, the conference which was about to take place—for during those days I had (as Minister of Foreign Affairs) proposed it again in terms that suited Austria as well as the other powers. Russia, while yielding to German arrogance, promised herself that it was to be the last time. Sazonoff did no more than interpret that proposition, and so he said nothing that was not already known to all before the war.

If this was not known by the German and Austrian statesmen who provoked the war, let us not be surprised, for they have shown how to be ignorant of too many things already.

Austria and My Speeches

It will be noticed that of the German and Austrian papers which took up my speech at the Sorbonne, not one has tried to adduce facts and proofs to refute what was affirmed and documented by me as to the responsibility for the war. This attempt was made, after a noteworthy delay, on July 16, 1916, by the Neue Freie Presse. My severe but measured and correct language was answered by the Viennese journal with an explosion of insults, ("Lies—mendacity—cynically contrary to the truth, &c.")

In the beginning of the article in the Viennese paper we find the following passages a short distance apart: "Tittoni says that Austria was continually recurring to mobilization. This is false." And a little further on we read: "Besides, the successive mobilizations of Austria-Hungary are proof that she was taking a defensive measure, feeling herself menaced at every moment by Russo-Serbian intrigues." So the question is, Did Austria have her blessed mobilizations, or did she not? It is rather a difficult task to get a consistent statement out of the Neue Freie Presse. The truth is that Austria mobilized every time a leaf rustled and that her mobilization imperiled the peace of Europe.

Faithful to my system of proving by evidence whatever I affirm, and not offering any testimony but that of my adversaries themselves—against whom there can be no charge of partiality or other suspicious circumstances—I will recall what the Hamburger Nachrichten published on March 17, 1909: "The armament and expenses for mobilization of Austria-Hungary have reached such a height that she can scarcely make war any longer!"

San Giuliano's Statements

It is affirmed in continuation that "the Marquis of San Giuliano admitted, in the Summer of 1914, to the Ambassador of

Austria-Hungary at Rome, that the proofs contained in the memorandum of the Austro-Hungarian Government gave him much solicitude, and that the Secretary General of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, under the profound impression of the annexes to the note to Serbia, expressly recognized the defensive character of Austria-Hungary's action, and that he asked and obtained from the Marquis of San Giuliano the latter's authorization to tell Herr von Mery that he considered the refusal of the Italian Government to fulfill its duties as an ally unjustified and mistaken."

The attitude of the Marquis of San Giuliano cannot have been that which Ambassador von Mery attributes to him in the documents published in the Austrian Red Book. The Austro-Hungarian Ambassador has related his conversation with our Minister of Foreign Affairs with the same inexactitude as his colleague in London, Count Mensdorf, in relating his conversation with Sir Edward Grey. The attitude of the Marquis of San Giuliano is seen in the telegram he sent to the royal (Italian) Ambassadors in foreign countries, in which he says that Ambassador Mery, on presenting him with the text of the ultimatum to Serbia, asked neither his support nor his opinion, and that he had therefore no comment to make. Outside of this, the Marquis of San Giuliano could not have placed himself in opposition to the President of the Council, Signor Salandra, who declared on the same day to the German Ambassador, Flotow, that Italy had no obligation to intervene if, on account of Austria's aggression, Germany were to get into war with Russia—a declaration which, moreover, San Giuliano himself repeated to Baron Flotow after the German intimation to St. Petersburg.

As to the distinguished Secretary General of our Ministry of Foreign Affairs, I have several times had the opportunity to discuss the matter with him. I shall not stop with the last part of the declarations attributed to him. That is so ridiculous and so much in contradiction of all diplomatic documents that the denial he made of it would seem superfluous. How

can any one suppose that the Marquis of San Giuliano, while strenuously maintaining toward our allies the position that we were neutral according to the letter and spirit of the alliance, should authorize the Secretary General to say precisely the reverse? Such fantastic inventions transport us from the field of reality to that of fable. As to the first part, Commendatore de Martino always said to me that he observed to Herr von Mery that it was strange that little Serbia could menace, as the ultimatum affirms, nothing less than the integrity of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy; and this ironical phrase was transformed by Herr von Mery into an affirmation favorable to his contention.

Count Tisza and Metternich

In spite of the publication of the Green Book and the exhaustive speeches of Ministers Salandra and Sonnino, the *Neue Freie Presse* returns to Italy's efforts for territorial concessions. It seems to me useless to return to this point after the declarations made by Count Tisza to the Hungarian Parliament on Aug. 23, declarations as to which the Deputy Rakowski regretted that the censor had permitted the publication. Count Tisza rejoiced over the fact that these efforts had made Italy lose time and delayed her intervention until after the victory of Gorlice, so that Austria was able to strip the Serbian frontier and gather sufficient forces to parry the attack of Italy.

The words of Count Tisza recall the tactics followed in 1813 by Metternich against Napoleon. Metternich conceived the plan of offering to France a systematization of territory which he was determined not to maintain, and which he well knew that Napoleon could not accept; and of continually varying these offers, of prolonging the discussion of them, to lose as much time as possible, so that Austria might finish arming herself. Once this was accomplished, his plan was to interrupt relations with France, and, together with Prussia, (the secret participant of Metternich's plan, and bound to it,) join with Russia in crushing France through their united strength. The instructions to the nego-

tiators ran thus: "Proceed with ability and circumspection, feign loyalty to France, keep her in full confidence, do not refuse directly any new demand she makes, but feed her with vain hopes." The success of Metternich was complete and had its epilogue at Fontainebleau. Count Tisza and Count Berchtold have been less fortunate than Metternich.

The Neue Freie Presse abandons the assassination at Serajevo as the reason for the ultimatum to Serbia, and accepts completely the position of Count von Jagow that this was nothing more than a pretext for provoking to war the powers of the Entente, which were making life intolerable for Austria-Hungary. I have placed on record this precious con-

fession, which, since it abandons the assassination of Serajevo as the reason for the war, belies the ultimatum. The view of von Jagow as to the systematic hostility of the Entente Powers toward Austria, then, seems to be accepted. But this thesis was refuted in my speech at the Sorbonne in so efficacious a manner that up to now no one has been able to oppose my refutation.

[From further extracts from the official article in the Neue Freie Presse Signor Tittoni deduces further proof of Austria's responsibility for the war, and concludes his letter with the prophecy, contained in one of his speeches, that Austria would herself be the victim of the forces she set in motion.]

Sèvres Porcelain Work in War Time

A Paris correspondent gives this interesting glimpse of the war work at Sèvres:

The arts are all now the handmaidens of war. For the first time in its history since the days of Mme. de Pompadour, when the factory was started though not in its present building, the famous porcelain works of Sèvres have undertaken war work. The Sèvres museum of porcelain is still there, and the most valuable pieces, which had been sent away to a safer place in the south at the time when invasion seemed to threaten Paris, have all been brought back. One can still admire the wonderful eighteenth-century Sèvres, the famous biscuit statuettes, so delicate that one can scarcely breathe on them—much less dust them; one can be interested and amused by the Sèvres porcelain of the Restoration and Louis Philippe; one can admire some of the modern Sèvres and deplore a good deal of it. But all the rest of the Sèvres porcelain works has put art on one side and thinks only of war.

No men of military age, of course, are left in the factory. It was stirring, and a little tragic, to watch the others—artists, designers, foremen, workmen—every one of them an artist in his way and in his sphere, but now thinking solely of what Sèvres can do to defend France. Every one of them, from original artist to skilled artisan, now thinks only of fashioning and baking huge pots in which are treated acids essential to the making of high explosives. I saw all, from the director down to the aged artist foreman, retired, but returned to the works, bent only on this war work. New huge furnaces had been built.

The old furnaces, which turned out delicate porcelain, now produce huge crucibles in which nitric acid is condensed. They are of strange shapes—some immense fat jars, with round paunches and four or five mouths, others great pipes six feet high. Sèvres has made these indirect engines of war with all its old conscientiousness and traditions of a century and a half, and the texture of the earthenware of which these giant retorts are made is beautifully pleasant to the touch. Some of the immense war jars are also agreeable to the eye, and tinted a very pleasant pink; all are finished by hand, and the skilled artisan, bereft for the duration of the war of his occupation, can at least give himself some pleasure in smoothing the surface of a monster crucible. The director has had a few small models made, which will be sought after as garden pots.

Indeed, in after years the war earthenware of Sèvres may quite likely fetch fancy prices among collectors. Sèvres has proudly stamped each piece with a newly invented war mark—the drawing of a .75 gun wreathed in laurel, and with the Sèvres trade mark. This war trade mark of Sèvres may be worth any money some years hence.

Liebknecht's Arraignment of Germany

Dr. Karl Liebknecht, the radical Socialist leader of the Reichstag, who was sentenced on June 28 to thirty months' penal servitude and dismissal from the army for high treason, submitted the following paper to the Reichstag Committee during his trial. The text recently reached the outside world through the Zurich Socialist paper, Volksrecht:

TO the Royal Council of War in Berlin: At the hearing of the inquiry into my case, I want to lay stress on the following points:

1. The German Government, as it is at present constituted, is only an instrument for the oppression and the exploitation of the working classes, both inwardly and outwardly. It serves the interests of the junkers, of capitalism, and of imperialism. It is the unscrupulous representative of the policy of conquest, and by reason of its armaments it has been the principal instrument in bringing about the present war.

The Government has prepared this war in agreement with the Austrian Government, so that it bears the chief responsibility. It brought about the war by leading into error the bulk of the nation and even the Reichstag. [Refer to the terms in which the ultimatum was addressed to Belgium and the manner in which the German White Book was drawn up, also the suppression of the Czar's telegram of July 29, 1914, &c.] It acted thus in order to maintain the masses of the people at the desired level.

The Government has carried on the war in accordance with methods which are even incompatible with everything which has been done hitherto—the violation of Belgium and Luxemburg; the use of poison gases, which were subsequently used by the other belligerents; there were Zeppelin bombs, which killed both combatants and noncombatants, a submarine war on commerce, the torpedoing of the Lusitania, &c.; pillage and extortion of tribute, beginning with Belgium; the internment and imprison-

ment of the population of the eastern provinces; various devices for forcing prisoners to work against their own country, by spying for the Central Powers, thereby committing an act of high treason; contracts arranged between Zimmermann and Sir Roger Casement in December, 1915, for the formation of armed units of English prisoners of war, for the purpose of forming the Irish brigade. Besides these, other attempts must be mentioned, which were made among the foreigners in concentration camps in Germany, threatening them with internment unless they betrayed their own countries and placed themselves at Germany's disposal.

In proclaiming the state of siege the Government had recourse to political proceedings totally devoid of all scruples, and it increased its demands on the working classes further by its organization of the food question. During the war everything has been done with an eye to the wishes and demands of the agrarians and capitalists, at the expense of the masses of the people. Even today it is thought that the aims of the war must comprehend the conquest of territories, and these desires for annexation form the greatest obstacle in the way of the conclusion of peace.

The password of all true Socialists ought to be this: "Down with the Government!"

2. The present war is not a war of defense or a war waged for the liberation of oppressed peoples. From the proletariat's point of view, it merely signifies a concentration and an accumulation of political oppression and military sacrifices, increasing the misery of the working classes to the profit of the capitalist and to the profit of absolutism.

For the German working class there can be no thought of its ever coming to terms with leaders animated by such ideas, and I shall pursue the struggle against them with all my strength.

KARL LIEBKNECHT.

Germany's Promise to Poland

Proclamation by the Central Powers Promising Autonomy to Conquered Provinces

A MANIFESTO was proclaimed officially on Nov. 4 by the Central Powers at Warsaw and Lublin, in Russian Poland, promising autonomy to the conquered Polish provinces under the name of the Kingdom of Poland. The proclamation follows:

His Majesty the German Emperor and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria and Apostolic King of Hungary, inspired by firm confidence in a final victory of their arms and prompted by a desire to lead the districts conquered by their armies under heavy sacrifices from Russian domination toward a happy future, have agreed to form of these districts a national State with a hereditary monarchy and a constitutional Government. The exact frontiers of the Kingdom of Poland shall be outlined later.

The new kingdom will receive the guarantees needed for the free development of its own forces by its intimate relations with both powers. The glorious traditions of the ancient Polish armies and the memory of the brave comradeship in the great war of our days shall revive in a national army. The organization, instruction, and command of this army shall be arranged by common agreement.

The allied monarchs express the confident hope that Polish wishes for the evolution of a Polish State and for the national development of a Polish kingdom shall now be fulfilled, taking due consideration of the general political conditions prevailing in Europe and of the welfare and the safety of their own countries and nations.

The great realm which the western neighbors of the Kingdom of Poland shall have on their eastern frontier shall be a free and happy State enjoying its own national life, and they shall welcome with joy the birth and prosperous development of this State.

The manifesto was read in Warsaw at noon, Nov. 5, in the Royal Palace, by Governor General von Beseler to the assembled Polish representatives. A Berlin dispatch describes the scene in these words:

The ceremony was short and simple. Precisely at noon General von Beseler, wearing the decorations granted for the reduction of Antwerp and the Polish fortresses, mounted the dais in the gala ballroom of the old Jagellonian Castle, and in the name of Germany's sovereign read the imperial manifesto in ringing, soldierly tones. When he ceased,

the Polish Count, Hutten-Czapski, the Palace Commandant, read from a leather-bound pamphlet to the Polish notables a translation of the manifesto in their own language.

Then came cheers from the hitherto silent crowd—cheers for Poland, Emperor William, Emperor Francis Joseph, for Germany and for the Germans and for General von Beseler. President Brudzinski of the recently elected City Council, who is rector of the University of Warsaw, advanced before the dais and in the Polish tongue gave thanks for the imperial decree. He said that the determination of the Poles would be found worthy of the liberties conferred and asked that, as the first step toward the formation of the Government, a Regent be appointed for the kingdom, since the time was not ripe for the nomination of the hereditary sovereign promised in the manifesto. President Brudzinski, who was in plain civilian attire, without decorations, seemed to represent the spirit not of the ancient Poland and the Polish chivalry but of modern intellectual Poland.

General von Beseler replied that in the midst of the world war had come the moment of fulfillment of the long-cherished Polish wish for re-establishment of the Polish Kingdom.

"Doubts as to the future," he said, "can find no place in Polish hearts. It will be our task, shoulder to shoulder with the residents of Poland, to carry the war to a victorious conclusion and to heal the wounds of the war. Take places at our side in confidence which we repay by the magnanimous decision of the Austro-German monarchs, who place their seals on the plans for the unity of Poland. We hope that soon a Polish army will be fighting on our side in token of the sentiment for development of the new kingdom. May all good fortune attend the Kingdom of Poland."

In the assemblage were the members of the new City Council, delegates from the university, the Faculties of the academies of science and arts, members of the Roman Catholic clergy, headed by the Archbishop in the brilliant robe of a Cardinal, which he was entitled to wear as primate of the Polish Church; the bearded Chief Rabbi and Jewish subordinates; leading representatives of the old Polish aristocracy, headed by Prince Lubomirsky and Prince Radziwill; a student deputation with banners, forming a guard of honor around the dais, and a little group of veterans of the insurrection of 1863. Mingled with the Austrian and German officers was a detachment of officers of the Polish Legion in gray field uniforms.



MAP OF RUSSIAN POLAND, WHICH HAS BEEN PROMISED AUTONOMY BY BOTH RUSSIA AND GERMANY; ALSO MAP OF GERMAN AND AUSTRIAN PORTIONS OF THE ORIGINAL POLAND

The ceremony at Lublin took place in the palace of the Governor General, in the presence of the clergy, deputies from Polish associations, and prominent civilians. The Governor General, when he concluded the reading, declared: "The allied monarchs thus most solemnly guarantee the re-establishment of the Kingdom of Poland. This fact cannot be any more overturned."

He concluded with a cheer for Poland in the Polish language. At the same time the Polish flag was hoisted and the Austro-Hungarian troops rendered honors to it while the band played the national

anthem amid the shouts of an immense crowd before the palace. Two aeroplanes dropped a large number of Polish banners, and the Polish flag was hoisted beside the Austro-Hungarian colors on all public buildings.

Austria-Hungary has indorsed the German promise to Poland in a letter sent by Emperor Francis Joseph to the Austrian Premier, Ernst von Koerber, the text of which is as follows:

In accordance with my agreement with his Majesty the German Emperor, a national State with a hereditary monarchy and a constitutional Government will be formed of the Polish districts conquered by our brave

armies from Russian domination. On this occasion are remembered with deep emotion the many evidences of devotion and faith during my reign on the part of the land of Galicia and likewise of the great and heavy sacrifices which this land, while exposed to violent hostile attack, had to make for the victorious defense of the eastern frontiers of my realm, sacrifices which give Galicia everlasting title to my warmest paternal care.

It is therefore my will, at the moment when the new State comes into existence, to grant in connection with this evolution the right to the land of Galicia to settle public affairs autonomously so far as is consistent with the fact that Galicia forms part of our Commonwealth and so far as is consistent with the welfare of that land; and thus to offer to the population of Galicia a guarantee of national and economic development.

In notifying you of my purpose in this connection I request you to elaborate projects suitable for its legal realization and to place them before me.

A German statesman is quoted by THE NEW YORK TIMES correspondent at Berlin as stating that, while the autonomous State will not be set up until peace is restored, the promise is to be regarded as "a solemn and irrevocable guarantee." He stated that the question as to who will be King will also be settled after the war. He added these significant words: "The organization of a national Polish army will also be deferred until peace is restored; but this does not preclude the possibility that volunteer Polish armies will be seen fighting in the present war in defense of the promised autonomous Polish State."

This hint was followed three days later—on Nov. 10—by another proclamation, signed by Governor General von Beseler and General Kuk, and published in Warsaw and Lublin, in these terms:

The rulers of the allied powers of Austria-Hungary and Germany have given notification of their resolution to form of the Polish territory delivered from Russian tyranny the new autonomous Kingdom of Poland. Your most ardent desire, entertained in vain for more than a century, is thus fulfilled.

The importance and danger of this war-time and regard for our armies standing before the enemy oblige us for the present to keep the administration of your new State still in our hands. Readily, however, we will give, with your aid, to the new Poland by

degrees those public institutions which guarantee her consolidation, development, and safety. Of these the Polish Army is the most important.

The struggle with Russia is not yet terminated. You desire to join in it. Therefore, step to our side as volunteers in order to help complete our victories over your oppressor. Bravely and with high distinction your brothers of the Polish Legion fought on our side. Rival that in the new bodies of troops, which, together with the legions, shall form the Polish Army that will consolidate your new State and guarantee its interior and exterior security.

You shall protect your country under your own colors and flags, cherished by you above all. We know your courage and your ardent patriotism and call you to arms at our side. Rise, valiant men, and follow the example set by the brave Polish Legion, and in common work with the German and Austro-Hungarian armies and lay the foundation for a Polish Army, reviving the glorious traditions of your war history by the faith and bravery of your warriors.

The Polish manifesto of the Central Powers is regarded with suspicion and dissatisfaction by the majority of Poles in the United States, and is generally looked upon by neutrals as a diplomatic move to secure further recruits. N. L. Piotrowski, whose article on "Poles Under German Rule" appears in the following pages, apparently utters the thought of the majority of Poles when he says that Germany and Austria hope to raise 500,000 more troops by this move. "What we want," he says, "is a united Poland—Russian, German, and Austrian." Other distinguished Poles express the same conviction. Maximilian Harden, the noted German editor of *Die Zukunft*, in his issue of Nov. 11, 1916, discredits the proclamation and says that it is valueless because the Chancellor has not signed it officially—that it is not a legal obligation upon the German Federated Governments.

In this connection it should be recorded that on Oct. 17 President Wilson announced that the efforts to relieve the distress in Poland by sending supplies from this country had failed through the inability of the warring powers to agree upon any plan that would prove acceptable.

Poles Under German Rule

By N. L. Piotrowski

An American citizen born in Poland and former City Attorney of Chicago

Mr. Piotrowski spent seven months in Europe last year studying wartime conditions in all three sections of Poland.

GERMAN POLAND consists of three provinces—the Grand Duchy of Posen, which is known as the cradle of Poland, having a population of 2,150,000, and East and West Prussia, having about 4,000,000 people. These three provinces were annexed to the Kingdom of Prussia when Poland was dismembered by Prussia, Russia, and Austria. Silesia, which was lost to Poland in the fourteenth century, has also a large Polish population. The Poles in the Polish provinces number about 4,000,000.

The hostility between the Germans and the Poles does not merely date from the partition of Poland. The struggle between those two races has been in operation since the dawn of history and is due to the lust of conquest on the part of the Teutons. Since the remotest times the Germans were the greatest peril to the national existence of the Poles. Drang nach Osten! has been Germany's political dogma for centuries. The crime of partitioning Poland was first conceived by Frederick the Great, and the shameless perfidy of his nephew and successor, Frederick William, in his relation to Poland, has no parallel in history. German statesmen and German professors openly avow that the most important task of the German Government is either to Germanize or to exterminate the Poles in the Polish provinces. From Germany's point of view there is no compromise possible between that nation and the Poles.

Former Chancellor Prince von Bülow, in his book, "Imperial Germany," says:

"No concern for the Polish people must hinder us from doing all we can to maintain and strengthen the German nationality in the former Polish provinces. It is the duty and the right of the Government to see that the Germans do not

get driven out of the east of Germany by the Poles. The object is to protect, maintain, and strengthen the German nationality among the Poles. Consequently it is a fight for German nationality. In the struggle between nationalities one nation is the hammer and the other the anvil, one is the victor and the other the vanquished."

In other words, the aim of the German Government is the stamping out of the Polish Nation, and that is what the Poles understand—that between them and the Germans there is a struggle of life and death.

After the consolidation of the German Empire in 1871, although the Poles fought with the greatest bravery and loyalty in the three wars against Denmark, Austria, and France, the Government under the influence of Bismarck began active persecution of the Poles. A policy of severity was adopted and a series of oppressive measures were commenced for their denationalization.

By an arbitrary edict some 40,000 Russian and Austrian Poles who had settled in Prussian Poland were expelled for no other reason than that they were Poles and that Bismarck wanted to get rid of them. No charge of conspiracy or disloyalty was preferred against them. Many of them served in the Prussian Army. One and all were compelled to give up their occupations and to leave their homes with their families. The expulsion was carried on with great severity and without the slightest compassion. But the expulsion of 40,000 Poles did not affect the Polish problem, and today there are more Poles in Germany than before the expulsion.

The Government next tried to Germanize the Polish provinces by colonizing the estates of Polish landowners with German peasants. This scheme failed, partly because many German colonists, having intermarried with the Poles, became

Polonized, and partly because Polish landowners refused to sell their land for such purpose. Many Polish peasants took advantage of the colonization scheme and bought land in small holdings. To prevent the Polish peasants from buying this land a law was enacted prohibiting the erection of any new houses or farm buildings without the consent of the Colonization Commission. To a Pole such permission is never granted. Naturally the Poles regard this law as rank injustice. The Constitution says that all citizens are equal before the law, yet the Poles are treated by the Government as stepchildren are treated by a very bad stepmother.

The hardship of this law may be illustrated by the following incident, which actually occurred: A Pole, having bought a piece of land, wished to build a house on it. The necessary permission having been refused, he managed to erect some sort of a house. Then an officer came with a wrecking crew to demolish it. Exasperated beyond control, the Pole shot the officer, and then, realizing what he had done, he shot himself. Is there any one who would not sympathize with a poor and uneducated peasant who has been forbidden by the Government to build a house on his own land, while his German neighbor on the next parcel is not only allowed to do so, but actually gets the Government to help him?

Owing to this rank injustice and to the agitation among the Poles against this colonization scheme, the commission found it difficult to buy land. In 1907 Chancellor von Bülow had a new law enacted, known as the Polish Expropriation or Dispossession act, to expropriate the Polish landowners in favor of Germans by compulsory purchase of such land as may be desired at prices fixed by the authorities. The land is sold only to Protestant Germans, and cannot be sold back to a Pole. The object in allowing only Protestant and not Catholic Germans to buy the land is to prevent marriages between Germans and Poles, the latter being Catholics. Whenever a German Catholic married a Polish woman, he and his children became Polonized.

Think of the position in which the

Poles are placed. The Government takes the money which the Poles have paid in taxes and uses it for the forcible expulsion of their own countrymen from the land that was theirs for centuries past and colonizes it with strange people of a different religion. It is impossible to realize the hardship that is caused by the operation of this law and the racial and religious antagonism that it creates to the detriment of both Poles and Germans.

But the German Government was not satisfied with these measures. A law was passed which aimed at the extirpation of the Polish language. Polish is strictly excluded from the schools, and only Germans are employed as teachers in the Polish provinces, while Polish teachers are sent to the west of Germany. Little children of six, understanding only Polish, are suddenly plunged into a German school, where they are compelled even to say their prayers in that language. This caused a strike among the children, who refused to say the prayer in German. Many of them were flogged and the parents were fined and imprisoned. Polish schoolmasters are even prohibited to use the Polish language at home in their family circles.

The Polish language is not permitted to be used in courts of law or in public meetings. The Polish names of towns and villages, many of which have historical associations dear to the Polish heart, were changed for German names. The authorities were able to insist even on the Germanizing of Polish family names. No positions in the Government are given to the Poles except to renegades. A Pole has not even a chance to be appointed a chimney sweep.

The attitude of the German Government has been to encourage racial and religious prejudices and to create an economic and social warfare between the Poles and the Germans in the Polish provinces. It has done everything it possibly could to stamp out the Polish nationality. It has forbidden everything that is Polish—Polish language, Polish songs, Polish costumes. It would even forbid to think in Polish if that were

possible. Because of this relentless persecution Germany has never been able to win the confidence and loyalty of the Polish people.

The German Government exercised also its baneful influence over the Russian Government in its relation toward the Poles under Russia's rule. Since the partition of Poland Russia and Prussia were bound by a solidarity of partnership in that great historical crime. It is evident that, in spite of antagonism between those two nations in other matters, in the Polish question the two Governments always agreed, and the German influence over Russia's Polish policy was always very strong.

It is a well-known fact that the Poles in Russia would have been granted autonomy after the war with Japan if the Government had not been prevented from carrying out its purpose through influences that came from Berlin. The German Government did not want to see the Poles in Russia treated better than were the Poles in Germany. It was plainly intimated that any concession granted to the Poles by the Russian Government would be regarded by the Berlin Government as a *casus belli*. There is no disposition to adopt a milder course even at the present time.

While in Europe last year I met, in Vienna, in Cracow, and in Switzerland, many Poles from Prussian Poland as well as from Russian Poland, which is now under German military occupation, and from them I obtained the most authentic information regarding the conditions that exist there and the attitude of the Poles toward the German Government. Their sentiment was voiced by a prominent Pole, whose name I cannot reveal, in the following statement:

"The Poles, as subjects of Germany, have fully performed the obligations imposed upon them by the Government. No ground was given the German military authorities for bloody revenge. With despair in their hearts, but without revolt, more than 600,000 Poles went into the German ranks, together with an equal number of their brothers in the Austrian ranks, against their own countrymen, who are equally compelled to

fight on the Russian side—to shed fraternal blood, not for their own cause but for that of their oppressors.

"This is the greatest sacrifice that a subject people could possibly make and a conquering nation could impose. It is a heartrending tragedy.

"Nevertheless, the sacrifice was made, but there it ended. All the efforts of the German Government to obtain from either the Polish Parliamentary group in Berlin or from the Polish members of the Prussian Diet an expression of loyalty availed nothing.

"On the contrary, the Polish members of the Prussian Diet at the time of the passage of the annual budget entered a solemn protest against the oppressive anti-Polish laws. The Poles in the German Reichstag took the same stand. This attitude of the representative Poles in Berlin expressed the sentiment of the bulk of the Polish people under German rule, from the Baltic to Upper Silesia. Those who have proclaimed their loyalty to the Government can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

"The Polish press in those provinces points to the fact that, although there are 600,000 Poles fighting in the German ranks, the Government not only has failed to repeal any of the oppressive anti-Polish laws, but has not even shown any mitigation in the execution of those laws. In view of that, the Poles in Prussian Poland have assumed a dignified attitude of watchful waiting.

"They are taking no part in the celebrations of German victories, for they well remember that the victories in '70 and '71, in the Franco-Prussian war, brought them only misfortune.

"The Poles in that part of Poland have passed through a hard school of political oppression, but in that school they became hardened and more persevering, and today they form the most energetic part of the nation. Nothing was able to subdue the Polish element in Prussian Poland.

"In spite of the fact that the Government has during the last thirty years spent more than 2,000,000,000 marks to oust the Poles from their native soil; in spite of the fact that the school, the

military, and the civil authorities, and even the clergy, are working day after day, month after month, and year after year to Germanize them, especially the young generation—to drown them in German 'Kultur'—the Poles are growing stronger in the development of their national character and their national aspiration, conscious of their indestructibility as a nation and of their national political future.

"During these tragic days the Poles in Posen are devoting their entire time to relieving the sufferings of their more unfortunate brothers and sisters in Russian and Austrian Poland, waiting and hoping with faith in eternal justice that at the end of this war, over the western lands of Poland, the cradle of the ancient kingdom, will rise the sun of freedom."

A Pole from Russian Poland, discussing the conditions in that country, told me the following:

"The situation of the Poles under German occupation is most desperate, particularly from an economic point of view. The cities of Poland, especially Warsaw and Lodz, the first having a population of 900,000, the second of 500,000, enjoyed before the war great commercial and industrial prosperity. Poland supplied Russia with all kinds of manufactured goods.

"Now the factories are all closed and several million men and women have been for months out of employment. The Germans tell the Poles that there is no need of their factories being opened, as the factories in Germany can supply them with everything. This means ruin to the whole manufacturing industry in Poland, total bankruptcy to thousands who were wealthy before the war and starvation to millions of working people.

"The German authorities want the Polish workmen to go to Germany and seek employment there. But the Poles don't want to leave their homes and their country and go to a strange land, among strange people whose language they do not speak."

From an American correspondent who was in Poland and whom I met in Vienna I have learned that the German Govern-

ment is intentionally bringing about famine to compel the Polish people to emigrate to Germany. They have closed the factories in Lodz, Warsaw, and other industrial cities of Poland, and are interfering with the charities.

According to *Dziennik Poznanski*, a Polish paper published in Posen, (German Poland,) the petition of the Warsaw business men for opening the factories was met with a refusal on the part of the German Governor, von Beseler, who declared that anybody could find employment in Germany.

Under the authority of the German Government the Import Company, Limited, was organized to "import foodstuffs out of Poland into Germany." By an edict the grain and potatoes in Russian Poland had to be turned over to the Import Company. The company buys these cheap from the peasants and sells the flour at extortionate prices to the people in Poland.

In the City Council of Lodz Mr. Winnicki, a Councilor, asked the question: Why the German Import Company, which has the monopoly of buying all the grain in Russian Poland, pays for 100 pounds of rye 7½ rubles, but sells for 23 rubles flour which contains hardly 40 per cent. of rye? In answer to Mr. Winnicki's question Burgomaster Schoppen admitted that an injustice is being done to the people of Lodz, but he could do nothing in the matter, since the prices at which the Import Company bought grain, as well as the prices charged for flour, were fixed by Field Marshal von Hindenburg. The German Import Company has also a monopoly of fuel, tobacco, and cigarettes.

The Berlin Potato Company took over the potatoes requisitioned in Poland and distributed them for the extraction of alcohol for the distilleries of Germany. This alcohol was then reimported into Poland for consumption, while the Polish distilleries were kept in idleness, though they are well equipped to do the work. The forests are being systematically cut down. A special company has been organized for the exploitation of lumber. The Germans have seized the foodstuffs in Poland, withheld their coal, destroyed their industries, and now they are bent

on acquiring their most inalienable asset—their labor.

Life in Poland is being made impossible. Everything is done to make Poland a country without a future and to deepen the atmosphere of despair. The Polish workman who is not in the trenches sees all turning to ruin around him, and fear of the starvation of his wife and children is ever present.

One can hardly realize the far-reaching scheme of the German Government—the destruction of the whole industry of Poland, the financial ruin of the Polish capitalists, and the depopulation of the country. After the war the rich Polish soil is to be bought up by the Germans at their own price and colonized with German settlers. The German press openly advocates the enactment of a law which would permit Germans alone to reap the profits from the sale of land in Poland.

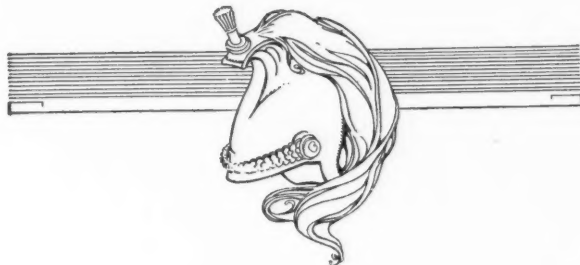
A certain German publicist published a book in which he advocates the scheme that when the new boundary between Germany and Russia is established, the treaty shall provide that Germany is to have the right to colonize a strip of land about ten miles in width, extending the whole length of the boundary line, with German colonists, for whose benefit the native population, the Poles, shall be compelled to evacuate the territory; in lieu of which Russia should agree to give them land in Siberia. A beautiful scheme, worthy of German culture!

It is conceded that the authorities in

Berlin are inclined, at the present time at least, to treat the Poles with some consideration and to give them a certain measure of self-government. In Warsaw the Citizens' Committee, which, under the Presidency of Prince Lubomirski, took charge of affairs when the Russian authorities withdrew, is still running the city. The Germans brag that they permitted a Polish university in Warsaw to be opened. For the last forty years, however, the Polish language has been prohibited to be taught in that part of Poland which is under German rule, and is still prohibited. Should Germany obtain permanent possession of Russian Poland, the Polish university in due course of time would become a thing of the past. There is no difference of opinion among the Poles on that question.

The Poles can hope for nothing from Germany. Only those who are completely blind will trust her. Germany will in these days consent to the opening of a Polish university, or to the appointment of a Polish Archbishop, but if she wins she will resume the Germanization of the Polish provinces with redoubled vigor.

[Since this article was written the cables have announced the collapse of the Polish Legions fighting under Hindenburg. A dispatch from Berne, Switzerland, is responsible for the following details: "After long efforts and coercive pressure, Germany and Austria-Hungary succeeded in enrolling 18,000 Poles. They were divided into six brigades. Four brigades mutinied at the beginning of October, and they were disarmed and imprisoned in the Brest-Litovsk barracks. The remnants of the legion were sent to the interior of Austria, the troops being considered unreliable."—Editor.]



Forcing Belgians to Work in Germany

Governor General von Bissing's Explanation and
Cardinal Mercier's Reply

A CONTROVERSY which bids fair to become as acutely acrimonious as that regarding the original invasion of Belgium has arisen from the action of the German Governor General of Belgium in forcibly deporting many thousands of men to Germany, and there compelling them to work in various industrial establishments.

The first official charges on the subject were issued on Nov. 9 at Havre by Baron Beyens, Belgian Foreign Minister, as follows:

"The German Government is rounding up in large numbers in the towns and villages of occupied Belgium, such as Alost, Ghent, Bruges, Courtrai, and Mons—to name only the first to be victims of the measure—all men fit to bear arms, rich and poor, irrespective of class, whether employed or unemployed. Hunchbacks, cripples, and one-armed men alone are excepted. These men are torn in thousands from their families; 15,000 from Flanders alone are sent God knows where. Whole trainloads are seen going east and south.

"The German authorities seek to justify these deportations by pretending that it is the duty of the occupying power to make, in accordance with The Hague Convention, the necessary regulations to establish public order and public life. They affirm that the unemployed must not fall a charge upon public charities, and that work whereon they are employed has nothing to do with the war. Those who are really responsible for the stagnation and decay of Belgian industry are, according to the Germans, workmen who prefer to live on charity rather than on the proceeds of their labor, and England, who prohibited the importation of raw materials into Belgium.

"Is it necessary to answer that there would be no lack of work in Belgium if the Germans had not made a clean

sweep of raw materials, copper and oil, in the factories, as they will perhaps make a clean sweep tomorrow of all leather belting, which must now be declared in detail; if they had not requisitioned in masses machinery, parts of machinery, and machine tools? If, finally, they had not placed prohibitive duties on metal goods exported to Holland in order to keep them out of the market—the only one remaining open as a competitor for German industry? Is it necessary to add that industries cited by the Germans as having no connection with the war, such as quarries and limekilns, furnish the German Army with materials for concrete wherewith to fortify and consolidate trenches?

"If they desired to use the arms of our workmen to repair and maintain roads, would it be necessary to deport them like cattle instead of employing them in the neighborhood of their homes and families? The truth is that Germany, by these corralings of Belgians, intends to liberate an equal number of German workmen to fill the gaps in her armies."

Many Thousands Exiled

Following this declaration, news came from Amsterdam that 30,000 men had been exiled from Antwerp up to Nov. 10, and that the deportations had provoked a riot at Brussels, in the course of which thirty Germans were killed and wounded, with numerous Belgian casualties. Later reports confirm the news of these deportations, over 5,000 having been sent from Ghent to Germany up to Oct. 26, 5,000 from Salzaete, 5,000 from Oudenard. Similar reports are received respecting other towns throughout Belgium. It is charged that it is the intention of the Germans to deport 400,000 within the next few weeks.

General von Bissing, the Governor General, attempts to explain and justify his action in the following statement:

"By cutting off raw materials England is trying to get Belgian industries into her own hands. England is deliberately striving to get Belgium in her power economically also for use against Germany in the war after this. Belgian business men have told me they feared that in the economic struggle after the war Belgium would have to compete not only against Germany, but also against England, and that Belgian industries must keep in training for competition especially with England.

"The evacuation of Belgian laborers to Germany is not a hardship for either the land or the population. It is a necessity called forth by the war, and at bottom a blessing both for the workers and the nation. To make clear the reasons for my evacuation measure one must go back to Dec. 1, 1914, when I assumed office. At that time I at once recognized the dangers of unemployment in Belgium and began to attack the problem. Through England's ruthless cutting off of Germany, Belgium, too, was involved, and Belgian national economy, which is dependent on the importation of raw materials and the exportation of manufactures, was robbed by the British blockade of its vital condition necessary to life. The result was greatly to increase unemployment, and consequently also the public support of the unemployed, the long duration of the war leading to the misuse and exploitation of public charities and to unstable social conditions. Nothing so demoralizes a man as long idleness, and nothing tends more to weaken a nation than if a large part of it is compelled for years to do nothing.

"I accordingly directed the Belgian communities to give employment to as many as possible on emergency public works—buildings, roads, sewers, &c. This, however, in time resulted in saddling a heavy uneconomic burden of debt on the communities for non-productive public works, the total debts of the Belgian communities having been increased by 364,700,000 francs, mostly unproductive. I had to put on the brakes and limit this emergency work for the unemployed, ordering that in each case

it be ascertained whether it was a necessary or a useless occupation. Thereby the ranks of the unemployed were again increased.

"I also did everything possible to revive Belgian industries, but because the raw material failed it was impossible to bring the Belgian factories to their height of production. England refused to let raw materials in or attached such conditions as to make compliance with them absolutely uneconomic and unacceptable.

"Again and again we tried to get raw materials, even going to the length of sending people to England to see if something could not be done—some arrangement made to save industrial Belgium from economic stagnation and the illness eating into the fabric of the nation. We pledged ourselves not to use the resultant manufactured products, but to export them for 75 per cent. of their value. But England was ruthless and turned a deaf ear to all pleadings on behalf of Belgium."

Lays Blame on England

General von Bissing then discusses the first efforts he made to reduce the idleness; 16,000 were working in wagon factories, but this output he acknowledges was used in part by the German Army. He says 30,000 voluntarily went to Germany to work. He charges that the families of these volunteers were blacklisted by the Allies, and that this checked the voluntary flow. He denies emphatically that any Belgian laborers were compelled to work in war industries. He explains that the process of "evacuation"—he refuses to call it "deportation"—is being made as gentle as possible; the families remaining behind are cared for by German social welfare workers. He says the men receive \$1.90 a day in Germany as against an average of \$1 in Belgium, with better food conditions. In his districts, he says, there are 1,000,000 persons out of a population of 5,500,000 dependent on charity through refusal to work.

Regarding the reasons for evacuating Belgian workers to Germany rather than compelling them to work in Belgium,

General von Bissing explains in conclusion:

"The Belgian industries are entirely dependent on the overseas importation of raw materials, which are now cut off by the British blockade. In addition, England permits exportations from Belgium only to a very small extent and under impossible conditions. The industrial plants are therefore condemned to idleness. On the other hand, the occupied territory has a close economic community with Germany, Germany being the only great nation with which Belgium is able to maintain commercial intercourse. Germany has promulgated no prohibition of payment against Belgium, as is customary against enemy nations, and German money continues to flow into Belgium. Since there are hundreds of thousands of unemployed in Belgium, while there is ample work in Germany, the employment of Belgian idle labor in Germany becomes an economic and social duty.

"Objection has been made to me that by the bringing of numerous workers to Germany the family life of the Belgian laborers is destroyed, to which I could only answer that it is the present conditions that constitute the greatest menace to family life, to which idleness is the worst foe. One who works abroad for his family, as in peace times countless Belgian workers did in France, and hundreds of thousands of Italians in North and South America, contributes more to the happiness of his family than the idler who stays at home. Moreover, the laborers who voluntarily go to Germany continue regular communication with their families and receive vacations to return home at regular intervals—every three months, if they like. They can even take their families along to Germany.

"Tens of thousands of Belgian workers have already voluntarily gone to Germany, where, placed on the same footing as German workers, they earn wages they never received before, and where, instead of living on charity, they are able to prosper again. These wages prove not only a benefit to the individual worker and his family, but also to the Belgian national economy, for they greatly increase the

flow of money from Germany to Belgium. The workers who have grown weary of long enforced idleness have joyfully embraced the opportunity of again employing their productive forces. The number of these productive workers would have been much greater if all sorts of influence had not been at work in Germany. In their own interest we must compel those who hesitate and waver, and when this is necessary it is done in the most humane manner thinkable. If in isolated cases hardships cannot be avoided, those who suffer should thank only those who kept them from work."

Cardinal Mercier Replies

Cardinal Mercier, Primate of Belgium, in behalf of the Belgian Bishops, issued a proclamation of protest on Nov. 7 addressed to the neutral nations and appealing for their aid in opposing the proceeding. His protest is in these terms:

"The military authorities are daily deporting thousands of inoffensive citizens in order to set them to forced labor.

"As early as Oct. 19 we sent a protest to the Governor General, a copy of which was also sent to the representatives in Brussels of the Holy See, Spain, the United States, and the Netherlands. The Governor General, in reply, refused to take any steps.

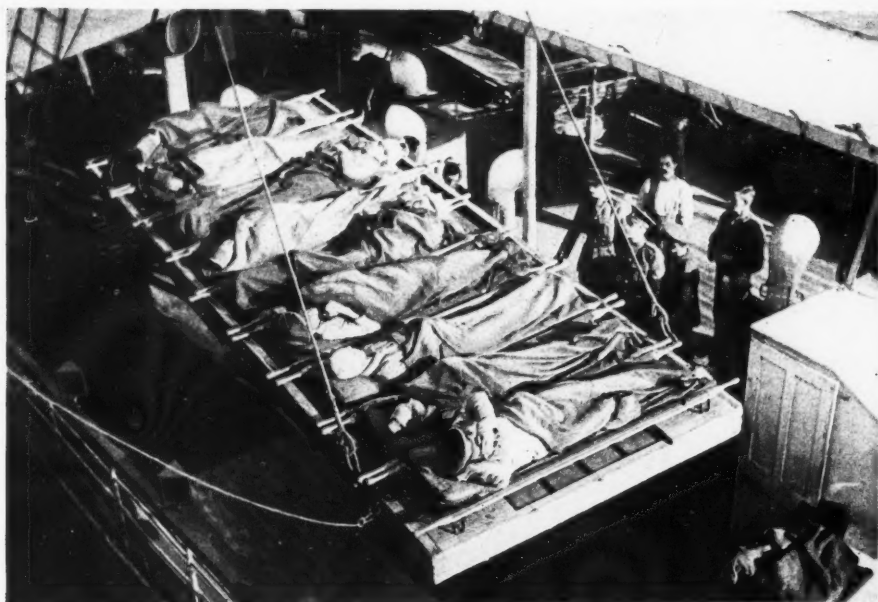
"At that time the ordinances only threatened unemployed men. Today all able-bodied men are carried off pell-mell, penned up in trucks, and deported to unknown destinations, like slave gangs.

"The enemy proceeds by regions. Vague reports have reached us that arrests have been made successively at Tournai, Ghent, and Alost, but we were unaware of the circumstances.

"Between Oct. 24 and the beginning of November the enemy operated in the regions of Mons, Quievrain, St. Ghislain, and Jemappes, from 800 to 1,200 men being rounded up daily. Tomorrow and the following days he intends to fall on the Nivelles Arrondissement.

"A poster orders all males to present themselves at Nivelles on Nov. 8, provided with identification and registration cards. They are permitted to bring

CARRYING THE WOUNDED TO ENGLAND



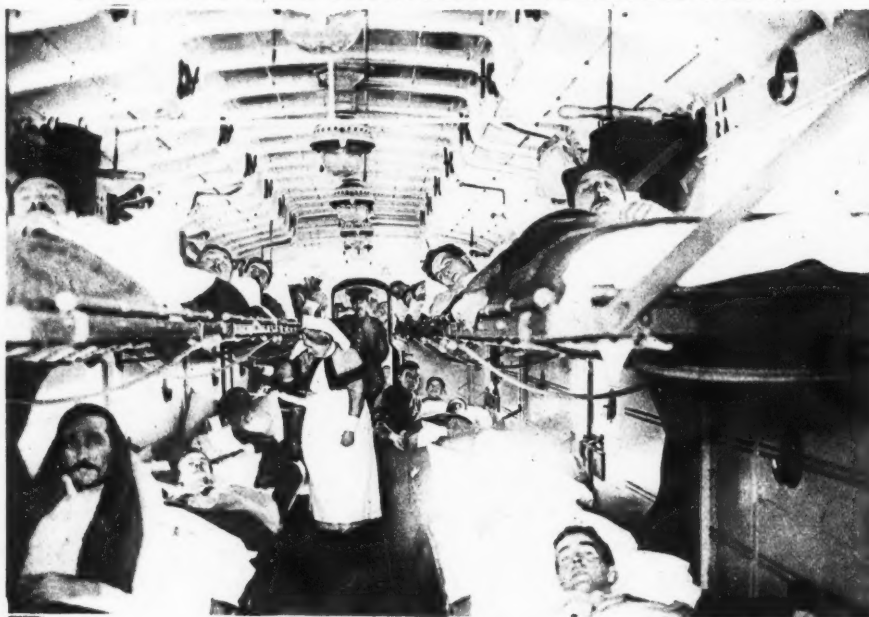
Thousands of the Seriously Injured Are Lowered Thus
From Channel Vessels at Home Ports.



Wounded "Tommies" on Stretchers Waiting to be Placed
on Board the English Hospital Train.

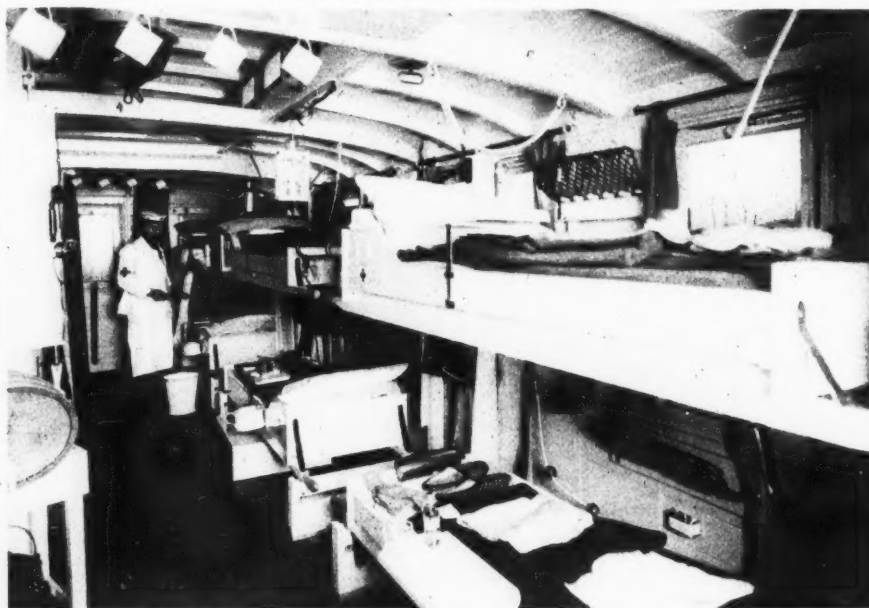
(Photos Underwood & Underwood.)

RAILWAY AMBULANCES—INTERIOR VIEWS



Wounded British Soldiers, With Nurse and Physician, On
British Red Cross Express Train.

(Photo Underwood & Underwood.)



One of the German Hospital Cars, Long Trains of Which
Filled With Sufferers, Run on Both Fronts.

(Photo © Brown & Dawson.)

only a small handbag. Clergymen, doctors, barristers, and schoolmasters are exempt. Burgomasters are held responsible for the execution of the order. There is an interval of twenty-four hours between the posting of the order and deportation.

"Under the pretext of the necessity to carry out public works on Belgian soil, the occupying power had tried to obtain from the communes lists of unemployed workmen, which the majority of the communes proudly refused to give.

"Three decrees of the Governor General paved the way for the blow which was struck us today. The first, issued Aug. 15, 1915, ordered forced labor for the unemployed under pain of imprisonment and a fine, but it stated that it was only a question of work in Belgium. The second, issued May 2, gives the German authorities the right to provide work for the unemployed, any unauthorized person giving work being liable to three years' imprisonment and a fine of 20,000 marks. The third decree, issued May 13, authorized the Governors and military commanders to issue orders for the unemployed to be forcibly taken to places for work.

"It was already a matter of forced labor for Belgium. Today it is no longer a question of forced labor in Belgium, but in Germany for the Germans' benefit.

"At first the Germans tried to give their measures an air of plausibility by alleging that the unemployed people in Belgium were dangerous to public order and a burden to official charity. I replied to Governor von Bissing that he himself knew well that public order was in no way endangered and that the unemployed made no demands on official charity.

"In his answer von Bissing abandoned his previous argument and alleged that, first, the mere fact of widespread unemployment tends to burden finances, and, second, prolongation of unemployment will result in the workers losing their technical skill.

"To this I replied: 'There are other ways of protecting Belgian finances. For

example, spare us the war levies which have reached a total of a milliard of francs, and continue at the rate of 40,000,000 francs monthly; also spare us requisitions in kind, which have already totaled several milliards.

"There are other ways of maintaining the professional skill of workmen. Belgian industry could have been allowed to keep its machines, accessories, raw material, and manufactured products, which have been transferred to Germany.'

"The whole truth is that each deported workman means another soldier for the German Army. He will take the place of a German workman, who will be made a soldier.

"The situation which we denounce to the civilized world may be summed up as follows: Four hundred thousand workmen are reduced to unemployment through no fault of their own, and largely inconvenience the German occupation. Sons, husbands, fathers, respectful of public order, bow to their unhappy lot. With their most pressing needs provided for, they await with dignity the end of their period of trial.

"Now, suddenly, parties of soldiers begin to enter by force these peaceful homes, tearing youth from parent, husband from wife, father from children. They bar with the bayonet the door through which wives and mothers wish to pass to say farewell to those departing. They herd their captives in groups of tens and twenties and push them into cars. As soon as the train is filled the officer in charge brusquely waves the signal for departure. Thus thousands of Belgians are being reduced to slavery.

"The Germans are not only enrolling the unemployed, but they are also recruiting a great number of men who have never been out of work."

The United States Remonstrates

Secretary of State Lansing has directed the American Embassy at Berlin to take up personally with the German Chancellor the matter of the Belgian deportations in an effort to persuade him that they should be stopped. The Embassy is directed to point out that if the deportations are continued they will

leave a most unfavorable impression on neutral public opinion, especially in the United States. This action is informal, not official. A similar course was pursued with reference to the exiling of women from Lille, and it is asserted that in consequence of this informal remonstrance the German authorities have promised that the women will be returned to France. The deportation of Belgians is regarded as a violation of the spirit of that agreement. It is under-

stood that the Pope and the Government of Spain will either protest officially or informally remonstrate.

The question bids fair to become one of the most critical of the war, and, if the remonstrances are unheeded, may arouse several neutral nations from their attitude of passivity regarding the struggle; or, on the other hand, it may result in an international conference, when it will be easy to pass from that question to a discussion of peace proposals.

Slavery in Northern France

[A French War Cartoon]



—Forain in *Paris Figaro*

"Whoever shall try to escape en route will be pitilessly punished."—General von Graevenitz

[A GERMAN COUNTERCHARGE]

Treatment of German Soldiers by the French

CURRENT HISTORY MAGAZINE, as an impartial annalist, publishes from time to time the official charges and countercharges regarding atrocities committed by the various armies. The October issue contained the official report of the almost unbelievable butcheries committed by Turks with German sanction in Armenia, and by Austro-Hungarian troops in Serbia. The report printed below is prepared by a German official from German official documents, and the deductions and comments are those of the German official. The editor of this magazine does not vouch for the accuracy of the charges, nor does he indorse the deductions.—Editor.

THE semi-official North German Gazette of Aug. 31, 1916, contains a report of several columns telling of the inhumanity and brutality with which the French are treating German soldiers who have the misfortune to fall into their hands. The article, obviously emanating from official quarters, starts out by saying that the material which has been gathered by the German authorities treating of infractions of the laws of war and violations of the dictates of humanity is enormous, and the fiendishness on the part of the French which it reveals is almost beyond belief. Thousands of affidavits have been drawn up during the course of the last two years, from which it is alleged that it seems as if assassination of prisoners, systematic murder of unarmed men, bestial mutilation of wounded, infamous insults offered to captives, shameless acts of robbery, &c., were the order of the day.

Germany's reluctance to publish these facts, so the report says, has only been overcome by the fact that the French have shown no hesitation in publishing a mass of charges against the German Army with the purpose of creating a sentiment of revulsion and loathing against the very name of Germany among the credulous public in neutral countries. But Germany considers that now the time has come to show to the world how ill-deserved is the name of champion of humanity to which France is laying claim in every one of her accusations against Germany, while her own sons are committing the vilest atrocities.

A number of cases are then cited in the form customary with the German Army of sworn affidavits duly attested by court officers, whose names are given, while for reasons which may be understood the full names of the informants are withheld.

Private Fritz H. tells of a raid that was undertaken by some eighty men of his troop on a French position; how the party was surrounded by the French and wiped out, with the exception of himself and three other infantrymen. H. had been wounded in the knee and was helpless, and the four men were finally made prisoners. A young French Lieutenant came up, looked at F.'s wound and passed him by. When he came to two of his comrades he shot them, one after the other, placing the muzzle of his revolver on the left side of their breasts. F. stood only two or three yards away while this murder was perpetrated.

Paul G. of the Second Infantry Reserve, by vocation a building engineer, was wounded by a keyholer during an attack between Les Eparges and Présouvaux. While lying prostrate he observed how Moroccans, Zouaves, and Turcos killed off all those of the wounded German soldiers lying around him who were still giving signs of life. They went from one to the other, and the witness describes how his comrades cried out in agony while they were being mercilessly slaughtered and how then it became still. The chief purpose of these French soldiers seemed to him to be spoliation of the corpses.

On Sept. 25, 1915, the French stormed

a trench defended by a company in which Adolf R. was a private. When resistance became useless, the survivors gave up their arms. They had formed a column and were ready to be led away when the French soldiers, upon order of a superior, fired into them. The defenseless men scattered and R., wounded in the leg, fell into a shell crater, from which he observed how the French finished their work with rifle butts and kicks. R. thinks he is the only survivor of that group of some forty captives.

A similar case is related by the eighteen-year-old volunteer, Paul V. Surrounded by the French, his trench had to surrender. When some of the enemy's soldiers were about to shoot and throw hand grenades at the defenseless Germans, they were stopped by what seemed to be a French officer. But another officer, apparently of higher rank, approached, drove the prisoners into a cluster by pointing his pistol at them, and gave orders for his men to fire into them. Most of the twenty men fell dead, while the witness escaped by throwing himself to the ground and feigning death. Another witness, Martin G., acting officer, testifies to the truth of this story, adding that the noncommissioned officer who had intended to treat the captive Germans as the laws of war and humanity demand, was severely rebuked by the second officer, evidently for making the men prisoners instead of killing them.

This refusal of pardon seems to have been systematic and recurs in several of the affidavits, for instance, that of Noncommissioned Officer Oswin L. The circumstances are similar to the preceding case. The Germans were caught in a trench in Champagne. The Sergeant in command put his weapons down, lifted his hands, and asked for pardon, with the result that a Frenchman hurled a grenade at him, wounding him on the head, whereafter he killed him by shooting his revolver off into his mouth. Another heavily wounded German was killed by the French, who fired repeated rifle shots at him. Stretcher bearer Otto B. upholds this account, adding that the Sergeant's request for pardon was replied to by the French calling "nix par-

don!" A third witness observed these events from a distance through his field-glasses.

A particularly revolting case happened on Oct. 6, 1915, near Chapelle Sainte Pudentienne, on the Somme Py-Souain Road. A German artillery position was surprised by Turcos in the morning mist. Having no time to reverse the cannon and being without other arms, the officer in command, First Lieut. W., surrendered with his men. They were surrounded by the Turcos, half of whom leveled their guns at them while the rest went through the pockets and belongings of their captives without any interference from the white officer in their command. Part of the Germans were then lined up opposite the Turcos and shot, all of them—three officers and fourteen men—from a distance of ten yards. Those who were not dead at the first volley were subsequently killed.

Lieutenant Dr. Rudolf I., who miraculously lives to tell the tale, reports how the victims, partly dead, partly still alive, were repeatedly gone over for valuables by several troops of Turcos, the last of whom expressed their disappointment at finding "seulement des journaux" ("only newspapers") in his coat. The most horrible moment came when he had to witness how one of his men, praying in vain for his life, had his eyes gouged out by the black fiends.

This horrible scene is further described in protocols drawn up by the regiment after the ground had been recovered. All valuables were gone, ring fingers cut off, eyes pierced, and other mutilations committed, to judge from their nature, not in order to kill the enemies, but only from instincts of brute bestiality.

Not only were these events observed from a distance by other German army men, but they are also admitted by Tris Welmeden, Second Moroccan Regiment, Second Company, who was made prisoner when the position was recaptured. He was identified as one of the murderers by a survivor, and deposed: "I admit having taken part in the shooting of the German artillerists. Though we saw that the Germans had surrendered, I had to fire, because I received orders

to that effect from my Captain, whose name was Chepeleau."

The last case quoted brings into strong relief the crime committed by France in employing on European battlefields black hordes whose actions are not governed by soldierly reason, but solely by a lust of plunder and savage cruelty. What is, however, more despicable is the fact, that white officers of the French Army not only tolerate but order such acts as those described and that, as hundreds of affidavits show, these acts are by no means confined to the colored auxiliaries of the French, but that such barbarities seem to be equally common among the white

soldiers of the republic. Many of the horrors committed reveal such a depravity as to make them unfit for general publication, though they have been brought to the official knowledge of the neutral Governments, in whose archives they will probably repose until the tables are cleared for a general sifting and probing of charges and countercharges.

Germany feels confident that from such a tribunal she will emerge unsullied and that her enemies will have to answer for many a black deed which could not have happened with the order and discipline governing the German Army.

The Evacuations of Lille

Official German Reply to French Charges

The French Ministry of Foreign Affairs has published a pamphlet, entitled "The Germans at Lille and in the North of France," which embodies the charges raised against Germany of forced deportation of French citizens from the occupied territory and of alleged attending inhumanities. In refutation of these charges the German Government has published in the German press, notably in the semi-official North German Gazette, the following memorandum:

DURING the last ten days of the month of April, 1916, the Supreme Command of the German Army removed to the country some 20,000 inhabitants of the northern French towns of Lille, Roubaix, and Tourcoing. There can be no doubt that the French Government became cognizant of the matter in the shortest time and that the Supreme Army Command soon after these measures were taken got into touch with the representatives of neutral Governments. Moreover, the Gazette des Ardennes undertook from early June to transmit communications from the persons removed to their relatives. In spite of all this, the French Government took no stand whatever in this matter until the end of July, that is to say, three months later, when it made the measures

in question the starting point of a systematic campaign of slander, which was expanded all over the world.

The reception which these calumnies have recently met abroad, particularly in neutral countries, requires that a detailed presentation of the matter be given to the public.

I.

The underlying facts and the course of events are as follows:

In the populous towns of the northern French industrial districts of Lille, Roubaix, and Tourcoing in spite of the praiseworthy care of the Spanish-American Relief Committee the feeding of the inhabitants met with continually increasing difficulties. On account of the scarcity arising from the illegal British blockade, foodstuffs from Germany could be placed at the disposal of the inhabitants of the occupied parts of France only in an insufficient degree. Moreover, the repeated British threats to tighten the blockade made it impossible at the beginning of the year to judge whether and how long England would allow American supplies to enter. In order to safeguard the feeding of the town population in the north of France it thus became necessary for the Supreme Army Command to take drastic measures. In view of the circum-

stance that large portions of the town population were out of work on account of the British blockade, while, on the other hand, owing to their sparse population, the rural districts were suffering from a scarcity of labor, the indicated step to be taken was to transplant a part of the town population into the country.

The town population was asked to take part voluntarily, and in return for pay, in the tilling of the ground and the reaping of the harvest, but without success. The only way that was left open was to compel those to work who were capable of doing so. The town commanders of the three north French towns announced the impending evacuation by means of a proclamation, which was also communicated and explained to the Mayors' offices. In this proclamation the reasons for the measure were stated and it was pointed out that the people were to be removed into the interior of the occupied provinces, far away from the front, where they were to be employed in farmwork, but not in work of a military character, against pay and with their sustenance guaranteed. Each person was permitted to take sixty-six pounds of baggage, and they were advised to get their baggage ready without delay.

The selection of those to be removed had to begin at once, since the failure to obtain volunteers had caused an irretrievable loss of time. The evacuation was a military measure, an action relative to the war, which could not be postponed, because labor was urgently needed to insure the harvest and because the exceptionally favorable April weather required an early Spring cultivation. These were the facts that determined the time chosen for the selection of those to be evacuated. This selection did not begin at 3 o'clock in the morning, as the enemy and neutral press have asserted, but at 5 o'clock, after the population had been given warning in the proclamation not to leave their houses before 6 o'clock. The people were gathered in groups at various places, where, to begin with, food was given them from a large number of field kitchens. Officers had been detailed for making the selection. They inspected the people, examined claims

for exemption, and, with as much regard as possible for their personal and family circumstances, segregated and dismissed to their homes those that they found unavailable for such reasons or otherwise unfit. Delegates of the Red Cross were present at the selection as representatives of the community. As a matter of principle, the removal of young girls was confined to such as were accustomed to stand on their own feet and earn their living by their own work. The necessity to care for the old people was taken into consideration as far as circumstances permitted. In agreement with and on the responsibility of the Mayors' offices families, women, and children were quartered with the rural population. Unmarried men were made to live together in labor colonies.

Although a large proportion of those originally summoned had been dismissed at the time of making up the convoys, after the people had arrived at their new homes another examination was made for the purpose of discovering any unintentional hardships that might have resulted from the initial selection or that might have arisen later from a change of circumstances. On account of this second examination 1,993 people of those removed were sent back.

As regards the purpose of the measure, that is to say, a great utilization of the soil and an increase of the harvest, the removal of the people has proved a success. The majority of them, to conclude from their own statements, are by no means dissatisfied with their position; their reception by the rural population was throughout a friendly one, their food is good and their pay sufficient. Complaints concerning a lack of facilities in communicating with their families have been met by introducing letter forms, by means of which they can exchange news with the people at home. A great number of those removed have declared their readiness to continue their stay even after the present harvest has been gathered and the soil prepared for the new crops.

II.

From the point of view of international law, the measures taken by the military

administration in the occupied territory appear to be justified by Article 43 of the Regulations Respecting the Laws and Customs of War on Land agreed upon by the powers at The Hague Convention. This article says:

The authority of the legitimate power having in fact passed into the hands of the occupant, the latter shall take all the measures in his power to restore, and insure, as far as possible, public order and safety, while respecting, unless absolutely prevented, the laws in force in the country.

It cannot be disputed that to insure the feeding of the population is part of the maintenance of public order and safety. Under the prevailing conditions food for the population could only be secured from the agricultural production of the occupied territory itself. In view of the danger threatening this production, and particularly of the lack of hands required for the farmwork, all means had to be used to prevent distress. The article quoted states that the measures to be taken in such a case are to be decided in accordance with the laws in force in the country. If these make no provision, the occupant is under compulsion and fully justified by the concluding words of the article to supply the lack of legal provision by measures of his own. In the present case the impending danger of distress could not be removed in any other way than by compelling a portion of the population to take part in the farmwork in their own interest. The foregoing presentation of the matter shows that it was a case of emergency and that the measures taken by the military authorities were both needed and effective in attaining their end.

III.

The fact that the French Government came forward with its complaints against the measures of the German military administration only after three months had elapsed proves clearly that it was

not concerned with reducing the alleged suffering of the Northern French population, but that it aimed at arousing sentiments adverse to Germany among its own and neutral peoples. For this purpose it withheld its complaint until the time when it thought some strong stimulant necessary. That time had come at the end of July. The relatively small successes of the Summer offensive, undertaken with a gigantic apparatus and announced with so much noise; the prospect of the third Winter campaign and the impending opening of the French Chamber; finally, the desire to mobilize more neutral countries against the Central Powers, all these evidently were the reasons which then induced our enemies to take their indignation out of cold storage and warm it up to the boiling point. This purpose could never have been effected by a truthful presentation of the actual occurrences. The enemy's propaganda, therefore, had to fall back on the reprehensible, though to them very familiar, means of adding to the facts such sensational inventions as would produce the desired effect. This purpose is served by the assertion that the people were not removed to other places in France, but to Germany, that they were forced to do work in the trenches or munition factories. The climax is reached by Professor Bossi in Genoa, who informed the editors of the *Popolo d'Italia* in a letter of Aug. 26 that the women of Lille had been taken to the country to be used by the German soldiers for immoral purposes.

All these assertions can only be characterized as shameless lies, spread with the intention of dragging the German name and the reputation of the German Army into the mire, of rousing the waning war sentiment in the countries of the Entente, and of inciting the neutral world against us.



The Facts Regarding Louvain

Henri Davignon, Secretary of the Belgian Commission of Inquiry, in this brief letter to The London Times, summarizes the evidence in the case.

IN the interest of truth, permit me to put before you some of the facts relative to the destruction of the town of Louvain, which have been established by Belgian and neutral witnesses, and even by the Germans themselves, in a manner which would prove satisfactory to any court of inquiry: (1) On the evening of Aug. 25, 1914, several parts of the town were set on fire at a given signal. (2) The German soldiers carrying out this work were provided with special apparatus and were commanded by their officers. (3) The Church of St. Pierre was set on fire by the roof, which is much higher than those surrounding it, and in the interior by means of piles of chairs. (4) The "Halles" and the library of the university took fire and burned without any attempt being made to save them. No books could have been saved. (5) The Town Hall was spared because the German military authorities lodged there. (6) The fire in the town destroyed 1,120 houses. It lasted three days, during which time the German authorities forbade any attempts to extinguish it. A number of the inhabitants were shot in the square in front of the station; many of them fled by the Tirlemont, Malines, and Brussels roads; a large number have been taken to Germany in cattle trucks, where they were disgracefully treated. After the fire the pillage of the remaining houses was begun, with the consent and encouragement of the German officers.

The proofs of the above facts will be found in the third Gray Book, recently published by the Belgian Government, of which an English edition is in preparation—"Reponse au Livre Blanc Allemand," (Berger-Levrault, editeur, Paris.) Other evidences collected by the Belgian Commission of Inquiry are published in extenso, notably those given by MM. Leon Dupriez, A. Van Eecke, G. Verriest, Bruylants, and Mgr. Deploige, professors of the University of Louvain. In this same document appears also the pastoral

letter of H. E. Cardinal Mercier, in which the Primate of Belgium asserts on his honor the extent and nature of the damage done, and the collective letter from the Belgian to the German Bishops in which these assertions are repeated. Evidence given by persons belonging to neutral countries confirms all these declarations, notably that by the Dutch Professor Grondijs, the Viennese priest Van den Berghe, and the South American priest Gamarra. Finally, diaries taken from German soldiers, especially from Gaston Klein, (Eleventh Company of Landsturm,) and from a cyclist who began his service at Burg on Aug. 15, 1914, contain very precise information with regard to the burning, the looting, and the destruction of Louvain.

I possess a series of photographs taken at Louvain showing without any doubt the extent of the disaster. As for the cause of it we have the ingenious declaration of the German writer Walter Bloem in the Kölnische Zeitung of Feb. 10, 1915. He writes as follows: "And it is beyond doubt that the destruction by fire of Battice, Herve, Louvain, and Dinant has acted as a warning signal."

I do not know what "consideration for the feelings of our Belgian friends" prompts Miss Hobhouse to give the personal impressions she received in her brief visit to Louvain, under the auspices of the German authority. We have found echoes of these impressions in other descriptions given in America and in Sweden after some rapid excursion managed by the occupying power. We know well how this power endeavors to impress upon its guests the idea that Belgium has suffered much less than is believed. The Germans would make out that the crime of Louvain was an unfortunate catastrophe, and in diminishing the extent of it would try to make us forget where the responsibility lies. If anything could remind us of their own responsibility, it would be this Shakespearean attempt to wash out "this damned spot."

Text of British Reply to American Protest Against Trade Blacklist

Great Britain sent a reply on Oct. 10 to the American note of July 28, in which our Government protested against the British trade blacklist. It defends the blacklist as an entirely legal regulation applied solely to the acts of British subjects. It is signed by Earl Grey of Falldon, the British Foreign Minister, and includes among its grounds of justification the fact that the war is far from ended—that there is “still a long and bitter struggle ahead.” The text of the American note in question appeared in the September CURRENT HISTORY MAGAZINE. The full text of the British note is given below, with Ambassador Page’s forwarding note.

Ambassador W. H. Page to the Secretary of State.

American Embassy, London,
Oct. 12, 1916.

SIR: With reference to the department’s telegram, No. 3,578, of July 26, 1916, 10 P. M., and to my telegram, No. 5,003, of the 11th inst., I have the honor to inclose herewith a printed copy of a note I have received from the Foreign Office concerning the Trading with the Enemy act. I have, &c.,

WALTER HINES PAGE.

The British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to Ambassador W. H. Page.

Foreign Office, Oct. 10, 1916.

Your Excellency: His Majesty’s Government have had under consideration the note which your Excellency was good enough to communicate to me on the 28th July last, with respect to the addition of certain firms in the United States of America to the statutory list compiled and issued in accordance with “the Trading with the Enemy (extension of powers) act, 1915.”

2. You will recall that shortly after this act became law I had the honor, in my note of the 16th February last, in reply to your note of the 26th January, to explain the object of the act. It is a piece of purely municipal legislation, and provides that his Majesty may by proclamation prohibit persons in the United Kingdom from trading with any persons in foreign countries who might be specified in such proclamations or in any subsequent orders. It also imposes appropriate penalties upon persons in the United Kingdom who violate the provisions of this statute.

3. That is all. His Majesty’s Government neither purport nor claim to impose any disabilities or penalties upon neutral individuals or upon neutral commerce. The measure is simply one which enjoins those who owe allegiance to Great Britain to cease having trade relations with persons who are found to be assisting or rendering service to the enemy.

Surprised at Our Stand

4. I can scarcely believe that the United States Government intend to challenge the right of Great Britain as a sovereign State to pass legislation prohibiting all those who owe her allegiance from trading with any specified persons when such prohibition is

found necessary in the public interest. The right to do so is so obvious that I feel sure that the protest which your Excellency handed to me has been founded on a misconception of the scope and intent of the measures which have been taken.

5. This view is strengthened by some of the remarks which are made in the note. It is, for instance, stated that these measures are “inevitably and essentially inconsistent with the rights of the citizens of all nations not involved in war.” The note then proceeds to point out that citizens of the United States are entirely within their rights in attempting to trade with any of the nations now at war. His Majesty’s Government readily admit that the citizens of every neutral nation are free to trade with belligerent countries. The United States Government will no doubt equally readily admit that they do so, subject to the right of the other belligerent to put an end to that trade by every means within his power which is recognized by international law, by such measures, for instance, as the seizure of neutral goods as contraband, or for breach of blockade, &c. The legislation, however, to which exception is taken does not belong to that class of measures. It is purely municipal. It is an exercise of the sovereign right of an independent State over its own citizens and nothing more. This fact has not, I feel sure, been fully realized by the Government of the United States of America, for the note maintains that the Government cannot consent to see these remedies and penalties altered and extended at will in derogation of the right of its citizens; and says that “conspicuous among the principles which the civilized nations of the world have accepted for the safeguarding of the rights of neutrals is the just and honorable principle that neutrals may not be condemned nor their goods confiscated, except upon fair adjudication and after an opportunity to be heard in prize courts or elsewhere.”

No Property Interference

6. As I have said above, the legislation merely prohibits persons in the United Kingdom from trading with certain specified individuals who, by reason of their nationality or their association, are found to support the cause of the enemy, and trading with whom will therefore strengthen that cause.

So far as that legislation is concerned, no rights or property of these specified individuals are interfered with; neither they nor their property are condemned or confiscated; they are as free as they were before to carry on their business. The only disability they suffer is that British subjects are prohibited from giving to them the support and assistance of British credit and British property.

7. The steps which his Majesty's Government are taking under the above-mentioned act are not confined to the United States of America; the policy is being pursued in all neutral countries. Nay, more. With the full consent of the Allied Governments, firms, even in Allied countries, are being placed on the statutory list if they are firms with whom it is necessary to prevent British subjects from trading. These considerations may, perhaps, serve to convince the Government of the United States that the measures now being taken are not directed against neutral trade in general. Still less are they directed against American trade in particular; they are part of the general belligerent operations designed to weaken the enemy's resources.

8. I do not read your note of the 28th July as maintaining that his Majesty's Government are obliged by any rule of international law to give to those who are actively assisting the cause of their enemies, whether they be established in neutral or in enemy territory, the facilities which flow from participation in British commerce. Any such proposition would be so manifestly untenable that there is no reason to refute it. The feelings which, I venture to think, have prompted the note under reply must have been that the measures which we have been obliged to take will be expanded to an extent which will result in their interfering with genuine neutral commerce; perhaps, also, that they are not exclusively designed for belligerent purposes, but are rather an attempt to forward our own trade interests at the expense of neutral commerce, under the cloak of belligerency; and, lastly, that they are, from a military point of view, unnecessary.

May Extend the List

9. Upon these points I am able to give to the Government and people of the United States the fullest assurances. Upon the first point, it is true, as your note says, that the name of a firm may be added to the statutory list of persons with whom British persons may not trade whenever, on account of the enemy association of such firm, it seems expedient to do so. But the Government of the United States can feel confident that this system of prohibitions will not be carried further than is absolutely necessary. It has been forced upon us by the circumstances of the present war. To extend it beyond what is required in order to secure its immediate purpose—the weakening of the resources of our opponents—or to allow it to interfere

with what is really the genuine neutral trade of a country with which we desire to have the closest commercial intercourse, would be contrary to British interests.

The advantage derived from a commercial transaction between a British subject and a foreigner is mutual, and for his Majesty's Government to forbid a British subject to trade with the citizen of any foreign country necessarily entails some diminution of commercial opportunity for that British subject, and therefore some loss both to him and to his country.

Legitimate Trade Untouched

Consequently the United States Government, even if they are willing to ignore the whole tradition and tendency of British policy toward the commerce of other nations, might be confident that self-interest alone would render his Majesty's Government anxious not to place upon the statutory list the name of any firm which carries on a genuine, bona fide neutral trade. If they did so, Great Britain herself would be the loser.

10. As to the second point, there seem to be individuals in the United States and elsewhere whom it is almost impossible to convince that the measures we take are measures against our enemies and not intended merely to foster our own trade at the expense of that of neutral countries. I can only reiterate what has been repeatedly explained before, that his Majesty's Government have no such unworthy object in view. We have, in fact, in all the steps we have taken to prevent British subjects from trading with these specified firms, been most careful to cause the least possible dislocation of neutral trade, as much in our interests as in those of the neutral.

11. I turn now to the question whether the circumstances of the present war are such as to justify resort on the part of his Majesty's Government to this novel expedient.

12. As the United States Government are well aware, the Anglo-American practice has in times past been to treat domicile as the test of enemy character, in contradistinction to the Continental practice, which has always regarded nationality as the test. The Anglo-American rule crystallized at the time when means of transport and communication were less developed than now, and when in consequence the actions of a person established in a distant country could have but little influence upon a struggle.

13. Today the position is very different. The activities of enemy subjects are ubiquitous, and under modern conditions it is easy for them, wherever resident, to remit money to any place where it may be required for the use of their own Government, or to act in other ways calculated to assist its purposes and to damage the interests of the powers with whom it is at war. No elaborate exposition of the situation is required to show that full use has been and is being made of these opportunities.

14. The experience of the war has proved abundantly, as the United States Government will readily admit, that many Germans in neutral countries have done all in their power to help the cause of their own country, and to injure that of the Allies; in fact, it would be no exaggeration to say that German houses abroad have in a large number of cases been used as an integral part of an organization, deliberately conceived and planned as an engine for the furtherance of German political and military ambitions.

It is common knowledge that German business establishments in foreign countries have been not merely centres of German trade, but active agents for the dissemination of German political and social influence, and for the purpose of espionage. In some cases they have even been used as bases of supply for German cruisers, and in other cases as organizers and paymasters of miscreants employed to destroy by foul means factories engaged in making, or ships engaged in carrying, supplies required by the Allies.

Such operations have been carried out in the territory even of the United States itself, and I am bound to observe, what I do not think will be denied, that no adequate action has yet been taken by the Government of the United States to suppress breaches of neutrality of this particularly criminal kind, which I know that they are the first to discountenance and deplore.

15. In the face of enemy activities of this nature it was essential for his Majesty's Government to take steps that should at least deprive interests so strongly hostile of the facilities and advantages of unrestricted trading with British subjects. The public opinion of this country would not have tolerated the prolongation of the war by the continued liberty of British subjects to trade with and so to enrich the firms in foreign countries whose wealth and influence were alike at the service of the enemy.

16. Let me repeat that his Majesty's Government make no such claim to dictate to citizens of the United States, nor to those of any other neutral country, as to the persons with whom they are or are not to trade. They do, however, maintain the right, which in the present crisis is also their duty toward the people of this country and to their allies, to withhold British facilities from those who conduct their trade for the benefit of our enemies. If the value to these firms of British facilities is such as to lead them to prefer to give up their trade with our enemies rather than to run the risk of being deprived of such facilities, his Majesty's Government cannot admit that their acceptance of guarantees to that effect is either arbitrary or incompatible with international law or comity.

17. There is another matter with which I should like to deal.

18. The idea would seem to be prevalent in some quarters that the military position is now such that it is unnecessary for his Ma-

jesty's Government to take any steps which might prejudice, even to a slight extent, the commerce of neutral countries; that the end of the war is in sight, and that nothing which happens in distant neutral countries can affect the ultimate result.

End of War Not in Sight

19. If that were really the position, it is possible that the measures taken by his Majesty's Government might be described as uncalled for, but it is not. We may well wish that it were so. Even though the military situation of the Allies has greatly improved, there is still a long and bitter struggle in front of them, and one which in justice to the principles for which they are fighting imposes upon them the duty of employing every opportunity and every measure which they can legitimately use to overcome their opponents.

20. One observation which is very commonly heard is that certain belligerent acts, even though lawful, are too petty to have any influence upon a struggle of such magnitude. It is, I know, difficult for those who have no immediate contact with war to realize with what painful anxiety men and women in this country must regard even the smallest acts which tend to increase, if only by a hair's breadth, the danger in which their relatives and friends daily stand, or to prolong, if only by a minute, the period during which they are to be exposed to such perils.

21. Whatever inconvenience may be caused to neutral nations by the exercise of belligerent rights, it is not to be compared for an instant to the suffering and loss occasioned to mankind by the prolongation of the war, even for a week.

Barring Use of Ships

22. One other matter should be mentioned, namely, the exclusion from ships using British coal of goods belonging to firms on the statutory list. This is enforced by rendering it a condition of the supply of bunker coal. What legal objection can be taken to this course? It is British coal; why should it be used to transport the goods of those who are actively assisting our enemies? Nor is this the only point. It must be remembered that the German Government by their submarine warfare have sought to diminish the world's tonnage; they have sunk illegally and without warning hundreds of peaceful merchant ships, belonging not only to allied countries but to neutrals as well. Norwegian, Danish, Swedish, Dutch, Spanish, Greek ships have all been sunk. Between June 1 and Sept. 30, 1916, 262 vessels have been sunk by enemy submarines; 73 of these were British, 123 allied, and 66 neutral. These totals included ten British vessels which were sunk without warning and involved the loss of eighty-one lives; two allied, one of which involved the loss of two lives, no information being available as to the other, and three neutral, involving a loss of one life. Even so, the list is incom-

plete. Probably other vessels were sunk without warning and more lives than those enumerated were lost. It may be added that where those on board did escape it was, as a rule, only by taking to open boats.

23. One of the first enterprises to feel the loss of tonnage has been the Commission of Relief in Belgium. Relief ships have themselves been repeatedly sunk, and in spite of all the efforts of his Majesty's Government, in spite of the special facilities given for the supply of coal to ships engaged in the commission's service, that body is constantly unable to import into Belgium the foodstuffs absolutely necessary to preserve the life of the population. Can it then be wondered that the British Government are anxious to limit the supply of British coal in such a way as to reserve it as far as possible to ships genuinely employed in allied or neutral trade?

Recalls Civil War

24. There is, indeed, one preoccupation in regard to this use of coaling advantages by his Majesty's Government which is, no doubt, present in the minds of neutrals, and which I recognize. I refer to the apprehension that the potential control over means of transportation thus possessed by one nation might be used for the disruption of the trade of the world in the selfish interests of that nation.

His Majesty's Government, therefore, take this opportunity to declare that they are not unmindful of the obligations of those who possess sea power, nor of that traditional policy pursued by the British Empire by which such power has been regarded as a trust and has been exercised in the interests

of freedom. They require no representations to recall such considerations to mind, but they cannot admit that, in the circumstances of the times, their present use of their coal resources, a use which only differs in extent from that exercised by the United States in the civil war in the case of vessels proceeding to such ports as Nassau, is obnoxious to their duties or their voluntary professions.

25. In conclusion, I cannot refrain from calling to mind the instructions issued by Lord Russell on July 5, 1862, to the merchants of Liverpool in regard to trade with the Bahamas. His Lordship there advised British subjects that their "true remedy" would be to "refrain from this species of trade" on the ground that "it exposes innocent commerce to vexatious detention and search by American cruisers."

26. His Majesty's Government do not ask the Government of the United States to take any such action as this, but they cannot believe that the United States Government will question their right to lay upon British merchants, in the interests of the safety of the British Empire, for which they are responsible, the same prohibitions as Lord Russell issued fifty years ago out of consideration for the interests and feelings of a foreign nation. Suspensions and insinuations which would construe so simple an action as an opening for secret and unavowed designs on neutral rights should have no place in the relations between two friendly countries.

27. I trust that the explanations contained in this note will destroy such suspicions and correct the erroneous views which prevail in the United States on the subject.

I have, &c., GREY OF FALLODON.

German Dread of English Victory

The semi-official Cologne Gazette quotes with approval the following from an anonymous handsheet issued in Germany:

The majority of our people still have no conception of the consequences which would follow if we were defeated, and defeated by such an enemy as England. It is a dangerous mistake to regard as vain boasting the speeches of English Ministers and Deputies, who, after our overthrow, desire to destroy German "militarism," to blow up Krupp's works, and to banish the Kaiser to St. Helena. "Sink, burn, and destroy" was always England's motto.

For God's sake let us not deceive ourselves about England's determination so to force Germany to her knees that she must accept England's conditions without resistance, and be wiped out forever as a competitor in the world's markets. All classes of the people are united in this resolve, from the First Sea Lord to the humblest dock laborer at Newcastle-on-Tyne. It cannot be too firmly insisted that such a victory for England would mean an irreparable catastrophe for the German Empire. Not only would the German Empire be dissolved, but our people itself would be most seriously threatened with extinction, especially in view of the Russian torrent pouring in from the east. Such an English victory would not only mean the bankruptcy of our industry and our oversea trade, but it would be the ruin of our whole middle class. It would be felt especially by our trading middle class, because such an English victory would totally exclude the possibility of our enemies being made to pay our war costs, and for generations to come our own war burdens would grow enormously. Among our workmen there would be misery which would throw them back eighty years—back to the times when English machine-made yarns drove out German hand-made yarns, and starvation fever carried away thousands, especially in Silesia and Saxony.

Sweden's Fight for Neutrality

WHILE Norway is working out her critical issue with Germany regarding the rights of submarines, Sweden is still in the midst of a hot diplomatic controversy on certain aspects of the Entente blockade. Her proximity to Russia and Germany places her in a far from comfortable position, while the dislocation of sea-borne trade and maritime communications caused by the British blockade of Germany has drawn her into sharp controversy with Great Britain in particular. Sweden has throughout asserted the independence of a sovereign State, refusing to bow to any of the belligerents.

The British Government, determined to prevent Sweden and the other neutral countries of Northern Europe from becoming channels of trade between Germany and the outside world, has seized neutral ships and detained their cargoes in British ports on the suspicion that Swedish importers have been trying to obtain goods, not for Swedish consumption, but on behalf of Germany. The standpoint of the Swedish Government is that Great Britain in trying to cut off supplies from Germany has been inflicting unnecessary hardship on the Swedish people, in spite of the fact that Sweden has taken stringent measures to maintain the strictest neutrality and to prevent the shipment of contraband articles to Germany.

The commodities which have been chiefly affected by British action are coal, copper, brass, tin, and other metals, lubricating oils, automobiles and automobile tires, cotton, corn, wheat, and other grains, fats for margarine, lard, bacon and pork, coffee and cocoa.

The Swedish Government has had its hands full in seeing that its regulations and prohibition orders are not evaded. Among the ingenious plans it has been able to discover in time to circumvent them was one to supply Germany with copper. Large orders were placed in Sweden for copper medals bearing Hindenburg's likeness, for alleged dis-

tribution to the soldiers in the German trenches. Another large order was for solid copper headstones for German graves. The Swedish Government awoke to the fact that the medals and "grave-stones" might find their way into the melting pot, and the orders were not allowed to be filled. It is in the light of such evasions, or attempts at evasion, that the British Government feels justified in permitting only small direct shipments of copper to Swedish manufacturers, and none at all to dealers.

A special phase of the controversy between the Swedish and British Governments concerns the intercepting of parcel mails. At some points the dispute has been particularly acrimonious. At the end of 1915 the British authorities took possession of the parcel mails on board the *Hellig Olav*, and after examination declared that one-third of the parcels contained absolute contraband. A hundred bags of rubber consigned to a Swedish firm were placed before the British prize court on the ground that the rubber was believed to be destined for Germany. Sweden, by way of protest, decided to detain British mails in transit to Russia, whereupon the British Government strongly hinted that it would put an embargo on all Swedish mails. Count Wrangel, the Swedish Minister in London, replying to Sir Edward Grey on Jan. 21, 1916, said that his Government had no reason to suspect that the rubber seized by the British authorities was destined for Germany, and that there could be no enemy destination, since the export of rubber from Sweden was prohibited.

In regard to the Swedish steamer *Stockholm*, outward bound from Gothenburg to New York, from which the British authorities had taken fifty-eight bags of parcel mail from Malmö to Chicago, the Swedish Government refused to recognize any right of interference derived from the British Order in Council of March 11, 1915, as Sweden did not admit the validity of that order. Sweden

was now holding back a large quantity of British parcel mail which should have been sent across to Russia.

For the sake of friendly relations Sir Edward Grey offered to submit to arbitration after the war any prize court decisions with which Sweden was not satisfied. This was followed by a demand for the release of the British mails detained in Sweden, as "it keeps alight a smoldering fire of irritation which may at any moment cause serious difficulties." On June 19, 1916, Sir Edward Grey again demanded the release of the embargoed parcel mails and their dispatch to Russia, and intimated that the British Government would claim damages for the loss caused by their detention during so many months.

Sweden replied that she was prepared to accept the British arbitration proposals, despite their inadequacy, and release the detained parcels, but she reserved to herself the decision as to forwarding further mails to Russia. Sir Edward Grey protested that the refusal to continue the transmission of parcel mails between the United Kingdom and Russia was a violation of the Anglo-Swedish postal agreement. On Aug. 2, 1916, the British Foreign Secretary wrote again pointing out that the arbitration offer held good only so long as Sweden observed the postal agreement in respect to the carriage of mails between the United Kingdom and Russia. At this point the correspondence, issued by the British Foreign Office on Aug. 24, closed, leaving it in doubt as to how the Swedish Government intended to act in regard to the future transmission of British mails to Russia.

German and Russian naval operations in the Baltic have imposed a heavy strain on Sweden. The small but efficient Swedish Navy has been kept busy night and day protecting the territorial waters from infringement. Despite this vigilance, many ships have been sunk or captured by German and Russian submarines and destroyers, and but for the promptitude of the Swedish patrols many more attacks would have been made. If the map is studied it will be seen that it is no small task to police a coastline stretching

from the head of the Gulf of Bothnia to the Cattegat. Nevertheless, the Swedish Navy has done an enormous amount of work in escorting British, Russian, and German merchant ships hugging the coast within the neutral shelter of the three-mile limit.

More than once Swedish warships have prepared for action against belligerent destroyers and submarines which have been waiting to pounce upon a prize in the territorial waters. A British steamer, which was making its way out of the Baltic, was met by a German destroyer. Knowing that he was within the three-mile limit, the British Captain took no notice until the destroyer began to steer between him and the shore so as to force the steamer outside the three-mile limit. The manoeuvre was succeeding when a Swedish torpedo boat, commanded by Prince William, second son of the King of Sweden, came on the scene and saved the British ship. Another British steamer, the *Adam*, was captured by a German destroyer and would not have been released but for Sweden's protest. Similarly, two German steamers, captured by Russian submarines, had to be released on Sweden's declaring that the captures had been made within the three-mile limit. As an additional safeguard against "poaching" the Swedish Navy has laid mines.

Recent Swedish decrees affecting navigation in territorial waters, and particularly in the Baltic, have led to fresh controversy with Great Britain as well as the other Entente Powers. On Aug. 30, 1916, the British Minister at Stockholm protested against the Swedish decree which distinguishes between submarines armed for warfare and so-called commercial submarines, the latter of which were to be able to navigate with impunity beneath Swedish territorial waters, and also against another decree which reserved exclusively for Swedish merchant vessels the route across the mine fields laid in the Kogrund Passage, thereby closing the only route by which non-Swedish merchant ships could pass between the sound and the Baltic, while leaving open in Swedish territorial waters between the Kalmar-Lulea Straits a

route accessible only to Swedish or German ships. The British note concluded:

Sweden has completed the barrier which the Germans had placed between the Allies in the Baltic. To guard against the eventuality of a violation of Swedish waters by Russia, the Royal Government is increasing the surveillance of its coasts, and threatens the immediate use of force. On the other hand, in order to prevent analogous action on the part of Germany, the Royal Government removes all objection to the incursions of the German naval forces into its territorial waters by purely and simply suppressing the commercial traffic which Germany was interested in disturbing.

Thus, there is in the attitude adopted by the Royal Government toward the one and the other of the two belligerent camps a notable difference, and one which seems but little compatible with the demands of a loyal and an impartial neutrality.

The Government of his Britannic Majesty records the fact with keen regret.

The Swedish Government, in its reply, dated Sept. 9, stated that it

cannot enter into a discussion on the sincerity and impartiality of its neutrality, which have been abundantly demonstrated throughout the whole duration of the present war. It would, however, observe that an allegation of this character is not well founded, when it is only based on isolated and imperfectly investigated facts. * * * All submarines are treated as war submarines, unless their employment for commercial purposes is clearly established by evident facts. The observations which have been made can only spring from the fact that the contents of these provisions is not known to you.

When the Swedish Government assures, as it has often done, and still does, for the benefit of the navigation of the allied countries in all Swedish waters, and to the merchant ships of all nationalities, that protection which is their due in Swedish waters by preventing any violation there of the sovereignty of Sweden, it is only safeguarding its neutrality in the war which is considered best adapted to that end.

Further restrictions on the trade of

the neutral countries of Northern Europe, which also affect the United States, were contained in a new British order issued early in September, under which the acceptance by Holland of further consignments of American goods and letters of assurance that American shipments would reach Scandinavia are refused. Lord Robert Cecil, the British Minister of War Trade, however, explained on Sept. 15 that the new restrictions applied only to certain prohibited articles and not to trade in general. The object of the British orders is to prevent the entry of foodstuffs and other commodities into Holland and the Scandinavian countries in quantities exceeding the needs of normal consumption, the theory being that the excess ultimately finds its way into Germany.

Sweden's attitude was defined by her Premier, Mr. Hammarskjöld, in an interview on Oct. 4. He declared that whenever Sweden had taken any step displeasing to one or other of the belligerents it had been dictated solely by consideration of her own necessities and not by partisan reasons. The blacklist was objectionable because it deprived Swedish citizens of their rights. He was glad, he added, that the United States had taken steps in the matter. "America is in the fortunate position," Premier Hammarskjöld concluded, "that she is far removed from the strife." This observation is frequently made in Sweden, where the maintenance of a neutral attitude is more difficult than it appears on this side of the Atlantic. Sweden is in the midst of the war without being a belligerent, and her neutrality is both expensive and an ever-present problem.



The Partition of Kamerun

GUSTAVE BABIN IN L'ILLUSTRATION, PARIS

[TRANSLATED FOR CURRENT HISTORY MAGAZINE]

THE Journal Officiel has just published a decree according to the terms of which M. Lucien Fournneau, Colonial Governor of the Third Class, Lieutenant Governor of the Middle Congo, is "appointed to the functions of Commissioner of the French Republic in the territories of the former Kamerun," to take the place of General Aymerich, recalled to France at his own request. All colonials have ratified this choice, which is consecrated both by the administrative qualities of M. Lucien Fournneau and the part which he has taken in person in the conquest of the former German colony. For without doubt the very active rôle played in the operations which culminated in the territories formerly ceded to Germany by the Lieutenant Governor of the Middle Congo has not been forgotten, nor the conditions under which, wounded on board the Luxembourg in the course of an offensive reconnaissance, he won the War Cross.

Six months have passed since the conquest of Cameroon was completed, [the spelling of Cameroon changes here with the change of ownership,] and a Franco-British agreement concluded in London left us the provisional administration of the greater part of the country. We can today give a general view of the value and the organization of our new colony; we shall find in it only causes for self-congratulation and, at the moment when our enemies invite us, with their habitual arrogance, to "look at the war map," we can allow our eyes to wander over the 231,600 square miles of African territory which has been added to the domain of France.

Unlike the Germans, we do not know how to make the best of our advantages. If the fortunes of war had happened to give them Morocco or our French West Africa, we should have seen their press deafen the world with the noise of their success. They would have declared that

that prize alone was worth all that we could hold, and, for them, the "war map" would only have been valid in the Mediterranean basin, or on the west coast of Africa. But we, with our sincerity and our habitual skepticism, have not sought to extract any advertising from our brilliant success. It is not the less true that, for the initiated, the conquest of Cameroon will remain one of the triumphs of military history, for no country could offer more extensive resources to the defensive, or oppose more obstacles to the assailant: the climate, vast spaces, the population, who, logically, should have been against us. And we know besides what means of defense our enemy had heaped up in addition to all this.

The area of the French Cameroon is greater than that of France, and this immense territory, contrary to what one finds in the majority of African colonies, includes no uninhabited zone. From Lake Chad to the sea, a distance of 2,000 kilometers, (1,242 miles,) dense and prosperous populations are met with, and this fact may be noted—a criterion by which Africans judge the general healthiness of a country—that horses and cattle, animals very sensitive to tropical climates, can go without trouble from the great lake (Chad) to the Atlantic; from Fort Lamy, for example, to Duala.

Without doubt there is not in the whole of West Africa a "geographical unit" which approaches this magnificent Cameroon region in value. Wedged between our French equatorial Africa, which is still in the early stages of its development, and British Nigeria, whose remarkable prosperity is well known, Cameroon has over its neighbors the inestimable advantage of being a region of high plateaus, where the advantages of altitude correct the possible disadvantages of latitude.

Conquered by English and French troops whose effectives were sensibly

equal, the Cameroons should fairly have been divided into equal parts between our two countries. Knowing the importance of the commercial interests which our allies possessed there and the desire which animated them to acquire the key of the country's commerce, the Port of Duala, we might have apprehended a partition which would have deprived us of the most interesting part of the country—that of the high plateaus. This was the haunting fear of those who had helped to conquer this magnificent empire for France.

So we cannot describe the joy of our contingents when, at the beginning of March, the main outlines of the delimitation map were made known to them. They were profoundly grateful, on the one hand, to those who in the negotiations following the contest had been able to make the French view triumph, and, on the other, to their British comrades, who, with a largeness of view which has not been sufficiently appreciated, admitted and accepted the principle that in this rich conquest so fine a share should be given to us. But, to tell the truth, the general public has up to the present known nothing, or almost nothing, of these arrangements.

This last consideration induces us to indicate in passing how strong was the brotherhood of arms which united the leaders and soldiers of the Allies in the course of that rude campaign. After a few weeks of reserve, which would be amply explained if explanation were necessary—apart from former prejudices—the fact that the new comrades, brought together for this great adventure, were not acquainted with each other, and that the one side needed the time to feel how much tender camaraderie was hidden under the apparent lordliness of the other side, and for the latter to discover how much affectionate esteem was hidden under the ironical mockery of their companions in arms; after this, a perfect understanding was reached, and the relations between the English and the French became charming.

General View of Cameroon

Cameroon has roughly the form of an

isosceles triangle whose apex is marked by Lake Chad. Its geometrical centre is somewhere near Kounde, on the south-eastern limit of the high plateaus. What characterizes this colony is the massive basaltic formation, sprinkled with spaces of granite, which occupies its central region. The equatorial forest begins far to the south, beyond Yaounde, and it is a real obstacle only in the part of French equatorial Africa which, by the treaty of Nov. 4, 1911, we ceded to Germany.

The regions situated to the north of this plateau, that is, to the north of the Benué, include an enormous, massive formation of sandstone, the Mandara, which will remain famous for the siege of nineteen months which the third German company endured on Mount Mora under the command of Captain von Raben. It is a region of deeply indented mountains, in which erosion has created natural fortresses, of which Mount Mora is only one example. To the east of this sandstone formation one enters the low plain of the Logone.

The regions situated to the east and south of the central plateau, that is, all that is watered by affluents of the Congo, share in the general characteristics of our equatorial Africa—great quantities of vegetation, plenty of water, too much mud, the equatorial swamps called *poto-poto*, and, finally, a population of savage forest tribes.

The Cameroon coast is rather inhospitable. Excepting Duala, a magnificent harbor in a well-sheltered gulf, there are only open roads, swept by the surf. This is the consideration that made us so afraid of losing Duala.

The populations of the Cameroons are, like the soil on which they live, various. Following a law which is always verified in black Africa, regions of mountains or forests have savage and timid inhabitants which are called by the Mussulmans "*Kirdis*" or "*Habes*," that is, fetichists. In the plains or steppes, on the contrary, the Mussulman invaders have freely established themselves, and in a short time have succeeded in imposing their authority and their demands on the *Kirdis*.

In the whole Cameroon region these

two elements are juxtaposed. To the north of the Benué, the Kirdis occupy the mountains of Mandara and the rocky islands of the Province of Diamare; the invaders are represented by the Bornuans and the Peulhs, (or Fellatas.) The Cameroons, in its northern half, is a veritable Peulh colony, and is greatly benefited by the presence of these admirable shepherds, who outstrip the Arabs in their passion for raising flocks. The Bornuan, like the Hausa, is a small trader, the born enemy of European commerce, which he everywhere supplants by methods analogous to those which have made the reputation of the Greek and Syrian peddlers.

In the southern half of the Cameroons, the Hausa reigns uncontested over the backward aborigines, half-cannibals, in whom, by machine-gun fire, the Germans have inculcated certain elements of Kultur, making them sly and thievish, like the doctor who cured the passion for opium by the morphine habit, and the latter by alcohol.

What these populations have had in common during the twenty months of the Franco-British campaign, what has welded them together, is a profound hatred for the German and an ardent sympathy for the Allies. From the day our troops crossed the enemy's frontier they found only friends among the blacks. In spite of the ridiculous German proclamations, published in all the languages of the country, in which "Willoun" the Kaiser was represented as a descendant of Mohammed, and the Nassara (Nazarenes, French, and English) were said to be animated by a fanatical religious proselytism, the natives were for us.

The Germans, with their habitual psychology, (so inferior to their metallurgy!) had inundated the country with printed tracts, which the illiterate Kirdis used to light their pipes. Certain of these proclamations will find their place in the anthologies: that, for example, in which Captain von Hagen, commanding the district of Ebolowa, signs himself "Von Hagen, the Wild Beast of Ebolowa." Who will ever know the number of poor negroes—in the depths of their hearts a thousand times more neu-

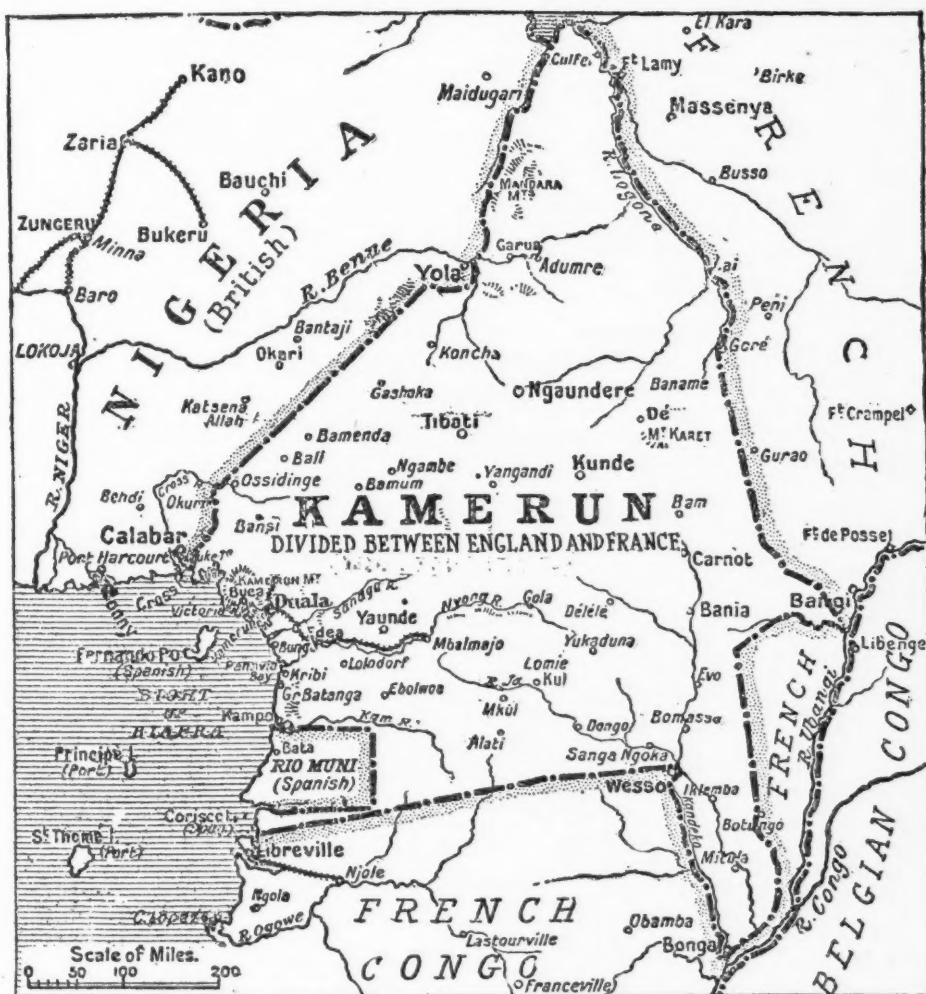
tral than the most neutral of the Greeks!—who paid with their lives for the defeat of the Germans; how many villages destroyed, how many plantations razed, how many men, women, and children massacred? The whole Bakoko region, to the east of Duala, is nothing but a vast cemetery. In the north of the Cameroons Mandara corpses swung from the branches of every tree.

Why this rigor? It only resulted in throwing the natives into our arms. They knew us already, especially those near the boundaries of our equatorial Africa. They know that we treat those under our administration with kindness, a fatherly familiarity, which more than once surprised even our allies. How many times our English friends remained silent with wonder before the long palavers which our old sharpshooters delight in and in which they recount to their leaders the sorrows of their hearts or their exploits.

In Northern Cameroon the French troops without doubt profited by the reputation and prestige acquired over all the black tribes of Central Africa by General Largeau, one of our Verdun heroes. His spirit of justice, his benevolence, which led him to open his door to the lowliest under our administration, were known everywhere. Our military exploits at Wadai and Borku had equally worked for us. What an enthusiastic reception, therefore, was given us at Mora, at Garua, at N'Gaundere, at Tibati, everywhere!

From the height of his peak at Mora, Captain von Raben could see with his field glass the evolutions, at the foot of his lair, of the thousands of horsemen who came to welcome us. Our old Senegalese had never seen anything like it, and they were ill at ease in presence of the splendid diffas which were offered to them.

When Colonel Brisset, returning to France, left Garua on June 2, 1916, the splendor of the farewells which the population paid to him passed all possible anticipations. Great Sultans had marched whole weeks in order to come to salute him. The celebrated Rey Buba, the greatest black king of the Cameroons, whom



KAMERUN, FIRST OF THE CONQUERED GERMAN POSSESSIONS IN AFRICA TO BE PARTITIONED BY THE ENTENTE ALLIES.

the Germans dreaded, and who was one of our chief collaborators, brought no less than 5,000 men, splendid horses, bands of archers clothed in panther-skins, lancers, men at arms wearing mediaeval coats of mail, coming one knows not whence and transmitted from father to son; beside him, the powerful Lamido of N'Gaundere, which his guards clad in coats of mail, was only a shade less splendid than his neighbor; the Lamidos of Marua, Garua, Binder, Madagali, the Sultan of Mandara, and many others likewise clustered round the French officers, swearing allegiance to them and multi-

plying cries of joy that they were rid of the Germans.

Each large town in Northern Cameroon and Central Cameroon had sent its representatives. It is enough to enumerate the leading towns to show what great possibilities this country has in the immediate future: Marua, 25,000 inhabitants; N'Gaundere, 20,000; Tibati, 15,000; Banyo, 10,000, and so on.

All these reassuring manifestations carry with them their imperative consequence; we could not, without treason to these dusky friends of ours, give the Cameroons back to the Germans at any

future day. If we gave them back we should condemn to death all those who had helped us to conquer them, who were our collaborators, sometimes our allies; German reprisals would be terrible. And let it not be said that we could protect them against this evil by written promises. No! In spite of their oaths, our enemies would take their revenge, and our honor would be irrevocably stained. Not only the populations of the Cameroons, who, trusting in us, came to help us to win, but those of our former possessions would reproach us for abandoning them shamefully.

Provisional Organization

The present organization of the French Cameroons is altogether provisional, and has evidently followed the outlines drawn by our predecessors. Great difficulties have been experienced in getting things started, because the enemy had destroyed or carried away his archives, and it was necessary to carry on the military and civil activities at the same time.

General Aymerich—who has just been replaced by M. Lucien Fourneau—had been named Government Commissioner, and had taken hold of all the services which were made over to him by the English. In order to progress as fast as possible the military occupation was entrusted to units taken from the expeditionary corps of French West Africa and different troops of French equatorial Africa. It may be affirmed that the occupation is strong enough to meet all possible eventualities. General Ay-

merich has created a certain number of administrative circumscriptions, some of which include two of the former German circumscriptions; a police force has been installed, all (and this detail alone will show how completely the population has come over to our side) made up of sharpshooters drawn from among the natives of the country, many of whom are former German sharpshooters who had fought against us.

The railroads are working perfectly under our section of field railroads; commerce has begun again, with a scope explained by the suppression of commerce during the two years of fighting. French merchants who understand the needs of the country have established themselves in the regions near the coasts. The great commercial company of our French equatorial Africa, the Sangha-Ubangi Forest Company, has already undertaken important developments. The safety of the trade routes is perfect. The English, when leaving, sold all their automobiles, which were bought by our traders, and now furrow the roads of lower Cameroon, carrying palm oil, cocoa, rubber; elsewhere, the Haussas and Bornuans are once more carrying on their donkeys stuffs, salt, kola, natron. From the north to the south descend unwearyingly herds of oxen to feed the blacks of the forest, and the country has resumed its former active life, with this single difference that, to a hard, jarring Prussian administration has succeeded ours, benevolent, paternal, French.

How the British "Tommy" Got His Name

A writer in the Bulletin des Armées de la République, the official weekly of the French Army, offers this explanation:

The English soldier is universally called "Tommy." Why? Because at Waterloo, a little more than a century ago, a British infantryman named Thomas Atkins, having particularly distinguished himself, was brought before the Duke of Wellington to receive special felicitations. His exploits were popularized by engravings and newspaper stories in England, where soon the name of Tommy Atkins was applied as a tribute of honor to all his comrades. Then by abbreviation the "Atkins" was dropped and the more familiar "Tommy" remained. That is how it happens that today the British soldiers are known to the masses as "Tommies."



—Forain in *Le Figaro*, Paris

ON RECONQUERED SOIL

"I knew I should never see them again"

Where Heroes Sleep in France

[A correspondent in *The Scotsman*, Edinburgh]

IN all the range of that great dusty camp among the sand dunes there is no fairer spot. Something grips your throat when first you see it, and you walk toward the graves with head uncovered, but through the mist in your eyes the sunshine and the flowers smile welcome to you, and speak of life, not death. It lies toward the south and west, a triangle with its point upon the high road from which the slow processions come; upon your left side as you enter a ridge of pine trees rustles homely greeting, and upon your right rise sloping banks of sand. In front lie the flats toward the river side, and a little further on you catch the sparkle of the sea and the white breaking of the waves upon the bar. Just over there you know lies Havre, beyond the sparkle and the blue. The pine trees and the sand dunes guard the graves on either side, but the base of the triangle is ever widening as the graves increase from week to week, and where there were a hundred a year ago, there are fifteen times that number today.

Here lie hundreds of our soldiers—in

each grave two, carefully numbered and registered—who have died of wounds in hospital or have succumbed to illness in the training camps. Each mound is beautifully tended, and many are covered with masses of crimson or yellow flowers, planted by loving hands—one thinks of gardens, not of graves. Here also asleep lie many German dead—prisoners whose wounds were beyond the doctors' skill and nurses' care. Each has had a soldier's funeral, save that on the coffin lay a fair white shroud, and not their country's flag.

The eastern side of the triangle is reserved for officers, each in his own narrow cell, in two long curving rows between the sheltering, rustling pines and the footpath you walk along. Nearly three months ago a beloved physician of a Scottish city was laid to his honored rest there. Round the foot of the grave were gathered many brother officers who knew his worth and work; at the head of it stood the wife, laying her love to sleep. Behind the fence on the pine-clad slope a little group of nurses stood,

mourning that their best care had not sufficed to save their friend. Overhead the larks sang shrilly sweet, and yonder the blue sea sparkled and the yellow sands were gleaming in the sun, while just a few hundred yards away men, hot and dusty, but untiring and determined, were drilling on the dusty flats, and behind us the machine guns rattled incessantly at practice.

But already the double row of crosses beneath the pines has stretched further down the slope, and we read the names upon them as we pass. The next is that of a German officer, Lieutenant Krebs, of the One Hundred and Ninth Reserve Regiment of Infantry; no doubt in Prussia some are mourning him, and in the peace that comes perhaps a loving hand will lay flowers there some day, too. And next again is the pathetic record, "An unknown officer." One of our own?—

how tragic that no word was found to give his name and home. God rest him, whoever he may have been; he died in the righteous cause.

There they rise, these crosses, telling of Scots and English, Welsh and Irish, Canadian and Anzac—men who have played their part in Armageddon, and are now at rest. But a little further on there is a woman's name. She, too, has died on service, leaving the great city by the Clyde to serve in the Scottish Churches' huts, and falling by a strange, mysterious illness at the post of duty. Six weeks only of her faithful service was she allowed to give, but enough to show her devotion to the lads she loved to serve.

To her also was given in death the honor of the flag, and she lies looking toward the west and home across the sunlit, sparkling sea.

"But We Shall Live Forever"

A Soldier Boy's Last Letter

This poignant letter was written by a London youth of twenty years, Lieutenant Eric L. Townsend, who was killed in France on Sept. 15 while leading the first wave against the German position. Along with his will was found this manly attempt to comfort his father and mother.

Sept. 8, 1916.

DEAREST Mother and Father:

You are reading this letter because I have gone under.

Of course I know you will be terribly cut up, and that it will be a long time before you get over it, but get over it you must. You must be imbued with the spirit of the navy and the army to "carry on." You will still have dear little Donald, who is safe, at any rate for some while. If he should ever have to go on active service I somehow feel that his invariable good luck will bring him through.

You must console yourselves with the thought that I am happy, whereas if I had lived—who knows?

Remember the saying attributed to Solon, "Call no man happy till he is dead." Thanks to your self-sacrificing love and devotion I have had a happy time all my life. Death will have de-

livered me from experiencing unhappiness.

It has always seemed to me a very pitiful thing what little difference the disappearance of a man makes to any institution, even though he may have played a very important rôle. A moment's regret, a moment's pause for readjustment, and another man steps forward to carry on, and the machine clanks onward with scarce a check. The death of a leader of the nation is less even than a seven days' wonder. To a very small number is given to live in history; their number is scarcely one in ten millions. To the rest it is only granted to live in their united achievements.

But for this war I and all the others would have passed into oblivion like the countless myriads before us. We should have gone about our trifling business, eating, drinking, sleeping, hoping, marrying, giving in marriage, and finally dying

with no more achieved than when we were born, with the world no different for our lives. Even the cattle in the field fare no worse than this. They, too, eat, drink, sleep, bring forth young, and die, leaving the world no different from what they found it.

But we shall live forever in the results of our efforts.

We shall live as those who by their sacrifice won the great war. Our spirits and our memories shall endure in the proud position Britain shall hold in the future. The measure of life is not its span but the use made of it. I did not make much use of my life before the war, but I think I have done so now.

One sometimes hears people say, when a young man is killed, "Poor fellow, cut off so early, without ever having had a chance of knowing and enjoying life!" But for myself, thanks to all that both of you have done, I have crowded into twenty years enough pleasures, sensations, and experiences for an ordinary lifetime. Never brilliant, sometimes almost a failure in anything I undertook, my sympathies and my interests somehow or other—why, I cannot tell—were

so wide that there was scarcely an amusement, an occupation, a feeling which I could not appreciate. And, as I have said, of most of these I had tasted.

I don't suppose I ever met anybody who was not my superior in knowledge or achievement in one particular subject; but there his knowledge and his interest ended, whereas, my interests comprised nearly the whole field of human affairs and activities. And that is why it is no hardship for me to leave the world so young.

Well, I have talked a lot of rot which must have given you great pain to read and which will not bring you much comfort. I had intended to try and say words of comfort, but that scarcely being possible, it has drifted into a sort of confession of faith.

To me has been given the easier task; to you is given the more difficult—that of living in sorrow. Be of good courage that at the end you may give a good account.

Kiss Donald for me.

Adieu, best of parents. Your loving son,
ERIC.

"Bantams and Bleuets"

VASSILI NEMIROVITCH-DANCHENKO IN RUSSKOE SLOVO, MOSCOW

ON my way to Verdun I passed through the English positions. We came upon a group of English soldiers. Hitherto, I had never seen their like—short, stocky, like Japanese dwarf trees, with an expression of indescribable swagger on their sun-tanned faces; an expression which says, "You try laughing at me, and I'll show you!"

"Who are they?" I asked my companion.

"Bantams!"

I could make neither head nor tail of that. Explanations: In English, a "bantam" is a diminutive breed of barnyard fowl, and the trim little roosters of that breed are desperate fighters, daringly attacking, and generally vanquishing, far bigger birds. They make up for their lack of height by such daring, such rush

and dash, that the bullies and braggarts of the barnyard fly before them. In the English Army the men are very jealous of the general appearance of the front. Most of the tall men will refuse to fall into ranks beside these Bantams. The real Tommy must be at least five feet five inches. So the insulted Bantams have formed their own companies. And whoever has seen them march, unwearied, eager, swiftly climbing hills, thanks to their vigorous lungs, will not think of smiling at the Bantams. They are even more daring than the Guardsmen and the Highlanders; they show splendidly on the march, and charge in battle with such ferocity that the Pomeranian and Brandenburg "giants" break their necks to get out of the way of these gnomes, who, in the thick of the combat, are yelling

their "Tipperary" at the top of their lungs. * * *

A cordial welcome from General N.: "The Russians are at home here. Do and see whatever you wish!" No concealment—the fullest readiness to show everything, from the bivouacs in the rear to the fighting line.

From one of the dugouts come sounds of conversation, songs, and laughter. The men, among whom are not a few artists, have covered the chalk walls with caricatures and drawings. Here, in *dolce far niente*, the soldiers rest, ready, at the sound of the bugle, to rush to the advanced positions.

Our guide indicated one of the men: "This is my best soldier! It has never happened to him to draw back, or to fulfill carelessly even the most difficult details. When hunters are needed, he is the first. He has brought back wounded officers from incredible furnaces, exposing himself to the Boche grenades!" And, within forty-eight hours, this poilu was killed instantly on duty.

The whole French Army is held together by the bond between the citizen-soldier and the citizen-officer. Its discipline is—implicit obedience in battle,

and free-will and critical understanding in the entr'actes. The Vieux Grognards ("old grumblers," old guardsmen) of Napoleon I. are still alive in their ranks. In their familiarity is much heartfelt love and deep respect. These same "grumblers" will die without a murmur for their officers—not under compulsion, but through clear moral conviction. * * *

An amusing thing happened at Verdun. The men are forbidden to fish in the Meuse. But Frenchmen love to fish. They thought out a wonderful plan; they mounted a long, round log on two wheels, put it on a raft with a torch beside it, and set it floating down the river. The Boche gunners spotted the "gun," and began sprinkling it with shells. The shells killed quantities of fish, which the "Bleuets" ("blue cornflowers") gathered up and—grilled! * * *

In one of the caverns, the men, many of whom are sculptors, have carved wonderful bas-reliefs in the chalk. Of the Crown Prince, there are many microcephalous images. There is a fine portrait of the Generalissimo, with the inscription: "Papa Joffre, Father of Victory!"

My Inspiring Experience at the Front

By Sarah Bernhardt

The Famous French Actress

MY first performance for the fighting men of France was perhaps the most stirring event of my eventful life. Nothing that I expected, nothing that I heard about them, nothing that occurred, resembled anything that I had been led to expect. They were not dulled by their wounds, they were not sad, or grim, or dramatic in any way. They were bearded children.

"What wonderful spiritual progress the experiences of these men have created for them!" was what I thought as I saw over 3,000 of them massed in front of me in the inclosure called a theatre just behind the lines at the front.

They were too absorbed in the ideals

of the poetry I had brought them to think of their own distress. They had the gift to lose themselves in the romance of the play. That was the most wonderful part of the whole thing to me. How these men, covered with mud from head to foot, their blood-soaked bandages tied carelessly by themselves across their faces, their heads, with their unshaven, unkempt appearance, their trench clothes still on their tired backs, could rise above all this to the sublime heights of some poet's fancy—that was the wonderful feature of the whole experience.

I take no credit to myself for their appreciation of these things, because there have been others who have enter-

tained them at these theatres at the front, and they have observed the same remarkable psychology. Their enthusiasm, their guileless delight at any bit of fun, and the ease with which they laugh—these, too, are among the startling incidents of the war.

Imagine for a moment what these men had been through. Imagine how we, in our habitual civilization, mourn the death of a relative or a friend in silent grief, and then consider how many there are to mourn among comrades and friends for these men that are killed by the thousands daily!

I said to myself when I saw this warm sympathy in the hearts of these men whose business of the day is killing: "Death has been conquered; life is at last understood in all its aspiring purposes."

As I watched them, laughing heartily, like children, gayly, uproariously, so that their bandages must have slipped, it was I who felt the emotional strain of the moments most. If you could have seen those men as I did, you would never listen to the maudlin sentiments one reads about the horrors of war. Of course, war is horrible to those who dwell upon the sorrowful side of it all, as I have done, as many others in the world have done, who have not been actually in the midst of it. But these men who had been in the thick of it had actually been inspired by its terrific experiences. They were restored from the thin-blooded habits of intellectuality in France to the full-blooded simplicity of real things to think about, of real things to do, of real sentiments to live for. They had no time to argue fine points among themselves about the primal motives of life. They had been restored to their own souls by the fires of war.

There was nothing dramatic or even emotional about their manner, or about their attitude toward the play. So far were they from being emotional that the slightest slip toward theatricalism by the artist was noticed and pronounced false. Fresh from the greatest melodrama of the world, they were quick to sense any insincerity of art. Their applause was the only trace of emotion in the whole affair, and that was the emotion of grati-

tude. What I expected to be one of the saddest experiences of my life turned out to be the gayest, the happiest, the most inspiring. No audience in Paris ever flattered me so much, because no audience ever felt so truly, so sincerely, the art of my life and its meaning to the human soul.

They did not suffer in the tragedy of the play; they rose to it. They did not cry with watery tears that streamed down their faces; the tears just filled their eyes so that they could see better the great destiny of their own lives.

There was no scenery to distract the senses; there were no illusions of the theatre to glisten in the lights, no wings to keep the imagination from its full scope. And I think those men fresh from the real horrors of tragedy would have laughed at the mere attempt to give them scenery as an added attraction. They huddled together, close together, so that they could be as near to the actors as possible, fearing that they would lose a word, an inflection. Their eagerness to enjoy every mood of the artist in the interpretation of the poem was not a personal tribute; it was a tribute to their experiences in the long, silent hours in the trenches, when their souls struggled to understand the problem of life and death. In these performances they are helped to this understanding because the performances reawaken in them the pleasure of feeling—a luxury, I can assure you, to these men who are denied the realities of artistic pleasure so long.

I learned much more than I could teach them from my trip to the front. Although fear of death has long ago left me, because when one is of a certain age death is of no consequence, I learned from those men with blood showing from their wounds, on their faces, that a new epoch in the "*histoire humaine*" of the world had been reached. We have arrived at the epoch in the history of the world when fear of death is no more. The courage of thousands upon thousands involved in this war has spread the moral influence of this defiance of death in the trenches. It is felt everywhere. It was an influence that seized

me there among those men of France, whom I saw so wonderfully spiritualized by their release from fear, and it has impressed me ever since wherever I am.

Oh, it was a happy experience, to have seen the fresh blood on the faces of those men, who were so gay, so eager to live, so indifferent to the fear of death.

Diary of a French War Prisoner in Germany

This touching human document fell into the hands of the Paris correspondent of the *Retch*, Petrograd, V. Ropshin, who presented it to the readers of his journal with the simple headline, "Read and Judge."

OCT. 15, [1915].—Leave all hope behind, you who enter here. * * *

Imagine an enormous square 400 yards long and 250 wide, fenced with barbed wire. Divide this square into eight equal parts and place in every one of these several hundred people, all dressed in uniforms. Build forty-eight wooden barracks and unite them by passages. Place sentinels forty feet from each other, and cultivate police dogs. In each of the four corners of the square place a machine gun. Behind the fence, outside, erect the kitchen, hospital, bath, Kommandatur. This is our camp, a clearing house for prisoners. Not a flower, not a tree, not even grass. Monotonous semi-liquid Autumn mud. Surrounding us a plateau. On the horizon the tile roofs of the houses of Merezburg.

It is damp, cold, and I am hungry. Today we were supplied with the following things: A plate, spoon, piece of rag, and a quilt. Today also we were counted into the inclosures. The Sub-Lieutenants were losing their thread in the middle of the count, and, consequently, we stood for several hours in the mud.

Oct. 20.—On Sundays the Merezburg burghers come to look at our camp. They come "gemütlich," with their wives and children. Why not? Blue berettas of the Alpine Rifles, crimson pantaloons of the Royal Grenadiers, blue jackets of the hussars, white burnouses of the Arabs, and plaid "skirts" of the Scotch. * * * What a sight for the militant Fritz! We are guarded by old men from the Landsturm. They good-naturedly talk to us like this: "We have a howitzer of 60 centimeters. We placed it in Calais and from there bombarded London. * * * As to you Frenchmen, you, like the Aus-

trians after Sadowa, will conclude peace with Germany, for Paris—kaput!" * * *

"Paris—kaput! Paris—kaput!" This is the only refrain you hear after each talk. We drag ourselves to the inclosure. A small rain is drizzling. The burghers have opened their umbrellas and do not leave the fence. They examine the medals on the breasts of the Arabs. The medals are various—Morocco, Madagascar, Lagoma, Tonking. * * * The Boy Scouts march along the highway with music and banners. They stop and also regard us with curiosity. The sentinels explain to them that we are live proof of the prowess of the German soldiers.

Oct. 22.—The barracks are built of wood and divided into several rooms. In each room there are two stoves. There is electricity and water. But the doors will not shut and the windows crack. The wind blows in through all holes. A retired Colonel is in command of the camp. Retired Captains are in charge of the regiments, and retired Lieutenants of the battalions. A battalion (1,200 prisoners) is divided into three companies, each company consisting of squads of twenty men each. The squads are guarded in turn. In the morning, at 7 o'clock, a German Sub-Lieutenant rushes into the barrack and shouts at the top of his voice: "Kaffee hole! Aus! Aus! Weck! Los! Los!" We rise and begin the day. At 9 o'clock bread. At 11 and 5 soup, i. e., warm water in which pieces of fat and macaroni float. In the intervals we are occupied by exercises, writing of letters, and following the announcements of the French General Staff in the German papers. In addition to this we play bridge. At night we dine at a restaurant—in our dreams!

Nov. 1.—Today Russian prisoners were brought in. They had not eaten for four days. They have no epaulets, no buttons, no caps. Many of them have no shoes and no coats. They stand around us and silently watch us eat. They ask for nothing. When we give them bread they bow and say "Spasibo." I cannot forget one of them, to whom the Germans have left nothing but a shirt and a pair of trousers. Through the holes his naked body can be seen. His feet are wrapped in rags. Trying to warm himself, he pressed his hands to his breast and jumped in front of our window. The day was gray. Clouds were creeping in the skies. In an hour I again looked out of the window. The same Russian, in his only shirt, was still jumping in the next inclosure. He was shaking like a November leaf.

In the evening the Russians chanted their prayers. When they finished their songs, the Arabs in the next barrack began to sing.

Nov. 14.—Today one Russian prisoner, dying from hunger, devoured more than forty herring thrown out in the refuse. Toward evening he died. The guards explained to us: "It is all England's fault. England blockades us. What do you expect—that we should feed you while we ourselves are soon to have nothing to eat?" Indeed, I read today in the *Anzeiger*: "Save your bread! In wartime a good German will not permit himself to eat cake! Whoever spares bread is doing a service to the Fatherland!" Following this there was a meditation on Joffre. "Joffre does not understand modern warfare. He is prolonging the war, trying to defeat Germany by starvation. Lord Kitchener supports him. Such tactics are barbarous, because not only the German Army will suffer through them, but the peaceful German population. The French boast of their civilization, but they war like savages." I was satisfied with this article. I made a canvass of our inclosure. From 350 votes cast, 190 think that we will return to France by Easter, 109 think about June 1, and 51, the pessimists, postpone our return till Sept. 1 next. I also am of the opinion that the war will end about

the beginning of next Summer; that is, Germany will sue for peace about that time.

Dec. 10.—A search. We are undressed to the skin and a German Sub-Lieutenant is searching our things. He searches thoroughly, fulfilling his "sacred duty." He takes away from us paper, books, knives, tobacco, and a multitude of little things. The Commander looks confused. He stands aside, taking no part in the procedure. He received an order from Berlin. We are forbidden to enter other inclosures. At our doors sentinels are placed. If we try to talk to the workmen repairing our barracks we are bound to the post. The post is a common punishment. We are not allowed in the city. We are living not in a camp, but in a jail. The mail arrived, parcels and letters. From the tin boxes of the conserves nothing but the keys remain. I show them to the Commander. He vaguely spreads his hands: "What can I do? It's war!" Besides the keys I received a roll of wool and several oranges.

Dec. 25.—We celebrated Christmas in the camp. On the table we spread a cover, we cut flowers from paper, and we bought in the store biscuit and ham. At midnight, when in France the bells rang, we sang the "Marseillaise," and then the Allies' hymns. The guards made it appear that they did not hear.

Jan. 27.—Kaisergeburtstag—the Kaiser's birthday! Is this not the reason why our money was taken away from us? Now we have a right to keep with us a sum not exceeding 10 francs. In Merezburg, on account of the celebration, the military orchestra played "Deutschland über Alles" and "Ich Bin Ein Prusse." The guards communicate to us news that does not appear in the newspapers. "England has been surrounded by 2,000 submarines; 400 Zeppelins recently attacked London. Verdun—kaput! Paris—kaput! There is a rumor: President Poincaré wrote a letter to Wilhelm praying for peace. Half a million Russians captured." We answer: "So, so! Kolossal!" But Mohammed-ben-Halil, a twenty-year-old Algiers sharpshooter, cannot control him-

self and shouts in broken French: "Toi—kaput! Brot—kaput! Germany—kaput!" Poor Mohammed! He is always in a state of hunger.

Feb. 1.—We scarcely see the English at all, but the Arabs and Russians are our neighbors. The Arabs sit immovable on the floor all day long. They seldom converse among themselves. Still more rarely do they speak to us, and never ask any questions of the Germans. One day a Turkish Colonel came from Berlin. The Arabs were mustered out in their inclosure and told of the holy war. When the speaker finished, one hodgah said: "Monsieur speaks well in Egyptian, but not all of us understand that language. We beg Monsieur to speak in French." The same day the Colonel departed.

The Russians are a sociable and smart lot. Many of them have already learned the necessary French words, and they rather freely express themselves in German. They are ready for everything. You wish to boil some potatoes? A Russian will do it. You wish to fry a herring? A Russian will fry it for you. The Russian will make you a mandolin from tin boxes. He will carve a most exquisite plaything from a piece of wood, and from a horseshoe he will forge a cross. The Russian is more

hungry than the Frenchman or Englishman. He receives no parcels. He has no money at all. And how submissively, how patiently, he bears his burden. Every day he prays to God. "What do you pray about every day?" I asked one Russian. "I pray to God to forgive my sins." The Russians are children. And how little do we know these children!

Feb. 10.—The bread ration has been reduced to 300 grams per man, while according to the Geneva Convention we should get not less than half a kilo a day, this not counting meat, sugar, coffee, and vegetables. We are promised in compensation for it two extra soups a week, the privilege of smoking from 10 to 11 in the morning and from 3 to 4 in the afternoon. Our menu now consists of tapioca dissolved in water, salted codfish, and sausages of fish. We get almost no meat at all.

It is snowing. The quarters are enveloped in white, and because of it our life has become still more monotonous. Merezburg cannot be seen now. It is drowned in the snowflakes. Tomorrow will be Sunday. For the hundredth time the burghers will come to examine us as if we were beasts. When, finally, shall we return home? Or, really, is it—"Leave all hope behind, you who enter here"?

An Interned Belgian's Story

A Letter by René Bourgeois

A Foot Chasseur Interned in Holland

More than 12,000 Belgian soldiers who fought the Germans and later escaped into Holland are interned in the Dutch prison camp at Zeist, where they must remain until peace is declared. The letter here translated for CURRENT HISTORY MAGAZINE was written to an American friend by one of these unfortunate—or fortunate—young Belgians. Among their diversions is the publication of a six-page daily newspaper, each letter of which is drawn with a pen, the pages then being printed from photo-process plates.

IN accordance with your request I am going to relate the events which preceded our internment. You doubtless know that the European armies—except that of England—are not composed of volunteer soldiers as in America, but of young men called to the colors in their twentieth year. I was therefore called upon to serve in the Belgian Army

in 1910 and assigned to a regiment of Foot Chasseurs quartered at Mons in the Department of Hainault. I remained there eighteen months, after which I spent two and a half years in civil life, when I was summoned out by the mobilization of Aug. 1, 1914.

Nobody in Belgium believed that there would be war, for we had already been

through similar crises in 1906 and in 1911, and everybody hoped that the diplomats would be able to smooth matters over. So you can imagine our surprise when Germany rejected all arrangements and declared war on all her neighbors. The great European drama had commenced!

Being at Mons, we were immediately ordered to the vicinity of Namur, and thence to Brabant, to protect the regiments which were retiring from Liège. We had some skirmishes with advance guards of the Uhlans and with the soldiers of von Kluck, who had commenced to besiege Namur. From Brabant we had to retire to the fortified outskirts

on this field of battle. On Sept. 8 we made a second sortie with a view to preventing the Germans from sending reinforcements to the Marne, where the French were engaged in giving them a thorough beating. The battle lasted until Sept. 12, and the losses were terrible on both sides. I saw two of my most intimate friends fall and believed that they were dead, but learned later that they were only wounded and had been picked up by the German ambulances. They were cared for in Brussels and are now, both of them, in a prison camp at Soldau, in Hanover, Germany.

On Sept. 24 we were sent to Termonde to prevent the Germans from crossing

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LE COURRIER

: JOURNAL DES INTERNÉS :

ADMINISTRATION
CAMP DE ZEIST

RÉDACTION
L.J. DELREZ. DEROUX. QUINTENS. VERBIST. WÉVE

CE QUE NE VIT PAS LE VOYAGEUR

*Dans mes promenades parmi
les rues de cette charmante petite ville d'Amers-
foort, je fais toujours un jour d'un voyage
deux. Je reviens bien embarrassé de dire pour-*

*au camp de Zeist. En fait, vos promenades
des bucoliques et vaguement sentimentales
parmi la bruyère ou fleur et les sapins odorants
vous ont faites. Ça conduit en vue
du camp de Zeist.
Et bien, monsieur le voyageur, quelle a
été votre impression lorsque vous vous*

*Les rues de Zeist m'ont
gratté les yeux
nos pensées
qu'elles encrent
Mais ce sont
blancs en nos*

DAILY NEWSPAPER, ALL HAND-LETTERED, ISSUED BY BELGIAN PRISONERS IN HOLLAND

of Antwerp, where we were set to work to put the fortifications in a state of defense.

Meanwhile we made occasional incursions into the German lines, they being then at Malines. On Aug. 23 we fought the first great battle in open country. My regiment recaptured the village of Eppeghem, but could not advance any further because the Germans had intrenched themselves and we could not dislodge them. The battle lasted until Aug. 25, when we withdrew into our fortifications. On the 29th the Germans came to attack us, but as we were expecting them they were well received. Three thousand of their number left their bones

the Escaut. We threw them back with heavy losses. We then learned that the Boches were attacking the fortifications of Antwerp. It would take too long to relate now all that happened during the defense of Antwerp. I will only state that it was terrible. We were placed between the forts of Wavre-Sainte-Catherine and Wharem. The Germans, who had unrivaled artillery, sprinkled us with shells of all calibres, and as our armament was not to be compared with theirs we were compelled to evacuate the first lines of defense and the forts, which no longer existed.

The greater part of the Belgian army then withdrew from Antwerp and cer-

tain divisions were placed to cover their retreat. I was among the latter contingent, and on Oct. 9 we were still on the right bank of the Escaut. All the bridges and pontoons had been destroyed and no further resistance was possible. If we had remained we should have fallen into the hands of the Germans, who already occupied Antwerp; our officers decided to march to the north and try to reach the Dutch frontier. We experienced great difficulties, for many of the roads were occupied by the enemy. Finally, after toiling all night in a forced march, we reached neutral territory, where our arms were taken from us and we were interned behind barbed wires.

When shall we see the end of this long exile? Will it be this year? Most probably not, for I think that the war will still last for a long time. The military situation is improving each day to our advantage. For some time we have had a new ally, and before long I believe that other neutral countries will range themselves on our side. Let us hope and expect it. My brother is still in the Belgian army on the Yser, and is in good health. He has lots of pluck. I hope that in a short time the German lines will be broken by the allied forces.

As I told you in my last letter, I had to appear before the Dutch Counsel of War for attempted escape, and was sentenced to two months of military prison; but, as I had already served three months of preventive imprisonment in a special barracks, I was liberated soon after my trial and was returned to my old barracks, where I found all my friends. Here it is always about the same thing day after day. The time drags heavily through these long hours of captivity. I spend my time studying the English language, or we talk of the war or read the daily communiqués, &c.

By this mail I am sending you two copies of *The Courier of the Camp*, a little paper printed by ourselves and giving an accurate account of our life and occupations during these long hours of exile and captivity. Also a copy of *The Gazette of the Ardennes*, a paper printed in French by the Germans and distributed throughout the territory they have

"swallowed up." If we were to believe them, it is we who commenced the war, we who committed the massacres in France and in Belgium! Let us have patience! The hour of chastisement is about to strike for these barbarians.

The following extract from an article in Le Courier entitled "What the Traveler Did Not See" gives an added glimpse of the daily life of these prisoners and of the spirit in which they are facing their ordeal. It is a reply to a tourist who had expressed pity for the prisoners:

"O traveler," I would have said, "we understand the thoughts which a view of the Camp of Zeist inspires in your soul. Your generous heart gave vent to words of pity. You were moved at the sight of our wretchedness; you are entitled to our gratitude. Nevertheless, we have no use for your compassion. 'No, thank you,' as Cyrano would have said. You thought you saw, and yet you saw nothing. Certainly our forced encampment at Zeist is not brought about with a view to make us regret the happy days of the past. True, our hearts are homesick; they repeatedly and ever think of our dear homes. But those are sentiments which do not weaken our will-power nor our courage. We are unhappy, of course, as any man is whom destiny separates from his loved ones, but this sentiment is exclusively personal to each interned man. This state of the soul, inherent to human nature, permits other sentiments to exist in the mass of those you saw behind the double rows of barbed wire, oh, sympathetic stranger. These sentiments are courage, duty, example, and hope.

"It is courage which enables these men to support the grief of being separated from their wives and children, and which enables them to resist the knowledge of their uselessness. It is duty which makes them support this situation with stoicism and with an admirable resignation. It is example which they vaguely feel they ought to show to others, to those who are suffering in their occupied fatherland. Lastly, it is hope—hope which you did not see, oh, traveler,

in their veiled look of melancholy, to use your expression. It is this hope which enables them to overlook their petty miseries of internment, and which keeps their hearts warm.

"They look back on the gloom of the dark days which have gone by, and they salute the radiant dawn which illumines the horizon. They have the presentiment that soon the victory of right over force will restore their country to them.

They know that the future is opening out full of promise for a Belgium which will rise from its ashes more beautiful than ever. No, traveler, if those you beheld were unhappy—oh, the moral sufferings of these two years!—today the sky has brightened, and timid hope has become strengthened by certainty. Look! the clouds have passed away! The gaze of the interned is directed toward the azure sky!"

A Sample of the German Imperialistic Spirit

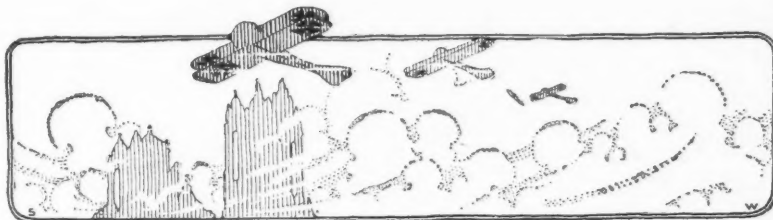
[Translated from *La Nacion*, Buenos Aires, Sept. 6, 1916]

Baron von Stengel, Professor at Munich, who was one of the German delegates at The Hague Conference, accepting an invitation from the Anti-War League of Holland to give his opinion on the subject of a future peace conference, has replied as follows:

It would be completely superfluous, because it is beyond all doubt that the final and decisive victory must rest and will rest with Germany. Then we shall be in a position to restrain all the enemies of peace, and to win and maintain permanent peace; the only peace that will be assured, alike for ourselves and for all civilized humanity. The war has demonstrated, throughout its course, that we, the Germans, have been chosen by Providence, from among all earth's peoples, to put ourselves at the head of all the civilized nations and guide them to a sure peace under our protection. For this we possess not only the necessary power and force, but also, in the highest degree, the intellectual gifts requisite, and we are the flower of the entire creation's Kultur. Consequently, it has been reserved for us to do what no nation hitherto has been able to do—to give all the world peace.

From this it follows that it is useless to engage in any labors on behalf of peace, because we, the Germans, with our domination over our turbulent neighbors, shall assume also the duty of policing peace. We shall be in a position to destroy in the germ all hostility to peace.

Subjection to our guardianship, which is in every sense superior to any other, is the surest and the only road to prosperity for every nation, and especially for the neutrals. The best thing they can do is to unite voluntarily with us and rest on us. In these times, so difficult for those who are isolated, it is proper and prudent for them to unite themselves with one powerful head. To make one's self worthy of a powerful hereditary seigneur is to sow seed for the future. No people is richer in sentiment and in ideals than are we, the Germans. Therefore, under our protection, all international law is perfectly superfluous; for, by our own natural instinct, we give each his own.



Typical German War Surgery

By Dr. H. M. Richter

Professor in Northwestern University Medical School, Chicago

[An interview for CURRENT HISTORY MAGAZINE]

I RETURNED just a few weeks ago from some six months in a military hospital in Central Germany. I was in one of the ten units sent out up to that time by the American Physicians' Expedition Committee, a purely voluntary organization, by the way. Each of the first three units took along surgical instruments and supplies. Now the units take with them funds for the purchase of these things in Germany and Austria, for the very good reason that England has prevented their being carried into these countries.

These American surgical units work in the German and Austrian military hospitals, which are of three sorts. The field hospitals at the front take the worst cases. The *etapen* (from the French word for halting place) hospitals receive those who can be moved in automobile ambulances out of range, say, six, eight, or twenty miles back. The reserve hospitals (Americans are apt to speak of base hospitals in this sense) are distributed through the country from fifty to two hundred miles from both the east and west fronts, and are on railroad lines. Each group of buildings can care for from 1,000 to 10,000 patients. Before a transport train arrives in a hospital town the men have been classified and tagged according to the seriousness of the injury of each, and they are distributed by their tags.

In the days that follow, transfers based on further examination may occur. But, within two hours from the time of unloading, every patient is in bed, and a board on his bed bears his record, I mean his name, his position in the army, and the character of his injury. The *wärter* (attendants or orderlies) in these hospitals are soldiers detailed for this duty. Moving vans have been converted into transport wagons, and one of them can carry twelve patients on stretchers

and six standing or sitting. On arrival the surgeons and nurses remove bandages, note the condition of wounds, put on new bandages or order operation, and within twelve to twenty-four hours every man has been attended to.

How did we treat infected wounds? Well, at the beginning of the war it was hoped that first-aid dressing would prevent infections with the consequent pus and gangrene. But it was found that practically all wounds were infected. More than 90 per cent. of them are wounds from shell fragments. The explosive shell means irregular fragments penetrating the tissues, carrying clothing into them, and so rending and tearing them that the tissues themselves are killed. Wounds from rifle bullets heal kindly, but only a few of these are seen. There were a larger proportion of these from the Somme than from Verdun, but even there they were few in number. Sabre wounds are rare. In hand-to-hand fighting hand-grenades are generally used. The Cossacks use lances and sabres.

The type of wound is new, and a better technic has been evolved, but nothing revolutionary. The hyposulphites used in our own civil war have been used again to some extent, but none of the antiseptics have proved of extraordinary value. The characteristic treatment of infected wounds—you know I just now said that practically all of them were infected—is about this: Opening the wounds widely, leaving them open to the air, letting the surface dry up, no dressings to interfere with the escape of secretions, use of continuous hot water baths for great lacerated wounds. Men with these big wounds live in the bathtub two or three weeks, eat their meals there, sleep there on an air pillow. To remove infectious materials from the deep parts of wounds, rubber tubes are sutured in

CAPTAIN BOELKE



Germany's Most Famous War Aviator, Who Shot Down
Forty Allied Aeroplanes Before He met His Own Death
in an Air Battle.

(© Central News Photo Service.)

BELGIUM'S CHIEF DEFENDER



**General de Witte, Commander of the Belgian Army in the
Field, Has Held Back the Germans in Flanders
for Twenty Months.**

(© International Film Service.)

place and a continuous stream of sterilized water is passed through the tubes and wound. Various solutions, such as sodium hyposulphite, were tried, but for the wide-open wound plain sterile water gave better results than more complicated processes. Many hundreds of cases of compound and complicated fractures that passed through the hospital were treated in this manner. If the patient had to be kept in bed instead of in the bathtub, then the wound was irrigated from above and the water drained off through a trough of rubber.

There was not one case of non-union among these soldiers in our hospital. In civil life infected fractures commonly give a material percentage of cases where bony union fails. Yet with all the care that is taken, in infections of the large joints of the body, particularly of the hip, knee, and shoulder joints, many extremities are sacrificed because the infection of these large spaces cannot be controlled. But you must remember that these joints are specially susceptible of infection.

I have frequently been asked about the mortality from injuries, but there is really no way of estimating this mortality. In the first place, the patients in the field hospital (lazaret) are too badly wounded to be carried further away, and the mortality is high. Then in the etapen hospitals the mortality is high, too, for these take care of the wounds of the brain and abdomen. Those considered in danger of dying are kept in one of these two places. On the other hand, the patients in the third, or reserve, class of hospital show by the records a comparatively low mortality. In more than six months that I observed the reserve hospital where I was stationed the mortality was less than 1 per cent. In our civil war the mortality of compound fractures above or below the knee was 25 per cent.

Now as to feeding—in Germany the

Government regulates the amount of food to the individual. In Summer the man at the front gets 170 grams of meat daily, and the patient in the hospital who is allowed a full meat diet by his doctor gets 140 grams of it each day. The men in the hospitals get any food that is ordered for them, alcohol-free beer is provided, and also alcohol beer if ordered.

We Americans are aware of certain forms of German preparedness, but I found some surprises. Before the first patient reaches the hospital each man's complete hospital equipment is placed at his bed. There is extreme specialization in the different buildings with reference to the class of cases admitted; for instance, a whole building may receive only gross mechanical injuries of the nerves, (such as severed nerves that must be sewed,) or still another hysteria only. These hysteria cases are mainly men who were in trenches when a shell exploded, and may have seen the whole group around them killed, or were themselves blown to some distance by the force of the explosion.

Besides all this there are the schools, of which you know something, for teaching the injured to take up their previous trades or new ones. This may be done for patients paralyzed in their extremities. If possible a man is re-educated to his old trade. A tailor is taught to sew with two or three fingers, or a machinist uses an artificial device instead of a lost hand. Of the teachers in these schools, a few who superintend are not soldiers nor patients, but the direct overseer is usually some wounded soldier capable of teaching, as, for example, a tailor turned soldier who had had his leg hurt. But it takes a teacher and a tailor to teach a maimed man tailoring. In one school I saw the teaching of tailoring, cabinetmaking, printing, engraving, bookbinding, basketry, as well as of foundry work and of the machinist's trade.



The War Doctor's Perilous Task

LORD NORTHCLIFFE IN THE LONDON TIMES

WE are so accustomed to consider doctors as part of our daily lives, or as workers in speckless and palatial hospitals, that we have hardly yet visualized the man who shares the hell of the front trench with the fighters, armed only with two panniers of urgent drugs, instruments, and field dressings, his acetylene lamp and electric torch. Most of us think of his war work as being accomplished at one of the great healing places at the base.

If there be degrees of chivalry, the highest award should be accorded to the medical profession, which at once forsook its lucrative practices in London, or Melbourne, or Montreal, in a great rally of self-sacrifice. The figures of the casualties among them bring home to those who have only the big hospital idea of the war doctor sad facts that should lead to due understanding of this not sufficiently known veritable body of Knights Templar in the great crusade. For the last three months, in the Royal Army Medical Corps alone, I account them according to the figures published in *The Times* from day to day:

Officers killed	53
Officers wounded	208
Officers missing	4

Noncommissioned officers and men
(Royal Army Medical Corps only):

Killed	260
Wounded	1,212
Missing	3

I propose to set down the order in which our medical service arranges its chain of responsibility, premising my account by the statement that the medical army of today exceeds numerically the whole British military force overseas before the outbreak of war.

It is a little difficult and complex to explain. I find that there is some confusion in the public mind as to the regimental work, that of the Royal Army Medical Corps, and their handmaidens the British Red Cross Society and Order of St. John. But there is no confusion

or overlapping in the zone of hostilities. In the preparations for the great battle of the Somme Sir Douglas Haig, thorough in this as in every other detail, himself co-operated with the medical services in arranging his regimental aid posts, his casualty clearing stations, and the rest of them as systematically as his batteries, his ammunition "dumps," and his reserves.

Regimental Aid Post

First in the order of danger is the regimental aid post, where the regimental doctor, with his stretcher bearers, awaits, alongside the men who are to clamber "over the top," the bloody fruits of battle. In the early days of the war, before we had discovered the secret or had the means to blast our road into Germany by ceaseless shells, the regimental aid post was, as a rule, in some deserted farmhouse as near to the front trench as possible. Today, as we advance, our guns leave nothing standing, so that what was once perhaps a château is now only a stretch of rubble. There is therefore but little available cover for the doctors or the others before "consolidation."

The intensity of the French and German artillery at Verdun in March seemed to me then the limit of human capacity to produce noise and destruction. But the Somme bombardment actually furrows or flattens all before it. Verdun itself could not exist a week if exposed to the present French and British cannonade. Its intensity of sound is so great that at times the very earth shakes beneath one's feet.

The doctor has today probably only the shelter of one of our own trenches or any little part that may remain of a captured German trench. There is no other covering for him and his brave stretcher bearers, who are at once his nurses and his orderlies. Happily not so many of these are fired upon by the enemy as heretofore; for, as the Prussians have realized that our artillery is the most deadly thing in the history of war, they have

become a good deal more reasonable and human. Now that their own wounded greatly outnumber ours on almost every occasion, their doctors and stretcher bearers often advance with a sheet or towel held high on a rifle as a flag of truce in order that they may collect their wounded and we ours. In the early days of the war similar suggestions on our part were haughtily and contemptuously refused. And so the advanced medical forces on both sides are at last sparing the wounded a good deal of the drawn-out horrors of No Man's Land.

Swift Work of Surgeons

The fine young men with the English, Scotch, Irish, Canadian, and Australian accents who stand unarmed in these regimental aid posts work with an intensity and celerity which eclipse even that of the surgeons in London's operating theatres.

The stretcher bearers stagger in with their load. There is a lightning diagnosis, an antiseptic application, bandaging, a hastily written label tied to the man's breast, and the wounded one is borne off and away in the open to the next stage, the advanced dressing station, which is as often as not also pushed right up into the fire zone. The regimental stretcher bearers therefore begin again another dangerous pilgrimage rearward.

As there is much ignorance in the public mind on the subject of casualties, it should be well realized that by far the greater proportion of our wounded are slightly hit, and are "walking cases," so little hurt that in innumerable instances where the stretcher bearers themselves have fallen they have been carried by the slightly wounded soldiers.

I know no more moving experience than an afternoon in an advanced dressing station. Let me describe that of West Péronne. Its location is changed now, so I am giving the enemy no information. We reached it on a heavy and sultry Sunday afternoon by hiding ourselves behind anything possible. Dust and smoke gave the atmosphere of a coming thunderstorm; the thudding of the guns on both sides was incessant. Now and then was heard the brisk note of a

machine gun, which sounds for all the world like a boy rasping a stick along palings or the rattle which policemen carried in Mid-Victorian days.

There was no sign of anything in the nature of a hospital, a tent, or of anything above ground. I was getting somewhat weary of being told to lie down flat every few seconds to avoid bursting shells, when I saw a couple of stretcher bearers coming through the haze as from nowhere and then disappear under ground. "It is underneath there," I was told by my guide, whose daily duty it was to inspect these medical outposts.

As quickly as possible we got down into a trench and followed the stretcher bearers. There in darkness, lit by a few candles, we gradually made out a very grim scene. Talking was difficult, for one of our batteries had just come into action a few yards away.

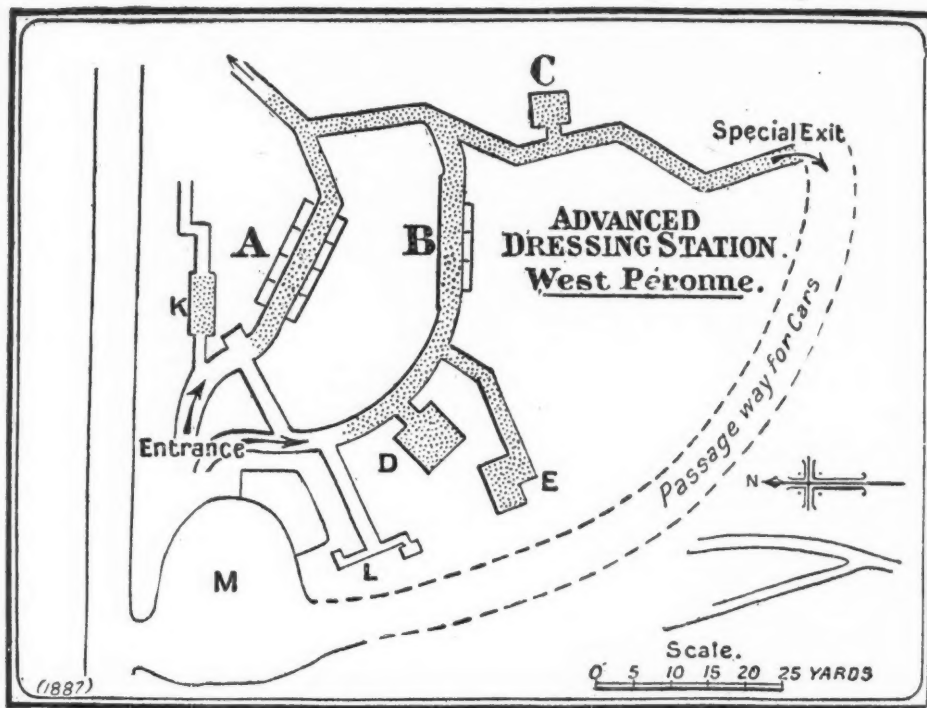
Owing to the heavy enemy shell fire what I soon found to be an underground maze—a plan of which I print herewith—had become completely blocked with wounded men lying in the dark on their stretchers, the passageways dug out of the clayish earth being just the width of a stretcher handle and no more. We trod gently from stretcher handle to stretcher handle over the silent men, some of them asleep with the blessed morphia in their brains, others cheerily smiling, others staring as wounded men do. All who could move a hand had a cigarette—now admitted to be the first need of all but the very dangerously wounded.

Shells Falling Overhead

Passing on, and using our electric torch as little as possible, so as not to disturb the sleepers, we came to the main dressing room. Remember it was all under ground, all dark, and that the oncoming wail of approaching shells, with immediate subsequent explosions, was continuous.

In this main dressing room the doctors, all young men, some of them subalterns of the Royal Army Medical Corps, were washing and bandaging with the care and speed that can be seen in the Somme film. I counted twenty-four patients in that small chamber. We crept onward and came to another room where there

Underground Trench Hospital on Firing Line



(A) Main dressing room, 18 yards long, 4 bays on each side for 3 stretchers each; (B) second dressing room, 20 yards long, 3 bays on south side for 3 stretchers each, both about 5 feet under ground; (C) new dugout for 4 special cases; (D) and (E) (office and mess room) covered against shrapnel only; (K) kitchen; (L) lavatory; (M) turning place and standing ground for cars.

were nine cases, and again to a smaller one where lay the more dangerously wounded.

These dressing rooms were protected by some four or five feet of earth above them. There was a small officers' mess and a medical storeroom, which were merely shielded by corrugated iron from shrapnel splinters, a kitchen, an office, and that was about all. An operation for tracheotomy was taking place in one of the dressing rooms.

In my many experiences abroad I have never seen a more touching sight than this little underground gathering of some seventy men, devoted doctors and assistants, waiting amid the incessant shelling until the overcrowded maze could be evacuated. Let those who take their ease on a Sunday afternoon, or any other afternoon, realize that this same scene never ceases. Let those who consider

they are amply doing their "bit" by keeping things going at home be grateful that their "bit" is not as these young men's.

One or two of the patients were shell-shock victims, and it was piteous to note their tremor at the approaching shell wails and subsequent thuds just outside our little catacomb.

The plan above gives a suggestion of the ingenuity with which the Royal Army Medical Corps officers have converted a bit of an old German trenchwork to the purposes of an underground hospital and home for the doctors and their assistants.

The shelling increased in intensity. It became obvious that we had to remain concealed till the storm had stopped. In the interval we discussed things about wounded men. We learned that quite a considerable proportion of them had dressed their own wounds with the little

first field dressing that is sewn into the tunic of every soldier. Others had got along well enough with the medical help of regimental stretcher bearers. The rest had been tended at the regimental aid posts to which I referred.

With the Walking Wounded

Presently the Germans diverted the attention of their gunners to another point of the line, and we were able to emerge into daylight once more and join a small company of lightly wounded and stretcher bearers on their way to a walking wounded collecting station. I name all these distinct stages in the progress of the wounded man in order to show how carefully the system has been thought out and organized. It is a tribute to the foresight of our medical authorities that all this vast scheme had been arranged before the war.

On our way rearward to the walking wounded collecting station we were passed by some horse ambulances which, summoned by telephone, were proceeding to the underground hospital we had just left. On our way we escaped the only enemy aeroplane attack that came to my notice during this visit to the front. An officer and a few men were wounded. It speaks eloquently for the celerity with which our casualties are cleared when I tell you that on that same evening, many miles away in the rear, I saw this particular wounded officer sitting in bed nonchalantly enjoying his dinner. By the next day, I was told, he would probably be in England.

The walking wounded collecting station consisted of marquees in which a considerable number of Tommies of all dialects were partaking of a hearty meal. As each arrived his name and regimental number were entered, with particulars of his case. Where necessary his dressings were rearranged, and in every case a cigarette was offered. Prodigious quantities of tea, cocoa, soup, bread, butter, and jam were disappearing. Despite the bandaged heads and arms of some and the limping of others, they were a merry, if tired, party. Eagerly and in vigorous and unprintable Anglo-Saxon one of them said: "I want to have another smack at the — Alle-

mans." In a tent was a wounded officer, famous in the world of big game, (scarred as the result of a miraculous escape from an African elephant,) who, though covered with blood, had only one anxiety, and that was to have his wound dressed, get a bath, and return to his men in time for the next "stunt"—to use an abominable Americanism which has grown weedlike into our war language. Two days before, this walking wounded collecting station had been shelled by the enemy. By a strange stroke of fortune the only victims were a large number of German prisoners.

Casualty Clearing Houses

We shared the soldiers' meals, listened to their stories—each one of them a full adventure, in peace time—and continued baseward, accompanied by motor ambulances in which sitting cases were carried, to a great corps collecting station, a veritable Clapham Junction of the evacuating system.

To prevent mistakes, each man's label is checked at every point he arrives at with as much care as a registered letter on its way through the post. There is no red tape, and nothing is left to chance. There is no lost time. It is never forgotten that pain is ever present and that saving time may mean saving life. But even though we have not yet come to that link in the chain—the hospital which is kept neat and burnished by the hand of woman—all is well arranged and spotlessly clean. Many dressings were being re-examined and many wounds again attended to.

Here I saw the field operating theatre nearest to the battle. It was in a spotless tent with a table, a powerful acetylene lamp, chloroform, and instruments—all ready. Operations in the field are a rare exception in the British Army. The matter of their necessity has been discussed and rediscussed. There are arguments for and against. But Sir Arthur Sloggett, General Macpherson, and the famous surgeons we have at the front, with Sir Alfred Keogh at home, may be relied upon to know their business to the tips of their fingers.

Resuming our journey with the ambulances, we came, after an hour's halting

journey through the dust and the A. S. C. convoys, to a casualty clearing station—the first hospital of a kind visualized by the general public.

One of these clearing stations was a large old water mill, which had been transformed into a most beautiful hospital. I reached it in time to witness the arrival of the ambulances. Out of them came all manner of wounded, British and German. Friend and foe were treated alike. They were just wounded men—that was all. Such as could walk by themselves, or with the help of orderlies, came out dazed into the sunlight from the ambulances. The Germans, who had for days been trenchbound by our barrage, were, as a rule, horribly dirty and impossible to approach for physical reasons. Later, at another hospital, I saw gently born V. A. D. nurses washing great unbathed wounded Prussians and Bavarians.

Here, in this mill casualty clearing station, the broken soldiers came for the first time under the influence and gentle touch and consoling smile of women nurses. Many of the men had been in and about the firing line for weeks, several of the Germans for longer than that. I talked with some of the enemy who had arrived a day or two before in what must have seemed a fairy palace. Some spoke of the care, kindness, good food, flowers, and music (the gramophone never stops) which were provided. As a rule they are grateful—at any rate at first. Some are very grateful. One officer used the word “lovingly,” (lieb-voll,) and “lovingly” it must seem, for nothing is more marked in inspecting German hospitals, even such an establishment as the Rudolf Virchow Hospital in Berlin, than to notice the roughness of the surgery, the callousness shown in making remarks before patients, and the inferiority of the undertrained nurses.

Nurses Toil Night and Day

It is impossible to convey in words the amazing, tireless activity of the nurses and doctors. I did not know that human beings could work so many hours without sleep at the most anxious kind of

work the world provides. No wonder that the women sometimes break down and require hostels and rest homes. Yet during a number of war visits I have met with not one complaint from any member of any medical staff in the field or elsewhere. There is, on the other hand, the same continuous enthusiasm throughout the medical service as one sees in the great boot factory at Calais, or the vast motor repair shop in Paris, or our transport from Havre to the front. The stimulus of war seems to double the energy of every human being as soon as he lands in France.

At this great casualty clearing station by the railway the hospital trains were collecting. When we had been shown through the cool tents and had talked with men we happened to know, we went on to the newly made railway platform where the stretchers were being assembled. It was a scene almost of gayety.

I do not know whether any one has written an account of these trains, the doctors and nurses who live in them year in and year out, traveling thousands of miles in the course of a twelvemonth, but some one should do so. My own information is as yet so scanty as to be little worth reading. Of the wonderful hospital barges, too, which, whenever possible, are used on the wide French rivers and canals to carry cases that cannot stand any shaking, not enough has been said.

Miles of Hospital Huts

On a later day I saw the arrival of one such train at one of those hospitals which look out on the sea and are situated on the Northern French coast, which long before the war was recognized as a great healing place. The medical journals tell their readers in their own language of these wonderful hospitals—converted casinos and hotels and miles of perfectly equipped huts. Our hospitals in France are a world of their own. I do not know how many women and men they employ, but I should say more than 100,000. In the Etaples district alone there are 35,000 beds. Canada, Australia, New Zealand,

Newfoundland, India, and the whole of the empire have given with both hands.

Those of the wounded who can be made well quickly enough—and they are, of course, the immense majority—go back to their war duties at the front, some eagerly, all without murmuring. As they lie there in these wonderful huts, in which every provision for speedy convalescence, for happiness, and reasonable amusement are afforded, tended as they are by the best surgeons and physicians of the English-speaking world, and by ladies simply and gently born, they all tell you the same story—they would like to get a glimpse of “Blighty” (Britain) before going back again to fight.

I went on board one of the white hospital ships, marked against submarines on each side with a huge red cross, to see them going home. Arriving on the quay in the British Red Cross and St. John ambulances, and gently carried, with the peculiar, slightly swaying walk of the trained stretcher bearer, they pass on to the ship and descend in lifts to the

particular deck on which is their cot or bed. There can be nothing of the kind in the world better than these speedy, perfectly lit and ventilated vessels.

As I watched the swift ship and saw her speeding away to England at well over twenty knots, I wondered if people and politicians at home are beginning to understand that the bravery and camaraderie of the officers and men in the field have broken down all class feeling; that our millions of men abroad are changed communities of whose thoughts and aims we know but little.

Just as Grant's soldiers, the Grand Army of the Republic, dominated the elections in the United States for a quarter of a century, so will the men I have seen in the trenches and the ambulances come home and demand by their votes the reward of a very changed England—an England they will fashion and share; an England that is likely to be as much a surprise to the present owners of capital and leaders of labor as it may be to the owners of the land.

German Trench Villages Forty Feet Under Ground

Since the Anglo-French drive on the Somme has burst through the entire system of original German trench fortifications there has been revealed the most elaborate method of housing active troops ever evolved in the history of warfare. Twenty, thirty, even forty feet below the surface of the ground the allied soldiers have found these villages, lighted with electricity, and with spacious quarters for officers and men. The appended article and sketches are by British engineering officers at the Picardy front.

ALONG many miles of the western front, as it was till the end of June, you can now do what seems to trench dwellers almost the utmost reach of impossibility. You can stand at your ease in the middle of No Man's Land and look at a German front trench on your right and a French or British front trench on your left. As soon as you do so you feel that the outward face of each wears a quite different expression.

It is not merely an accident that the Allies' wire is only cut across by neat lanes or gangways at convenient intervals, while the German wire lies in a trampled mess on the ground. The difference goes much further. For one thing, the Allies support their barbed wire mainly with wooden stakes; the Ger-

mans do it with iron. For another, the Allies' parapet owes much more of its strength to visible sandbags. The Germans build with sandbags, too, but not so much nor so openly. Their parapet makes more show of rough clay or chalk, even where a light layer of this covers two or more feet of reinforced concrete placed like a shrapnel helmet on the head of a dugout or a gun emplacement.

If you now leave your first standpoint and explore the two trenches in turn, and also the support and communication trenches behind each of them, you find that the difference goes, in more than one sense, deeper still. The allied trench looks in every way like the work of men who hoped and meant to move on before long; the German trench looks

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like the work of men who hoped, or feared, that they would be in it for years. Our trench housing has been much more of a makeshift, a sort of camping out, with some ingenious provisions for shelter and comfort, but not more than the least that would serve. Most of our dugouts are just roughly delved holes in the earth with only enough props and rafters to hold the roofs up; their floors are bare ground, with a little straw on it; their doors, if they have any, are a few odd pieces of plank with a couple of other pieces nailed across; often the floor is on the trench level, to save burrowing. Lighting is done with candles, mostly bought at the canteen, and if any one owns an armchair or a two-foot-high mirror it is the jest of the platoon.

The whole German idea of trench life is different. The German front in the west is like one huge straggling village, built of wood, and strung out along a road 300 miles long. Of course, the houses are all under ground. Still, they are houses, of one or two floors, built to certain official designs, drawn out in section and plan. The main entrance from the trench level is, sometimes at any rate, through a steel door of a pattern apparently standardized, so that hundreds may come from the factory on one order and missing parts be easily replaced. The profusely timbered doorway is made to their measure. Outside this front door you may find a perforated sheet of metal, to serve as a door-mat or scraper.

Inside, a flight of from twelve to thirty-six stairs leads down at an easy angle. The treads of the stairs and the descending roof of the staircase are formed of mining frames of stout timber, with double top sills; the walls are of thick planks notched at the top and bottom to fit the frames, and strengthened with iron tie-rods running from top to bottom of the stairs and with thick wooden struts at right angles to these. At the foot of the stairs a tunneled corridor runs straight forward, perhaps up to fifty yards, and out of this open rooms and minor passages on each side. In many dugouts a second staircase or two staircases lead to a lower floor, which

may be thirty or forty feet below the trench level.

All these staircases, passages, and rooms are, in the best specimens, completely lined with wood and as fully strengthened with it as the entrance staircase already described. In one typical dugout each section of a platoon had its allotted places for messing and sleeping, its own place for parade in a passage, and its own emergency exit to the trench. In another, used as a dressing station, there are beds for thirty-two patients and a fair-sized operating room. A third, near Mametz, was designed to house a whole company of 300 men, with the needful kitchens, provision, and munition store rooms, a well, a forge riveted with sheets of cast iron, an engine room and a motor room.

Many of the captured dugouts were thus lighted by electricity. In the officers' quarters there have been found full-length mirrors, comfortable bedsteads, cushioned armchairs, and some pictures. One room is lined with glazed "sanitary" wallpaper, and the present English occupant is convinced by circumstantial evidence that his predecessor lived there with his wife and child. Clearly there was no expectation of an early removal.

Nobody who reads this should leap to the conclusion that, simply because German trench work is more elaborate than ours, it is a better means to its end—the winning of the war. No doubt the size and the overhead strength of German dugouts keep down casualties under bombardment and sometimes enable the Germans to bring up unsuspected forces to harass our troops in the rear with machine gun and rifle fire when a charge has carried our men past an uncleared dugout of the kind. On the other hand, if our advance is made good, every German left in such a dugout will be either a dead man or a prisoner.

No doubt, again, the German dugouts give more protection from very bad weather than ours. But they also remove men more from the open air, and there is nothing to show that the half-buried German army gains more by relative immunity from rheumatism and bronchitis than it loses in the way of general health.

A Spaniard's Life in German Prisons

The first half of this narrative of the prison experiences of Valentin Torras y Closa, which appeared in the November issue of CURRENT HISTORY MAGAZINE, related how he, a native of Spain, was made prisoner by the Germans in Northern France; how they confiscated his property and identification papers, carried him to Germany, and treated him as a Portuguese. After his escape he told his story to the Madrid correspondent of The London Telegraph, who wrote it in English for that newspaper. The concluding installments, somewhat condensed, are here reproduced.

ON Dec. 18, 1914, the Commandant received an order to send 1,000 peasants who were in the camp to Chemnitz. In Zossen civilian and military prisoners had been living together. The civilians were Belgians and French from the north and the east. A list was drawn up in which my name was included. With tears in my eyes I bade farewell to my two good friends who had assisted me so greatly in my captivity, and joined a group of those who were leaving, assembled in one corner of the camp. We were marched to the station, and on the following day we took train for Chemnitz.

Our destination was an enormous artillery barracks that was just approaching completion. We had previously been divided into companies. We were received—certainly not with any kindness, but this detail did not surprise me—by an old German Captain, who told us that we had to give up immediately any weapons that we might be carrying in our pockets. Weapons, indeed! * * *

On Jan. 6 or 7—I do not remember the exact date—I was summoned and taken to an office. A German officer with the French name of d'Avignon received me. He was sitting at a table. He was very well known to the prisoners who spent any time at Chemnitz. In precise words he inquired who I was, to what country I belonged, my name, the name of my parents, my age, and so forth. Suddenly he became angry, and I suspected that his anger was feigned. No doubt he wanted to frighten me. But my sufferings at Zossen had cured me of fear.

"You are a Portuguese fraud!" he shouted, in a voice of thunder. "Your name is not what you say!"

"I, a Portuguese!" I exclaimed, in astonishment. He was in the stronger position, but I was still hopeful. "You are mistaken," I insisted. "I am a Spaniard, a Catalan, a native of Manresa. Allow me to write to the Spanish Embassy in Berlin. The whole matter will be cleared up. Permit me also to write to my relatives, who must be very much alarmed."

A Vicious Attack

But d'Avignon had a plan. Without paying any attention to my requests he drew from a case a document in German, partly printed and partly written by hand. It was complete except for my signature; even the date had been filled in.

"Sign this," he ordered.

"I do not sign what I do not understand."

"I will translate it to you." And in bad French, stopping many times to search for a word, he read the paper to me. The upshot of it all was that I was not Valentin Torras, Spaniard, born at Manresa, but the Portuguese subject named Tonio Antuan, to whom I have previously referred. I became extremely alarmed. If they manufactured a civil status for me at their pleasure I should be irremediably lost. I decided to die rather than sign that tissue of falsehoods, which would certainly be my ruin.

"I am not Tonio Antuan, but Valentin Torras," I said firmly. "I am not a Portuguese, but a Spaniard."

"You are a Portuguese, and you are going to sign this at once!" he shouted, and taking up a fountain pen he held it out to me, rising from his chair. I jumped backward, and stood with my back to the wall, looking around in search

of a weapon of some kind. The officer watched me, and called for a soldier, who ran up with fixed bayonet. Quite calmly he stepped toward me, the pen in one hand and a revolver in the other.

"Sign this, or I will have you shot," he cried. The veins stood out on his neck, and his face was red.

"Kill me if you like," I replied.

"No; sign," he responded.

It was one of the most anxious moments of my life; I would have given anything to be out of that office. D'Avignon threw the pen upon the table, and said a word in German to the soldier. I do not know what he said, but the soldier turned round like an automaton and thrust at my throat with his bayonet. I moved slightly; the weapon struck me in the neck, and a torrent of blood flowed from the wound. I moved away from the wall, shouting. I do not know what I said, and, in any case, they could not understand me, because I was cursing them in Catalan.

In Prison Again

D'Avignon went away without saying anything. The soldier seized me roughly by the shoulders and dragged me to a cell where there was a pile of straw. With a violent shove he threw me on the straw and shut the door, leaving me alone in darkness. The blood continued to flow over my chest and shoulders, and I thought that every moment would be my last. Soon I felt a violent pricking sensation in the wound, my eyes became clouded, and I lost consciousness. How long I remained in this condition I do not know. Gradually I returned to my senses. The first thing that I was conscious of was the pain of the wound. I touched it, and found that the blood had ceased to flow. I tried to move my head, but found it very painful, and the whole of my neck was very much swollen. I had a burning thirst. I tried to speak, but only inarticulate sounds came from my throat. After one or two unsuccessful efforts, I managed to rise to my feet. I approached the door and listened. The slow steps of a sentry resounded on the floor of what was apparently a wide passage. I banged at the door, but no-

body came. Then I threw myself once more upon the straw, which was red with my blood, and gave way to despair. "They want me to bleed to death, and die here like a dog," I said to myself. "My end is only a question of hours."

Night came and I no longer heard the steps of the sentry. I fell asleep, but my rest was disturbed by horrible dreams, until I was aroused by my intense thirst. I was not hungry, but had a consuming desire to drink something cold. My tongue stuck to my palate. During my captivity in Germany I have endured the two torments of thirst and hunger, and I am convinced that thirst is the more insupportable, especially if one is wounded, as I was then.

Dragging myself along the ground, for I was unable to walk, I reached the door, which I struck with hands and feet. After some time a bolt was drawn and a soldier entered. He gave me a look of surprise, said something which I did not understand, and went out, again carefully bolting the door. Once more the door opened and the soldier laid on the straw a plate containing some sort of cold soup and a piece of black bread. "Water, water, water!" I implored, speaking in German, as I knew the word. He went out and came back shortly afterward with a small jug half full of water. I seized it and drank greedily. The water was turbid, but to me it seemed pure, fresh, crystalline. It certainly put new life into me. I regained my strength and stood up. My swollen neck and the wound caused me much pain, but I thought to myself that since they had given me water, bread, and soup, they did not want me to die just yet. I devoured the bread and the soup.

I spent four days in that cell. Each morning a soldier entered with my allowance of food, and after he had left the door was not opened again until the following morning. As my neck became more and more painful I feared that gangrene would set in, and I thought of making as much noise as was possible, and even of attacking the soldier, so that I could get out of that place. In the afternoon of the fourth day a noncommissioned officer entered the cell, ordered

me to follow him, and took me to a room in which some of my former companions were. I begged to be allowed to enter the infirmary, but either because he did not understand French or because he was acting on instructions, the man only said "Nein, nein," and marched away without turning his head. My companions surrounded me and asked what had happened during my absence. I told them my adventures, and they congratulated me on having escaped with my life. A Frenchman who understood something of medicine, although he was not a doctor, said he would do what he could for me. He went to the infirmary and asked for dressings and tincture of iodine. He dressed my wound every morning, and gradually the swelling subsided. The wound closed, and today the only trace of it is an ineffaceable scar.

Life in Chemnitz

I will now say something about our life in the prisoners' camp at Chemnitz. The barracks had some immense rooms. There were vast galleries divided into compartments by partitions of wood and brick. Each compartment, which was originally intended to accommodate four horses, was occupied by sixteen men. When we arrived there were already about 4,000 prisoners, all Frenchmen, who slept upon straw that was ground almost to dust and full of parasites. That straw was a first-class source of infection, but we could not get it changed. To all our appeals the old Captain answered that the straw was too good for a pack of immoral Frenchmen such as we were. In the opinion of that officer all Frenchmen were "apaches." He did not only say so, but I believe he was absolutely convinced of it. In the course of time about 1,000 Russians arrived. They came from the Carpathians, and some of them who were able to speak a few words of French told us that during the journey, which lasted fifteen days, they had been given food no more than three times.

Our food consisted of 300 grams of bread that was mostly bran, coffee sweetened with sugar or honey, and a plate of some indefinable kind of stew,

the very recollection of which turns my stomach even now. It was a mixture of rice, half-rotten potatoes, pieces of carrot, and fish. But the strangest thing was that inside the pieces of carrot we found lumps of sugar, figs, and grapes. I have no idea how the stew was made; I only know that it smelled very badly and was altogether horrible. Those of us who had money could buy food in the canteen, where jam could be procured. In the morning we were given coffee and bread; at midday some of the stew which I have attempted to describe; and at night another cup of coffee, sweetened with honey.

The poor Russians, none of whom had any money, were always hungry. Sometimes when the helping of stew was smaller than usual each prisoner was given a herring. Nearly all the Frenchmen threw away the heads of the fish, and we noticed that they were picked up and eaten by the Russians. Not a few of the Frenchmen who procured food from the canteen also demanded their rations, which they gave secretly to the Russians. It was not possible to do this openly. A contractor had undertaken to feed us at so much per head, and he always endeavored to serve out the smallest possible number of rations.

Epidemic of Typhus

As at Zossen, there was a scarcity of water at Chemnitz. Cleanliness therefore was out of the question. Our hands and faces were always dirty, and we were covered with vermin. Thinking as little as possible of my sufferings, I gave all my attention to trying to find some means of getting back to Spain. It seemed to be an extremely difficult matter, especially after the episode of the bayonet wound. But I did not lose hope.

In February a terrible epidemic broke out. In a short time 700 Russians and 300 Frenchmen (these figures are approximate) died of it, and there were heartbreaking scenes in the rooms. The sufferers died with terrible rapidity. The seizure began with shivering, which was followed by a very high fever. The faces of the men were covered with dark blotches, and they died without any one

being able to help them. Every morning dozens of corpses were taken off the straw. Whenever an unfortunate man began shivering, he summoned a friend in whom he had confidence, and intrusted him with the carrying out of his last wishes. But, as not infrequently this friend also perished, some of those who were stricken took the precaution of summoning two or three friends at the same time, so it is probable that the families of those who have died will eventually know what happened.

The Germans laid the blame for the epidemic upon the Russians. They said that we were dying of typhus, and that the disease had been brought into the camp by the Russian prisoners. This is possible, but I believe that more men would have been able to recover if they had not been weakened by hunger.

Persecution of Russians

The German doctors intrusted with the medical service in our camp adopted an extraordinary system of diagnosis in dealing with the Russians. Every morning a noncommissioned officer went through the rooms in which the unfortunate Russians were herded, and said that those who felt unwell should go to another large room with doors opening on an enormous courtyard. Here, between 7 and 8 o'clock, the invalid Russian prisoners had to undress, and when completely naked, in spite of the terrible cold, they were compelled to go out into the courtyard. The noncommissioned officer, without getting too close to the prisoners, made them fall into a line, and thus they stood waiting for twenty or thirty minutes. Then from a door at the other end of the courtyard a German military doctor appeared, sat on a chair, and took out a fieldglass. With the aid of the glass, at a distance of about fifteen yards, he examined the naked Russians. He asked no questions, and, in fact, very few of the Russians would have understood him. After a very brief examination he sent them to the infirmary. Naturally, those who did not die from typhus died, as a result of that examination, from pneumonia or bronchitis.

At the beginning of May the doctors declared that the epidemic was over. We were removed from the barracks and placed in some large huts. The rooms were disinfected and the straw was burned, some not very comfortable mattresses replacing it. At the same time they took away all our clothes and burned them. We were fumigated and given some clothes that had been sent by the Swiss Red Cross.

In May all the prisoners, civilian as well as military, were told that they could write to their families through the Swiss Red Cross. I wrote several letters, but they were not allowed to pass. I protested, and asked the reason of this exceptional treatment, which was very prejudicial to me, and was bluntly told that, being a Portuguese, I could not write to any other Government but that of Lisbon.

Question of Identity

In September arrangements were made for drawing up a list giving the personal particulars of each prisoner at Chemnitz. I do not know if the same thing was done in the other camps. The list was alphabetical, and gave the name, age, nationality, and personal description. When they came to the letter "T," and I found that I was not called, I complained that I had been overlooked. I was told that I was the Portuguese, Tonio Antuan. I replied that my name was Valentin Torras. A Sergeant brought the document which I had refused to sign. It contained a description of the Portuguese. The Sergeant read the description in German, and translated it into French.

"Now, you can see," I exclaimed, "that the description does not belong to me." He looked at me and then at the paper. Shrugging his shoulders, he said, "You are right; this is not a description of you. But my superiors affirm that it is, and I must be silent and obey. Therefore, I put you on the list as Tonio Antuan, a Portuguese subject, taken prisoner at Valenciennes."

"But this is absurd," I cried, exasperated.

"Perfectly absurd," the Sergeant

agreed; "but I must not judge of the conduct of those above me. When they state that you are a Portuguese, they know why they do so."

Gross-Poritsch Prison

On Oct. 14 1,000 civilians, I being among them, were selected to be sent to Gross-Poritsch, near the Austrian frontier. I have no idea why this was done. Some of those who were chosen inquired the reason at the Commandant's office, but were told to mind their own business and obey orders. I was not sorry to leave Chemnitz; I had had so many disagreeable experiences that I was not afraid of being made more unhappy at any other place in Germany. The journey, which naturally was done in cattle trucks, lasted from 5 o'clock in the morning until 6 in the evening. As is usual in such cases we were not given a drop of water throughout the day. Nobody protested, because it would have been useless.

Night was falling when we entered the new camp. It consisted of rows of wooden huts, erected on an arid plain about a mile from the town of Gross-Poritsch. It was surrounded by high fences of barbed wire and guarded by old soldiers, all of them gray haired, and the majority wearing spectacles. In the camp there were about 3,500 French and Belgians, many Russian officers and soldiers, a few civilians from Russian Poland, and, if I remember rightly, two English civilians. Each hut accommodated 250 men, who had scarcely room to breathe. The camp would have been fairly healthy if there had been a greater number of huts.

The feeding arrangements were simply infernal. We were given potatoes boiled in water, salt, and fat, and small pieces of "K. K." bread. It was impossible to get any other food from the canteen, where only tobacco, paper, and lemonade were sold. We were told that the food had been steadily getting worse. I fought on the one hand with my hunger, which commanded me to eat the nauseous food, and on the other with my palate, which rebelled against it; sometimes the stomach won and sometimes the palate. For-

tunately, after a short time I became friendly with some Frenchmen who regularly received parcels of bread, jam, and chocolate from their families, and who fed upon these things exclusively. These charitable men came to my assistance nearly every day. It is certain that I owe my life to their help.

Barbaric Punishments

It was in Gross-Poritsch that I began the efforts to regain my liberty. They were long, complicated, and dramatic. For the present I will confine myself to a description of what I experienced and saw at Gross-Poritsch. What I remember better than anything else is the punishments that were inflicted. Each camp had its peculiar forms of chastisement, according to the genius or character of the commander. I will describe some of them.

In the first place, there was the punishment of the knapsack, which was carried out in the following manner: A knapsack was filled with sand or bricks and then tied to the back of the prisoner who was to undergo the punishment. He then had to throw himself on the ground backward and rise again with a jump. A noncommissioned officer armed with a stick or whip struck him whenever the double movement was not carried out with the desired rapidity. After a few minutes of this the unhappy man felt as if his back was broken; perspiration poured from him, and he could only breathe with difficulty. If he stopped for a moment the implacable stick came down on him. And this torture lasted until it pleased the noncommissioned officer to put an end to it. Of course, everything in Germany is done by word of command, and it was usual to say to the noncommissioned officer: "This man has to be punished. Make him lie down and rise again with the knapsack fifty times." The person in charge of the punishment scrupulously counted every movement, not omitting one. In justice to him it may be stated that he never increased the number. He was a slave to the word of command, and obeyed like a machine.

On one occasion a French Sergeant had to undergo the punishment of the knap-

sack. He was a man of very strong character and obstinate, who always protested whenever he thought that he was being made the victim of an exceptional injustice. He spoke German, and disputed with the guards in that language, and the guards had a special grudge against him. He was sentenced to fall and rise 250 times with the knapsack full of bricks on his back. The punishment was witnessed by many of the prisoners, I being among them. We murmured and asked for clemency for the unfortunate man, but the latter and his executioner were separated from us by a wall of soldiers armed with rifles.

The Sergeant rebelled against the punishment, and blows were showered upon him. One noncommissioned officer became tired and handed his whip to another. The second man succeeded in making the Sergeant carry out the movement 214 times, and then he also was tired out, so handed the whip to a third. But the latter was unable to begin his duties because the Sergeant was done for. Blood was pouring from his mouth. He lay on the ground with his arms extended, an inert mass. He was taken to the infirmary, which he soon left for the cemetery. And yet he had been a strong, healthy man, who might have lived for a century.

Atrocious Torture

Another of the punishments consisted in tying a prisoner's wrists and attaching him to an iron bar, having previously stood him on two or three bricks. When he was fixed to the bar the bricks were knocked away and the poor man had to support himself as best he could on tip-toe. So he remained for anything up to three or four hours. When he was released he was half dead, and his wrists were cut and bleeding.

The punishment of the cage, as its name indicates, consisted in inclosing a prisoner in a circle formed of six posts united together by barbed wire. The cage was left out in the open, guarded by a sentry, and there the prisoner remained from three to six days without being able to move, because the cage was very small and the points of the barbed

wire were carefully turned inside. The prisoner was fed there, but had no protection from the sun, rain, or snow. He was unable to sleep because, if he was overcome by fatigue and fell to one side or the other, he was aroused by the points of the wire penetrating his flesh.

The most frequent punishment was what I may call that of the post. In this case a post was planted firmly in the ground, and the prisoner who had incurred the penalty was tied to it by cords around his neck, breast, abdomen, and feet. His arms were tied to his body. The cords were drawn so tightly that they cut into the flesh, and thus the man remained motionless for twelve and even twenty-four hours.

The German soldiers who acted as our guards were quite unmoved by these punishments, and all the more so because they had themselves to endure them. It was only the punishment of the knapsack which had been specially invented for our benefit; the others were part of the *répertoire* of the noncommissioned officers. I have seen many of the men who guarded us punished with the cage or the post for some act of carelessness. They suffered in silence; their obedience was extraordinary. I remember that one day a man over forty years of age, fat and ruddy, with a large nose and gold-rimmed spectacles, who was said by the other Germans to be very rich, was put in the cage. I do not know for what reason. When he was taken out after six hours he went away to eat his rations as if nothing had happened. I was watching him, and did not see the least display of anger or even a glance of hatred at the noncommissioned officer who had humiliated him in this manner.

The civilians were punished by being attached to the post very frequently, but were rarely put in the cage, and never tortured by the knapsack. It must not be supposed that these punishments were inflicted upon the prisoners, civilian or military, for serious offenses. In the ordinary way one was punished for raising his voice when an officer was within hearing, for smoking inside the huts, approaching too near to the barbed

wire, or not saluting with sufficient alacrity.

The Russians and the English had the worst time in the prisoners' camp. The former received no money and no parcels of food, and as for the English, they were the objects of a terrible hatred. The famous "Gott strafe England!" constantly resounded in our huts in a most disastrous manner for the subjects of King George. The German soldiers regarded the French with a certain sympathy, the Belgians with indifference, the Russians with repugnance, and the English with abhorrence.

At Chemnitz groups were formed of twenty-five Russians, who were harnessed together by ropes and made to plow the fields. This humiliating labor was not imposed upon the French, English, or Belgians. The camp authorities would not have dared to compel the English to drag a plow, because they said they would rather allow themselves to be killed. But the poor Russians obeyed like sheep.

Secret Correspondence

One day a prisoner in Gross-Poritsch received a letter from his wife. The letter came by a special channel, which I cannot describe, but of which I afterward availed myself in order that it might be known in Spain what was happening to a Catalan subject of Don Alfonso XIII. In the prisoners' camps in Germany one has to be very ingenious if one wants to communicate with the outside world. Ordinary letters are allowed with certain restrictions, but at the beginning of the war even these did not reach their destination. The French prisoner to whom I have referred believed that the letter came from Roubaix, where he had lived before the war. Imagine his surprise and anxiety when he saw that the letter was dated from Cologne. His wife informed him that she had been forcibly removed from Roubaix, together with several other women, to work in Germany; she refused, and was then sent to a civil prison. The poor Frenchman was desperate; he wanted to dash his head against a wall, and we had the greatest difficulty in calming him.

Fight for Freedom

I will now describe as succinctly as possible the efforts which I made to secure my liberty. This portion of my experiences, I think, is very interesting, as it throws much light on various aspects of the real condition of the prisoners of war in the German camps.

On Dec. 22, 1915, I wrote to Paris to the Marqués de Villa-Urrutia, who, as I believed, was still the Spanish Ambassador in the capital of the French Republic. These letters, as well as some others, were sent by a special channel, which for various reasons I cannot reveal, principally because it is frequently used by the prisoners in Gross-Poritsch when they do not wish their letters to be read by the German censorship. Moreover, if I were to tell all I know in this respect it is probable that some persons would be punished. The letter was received by the new Ambassador, the Marqués de Valtierra, who immediately sent it on to the Spanish Government. I suppose that the latter sent a complaint to Berlin, and I also suppose that the Germans replied that I was a Portuguese, and that I was lying when I claimed to have been born in Spain.

One day, when reading a copy of *Le Matin*—we had many French papers in the camp, paying a very high price for them—I saw that Señor Leon y Castillo had been appointed Spanish Ambassador in Paris. I accordingly wrote to him, relating all that had happened to me, and asking him to interest himself on my behalf. Moreover, I sent another letter to the Franco-Belgian Red Cross at Geneva. In reply the latter advised me to address myself to Señor Polo de Bernabé, the representative of Spain in Berlin. I answered, saying that I was not allowed to communicate with my Ambassador and begging the Red Cross to report my misfortunes to the Spanish Minister in Berne. This the Red Cross did, and the Spanish Minister in Berne wrote to Señor Polo.

In Touch with Diplomacy

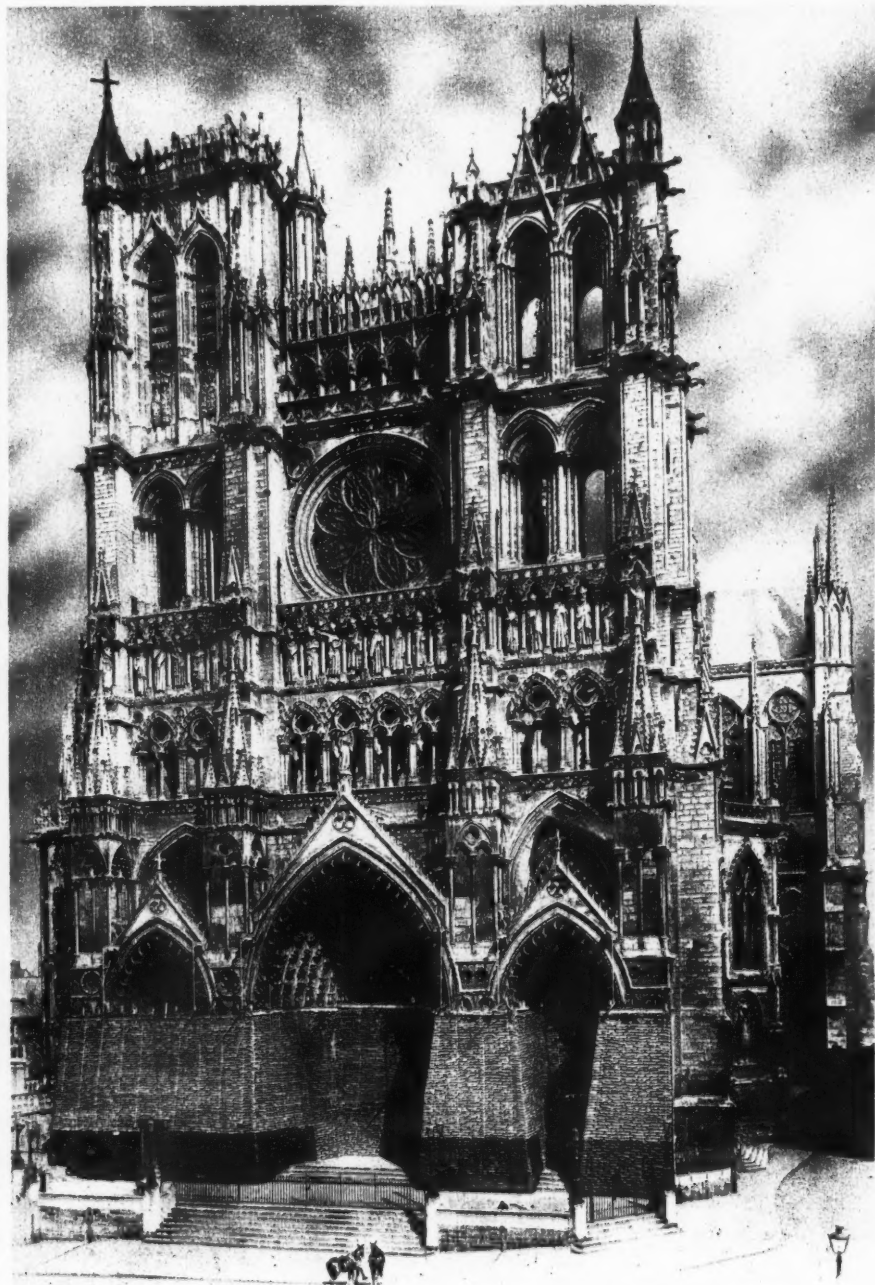
All these efforts occupied more than three months. In the end, on March 25, I received an official letter from Señor

GENERALS FOCH AND FAYOLLE



General Ferdinand Foch (at Left) and General Marie Emile Fayolle, Who Collaborate on the Somme, the Latter Consolidating What the Former Wins.

AMIENS CATHEDRAL IN ARMOR



An Armor of Sandbags Protects the Historic Portals and
All the Carved Interior Walls of Amiens Cathedral,
Near the French Front.

(Photo by Paul Thompson.)

Polo de Bernabé. It stated that the Ambassador had my affair in hand, and inclosed the sum of 10 marks. I was requested to send two receipts for the money, which I did immediately, through the ordinary channel. Naturally, I desired to use all possible means for securing my liberation, so I wrote also to M. Bernard of the Catholic Committee for Prisoners of War in Geneva. He replied, saying that he had written to the Superior of the Sisters of Charity in Barcelona, (I had told him in my letter that my father was employed in the prison of that town,) asking them to advise the poor old man that I was alive. On Feb. 4 my father went to Manresa and secured a copy of my certificate of baptism. This document was legalized and countersigned on Feb. 28 by the German Consul in Barcelona. I received it in April, and then decided to make a supreme effort.

Armed with the official letter from the Spanish Embassy in Berlin and the certificate of baptism, I went to the Kommandantur and asked for an interview with the chief of the camp. He received me with a very bad grace. I told him that the Ambassador's letter and the baptismal certificate proved that I was a Spaniard, and I begged him to set me at liberty as quickly as possible. He examined the certificate, and then said, "It is false."

"If it is false," I exclaimed, "why is it countersigned by the German Consul in Barcelona?"

He was nonplused, for the argument was a strong one. Not knowing what to reply, he decided in favor of having me thrust unceremoniously out of his office. * * *

One day, much to my surprise, I received a letter from Algeria. A Señorita Lopes wrote to me in French from Philippeville, inquiring who I was, as she had seen my name and address in one of the bulletins of the Red Cross. I answered her through the normal post, and shortly afterward she sent me two parcels of provisions.

On July 16, employing the secret channel, which was only available from time

to time, I wrote once more to Señor Polo de Bernabé. He received the letter, and decided to send Señor Ferraches, the doctor of the embassy, to Gross-Poritsch. This was my salvation. Señor Ferraches arrived in the camp on June 20. I knew of it, and determined to use the opportunity, even if it should cost me my life. As soon as I saw the doctor I left the circle of prisoners and approached him rapidly.

"Pardon me," I began, "but I am—"

I was unable to continue. The German Commandant, who accompanied Señor Ferraches, pulled the latter violently by the arm. Then he threw himself on me, and with a brutal shove caused me to fall into the none too affectionate arms of a Captain who was hurrying up on seeing my daring. This Captain caught me roughly, looked me threateningly in the eyes, and said, "follow me!"

"No, no," I shouted. "I am a Spaniard. I must be released."

The Captain summoned a couple of soldiers, who seized me by the arms. I was desperate; I turned my face toward Señor Ferraches, who, with a look of surprise, was watching us a few steps away, and shouted in Spanish as loudly as I could: "See, Señor, how a Spaniard of Catalonia is treated by the Germans in the camp of Gross-Poritsch!"

The doctor made a sign showing that he had understood, and said in a low voice, "follow him."

I obeyed then, and they took me off to the Kommandantur. I had a violent altercation in French with the Captain. I asked to be allowed to speak with the Spanish delegate, but the Captain refused, repeating the eternal refrain, "You are a Portuguese; you are a Portuguese." * * *

In the evening an interpreter took me to the Commandant's office. Señor Ferraches, seeing me enter with the interpreter, asked to be permitted to speak to me alone, and his request was granted, although very reluctantly. He submitted me to a regular examination in Castilian. I was suspicious. He seemed to be a Spaniard.

But suppose he was not? He perceived my doubts, and said, "Explain yourself clearly. What do you fear?"

With Catalan frankness I answered resolutely, "I fear that you may be a German who speaks Spanish. I cannot trust these people."

Without being offended by my brusque remark, he replied, good-naturedly:

"You are a Catalan. I am a Valencian, but know your language. Let us talk in Catalan."

Hearing him express himself correctly in Catalan, all my doubts vanished, and I gave him a detailed account of my long trials. It happened that Señor Ferrachas knew the town of Juvia, three kilometers from El Ferrol, where I had lived for seven years, my father having been employed there. I gave him details of the place, and of the important people there; this confirmed him in the opinion that I had been the victim of an outrage.

Freedom in Sight

"I am completely convinced," he said, "that you are Valentin Torras, native of Manresa, and not Tonio Antuan, a Portuguese subject. I had instructions to speak with you at all costs. I wanted to do so this morning, but, seeing the anger of the chief of the camp, and being opposed to all violence, I decided to wait until he was pacified. So I have waited seven hours. Be calm; you will soon regain your liberty."

I had in my possession two receipts from the camp authorities, one for a notebook in which I had copied the letters I had written during my captivity and the other for the certificate of baptism sent by my father. They had asked me for these things, but I would not give them up without a receipt. I gave Señor Ferrachas both receipts, asking him to deposit them at the embassy, because I feared they might be taken from me when I was released. Señor Ferrachas took the receipts, gave me a note for 20 marks, said a very friendly farewell, and went. I am grateful to him for his goodness. He showed great energy and diplomacy, and would not allow himself to be deceived or intimidated.

[Here follow details of an official attempt to make the prisoner sign a paper

admitting that his imprisonment was due to his own fault, and renouncing all claims of indemnity.]

But my liberation was at hand. Two days later, on June 30, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I was taken to the Kommandantur, and told to prepare to quit the camp on the following day at 5:30 in the morning, as orders had been given for my release. My papers were handed to me. Imagine my emotion! I was to leave the camp. I was to leave Germany. Soon I should be in Switzerland, and then in Spain! I ran off like a madman and entered my quarters shouting and gesticulating. My companions, alarmed, surrounded me. They believed I had lost my reason.

At 6:30 I went in search of one of the camp barbers. I was seated on a stool enduring the necessary torture to which the barber submitted me when the Captain of my company, to whom I was indebted for so many hard supplementary torments, approached, and inquired: "So you are going tomorrow?"

"Yes," I replied, surprised that he did not address me as usual in the second person singular.

He smiled, and his face assumed an expression of innocent cordiality, which left me stupefied. "Adieu, Torras," he said. "Pleasant journey. I hope you will not carry away any gloomy recollections of us, and that when in Spain you will not speak badly of the Germans or of your treatment in the camp of Gross-Poritsch."

I did not reply. Such cynicism astounded me.

I bade farewell to my friends. Some of them intrusted me with commissions for their families, which I promised scrupulously to fulfill. They looked at me with eyes of envy. I was going, but they remained, subject to an iron discipline, with the prospect of further hardships, lashes, blows, kicks, curses, and the various camp punishments.

[The rest of the narrative relates the details of the prisoner's return to Spain. He was escorted under guard through Dresden, Munich, and Lindau, where he crossed Lake Constance into Switzerland and became again a free man.]

Italy, Prussia, and Austria, 1866-1916

ALFREDO COMANDINI IN ILLUSTRAZIONE ITALIANA

Why did Italy wait until Aug. 28, 1916, to declare war against Germany, though she had been fighting Germany's ally for fifteen months? One answer to this question is given in the appended article, translated from the Italian for CURRENT HISTORY MAGAZINE.

THERE could have been no finer commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Custoza (June 24, 1866) by the Italians than that which they are now making—fighting again with armed might against the same enemy. Only those who saw and lived through those days can realize the impatience, the inquietude, the anxieties that filled Italian hearts, that, to the glorious annexations of 1859 and 1860, (beginning the formation of the Kingdom of Italy, which was proclaimed at Turin on March 14, 1861,) Venice and Rome might also be added.

The question of Rome had been frankly laid before the Italian Parliament by Cavour in 1861—Rome must become the capital of the new Kingdom of Italy—but the decisive moment for the "Roman question" was fated to be postponed to a later date.

More urgent, and sooner to be solved, was the question of Venice; and as, because of the youth of the new kingdom, her army and her spirit were not sufficient for the difficult enterprise, the great Count Cavour, in the last months of his brilliant life, turned his thoughts toward the natural ally of the new Italy—Prussia.

In fact, when, in January, 1861, he who afterward became Emperor William I. of Germany ascended the kingly throne of Prussia, Cavour persuaded King Victor Emmanuel II. to send to Berlin General Alfonso Lamarmora on a special mission to the new King of Prussia, "in testimony of respect for him and of sympathy for the noble Germanic Nation," and the great Italian Minister gave precise instructions to General Lamarmora to "form closer relations between the Cabinets of Turin and Berlin, and to prepare the ground for a future alliance between Italy and Prussia against Austria."

In February of the same year, 1861,

Giuseppe Mazzini, in "a letter to a German," said to the German people: "Let us complete our unity and found yours. To be a nation we need Rome and Venice; help us, by a unanimous expression of opinion, to liberate Rome; separate yourselves from Austria in the inevitable contest between her and us for Venice. You need, in order to conquer your unity, to free yourselves from the dualism represented by the monarchies of Austria and Prussia, and to base yourselves on the people, the sole unitary and truly German element. We shall help you to free yourselves from Austria. We have a common enemy. Let us fight him together!"

In that same February, 1861, (on Feb. 5,) George von Wincke proposed to the Prussian Chamber, which, in spite of the opposition of the Prussian Government, approved it by 159 votes to 146, that "we should not regard it as being the interest of Prussia or of the Germans to oppose the progress of the consolidation of Italy."

These were the germs of the Italo-Prussian alliance which, after many vicissitudes, came to maturity through the evident identity of interests between the two countries. Thus, when, in December, 1862, Otto von Bismarck, who for three months had been President of the Prussian Ministry, caused the question to be put to the new Italian Government (the new Farini-Pasolini Ministry) "what would be the position of Italy in a war between Prussia and Austria?" he naturally received the reply that "it could not be doubted that Italy would be found on the side of the enemies of Austria."

It is impossible, within the limits of this brief commemorative article, to tell the whole story of the intricate diplomatic relations throughout five years, which may be summed up thus:

1. Italy's effort to gain, in any way, whether solely by diplomatic action or also by force of arms, possession of Venice.

2. The assiduous efforts of the French Emperor, Napoleon III., to gain Venice for Italy, while avoiding war, if possible, but by creating discord between Prussia and Austria.

3. Bismarck's effort to arouse in Austria the fear of Italy in order to gain possession for Prussia of the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein and other concessions from Austria.

4. Austria's efforts to bring about an understanding with Italy and to prevent Italy from coming to an understanding with Prussia.

Schleswig and Holstein had been taken from Denmark by the combined military action of Prussia and Austria in 1864, and, by treaty, were then occupied by mixed Prussian and Austrian garrisons, from which cause arose ceaseless strife between the two joint rulers, this friction having increased to such a degree that in June, 1865, war had already been considered by the Prussian Government, and Count Usedom, the Prussian Minister to the Italian Government, asked the Italian Prime Minister and General Lamarmora, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, whether "if hostilities broke out between Prussia and Austria Italy would seize the occasion to take the field for the liberation of Venice."

Lamarmora had come into power in 1864, and had found negotiations with Prussia already begun for a commercial treaty, which was concluded in March, 1865, and included all the States of the Germanic Confederation, including Saxony and Bavaria, which, up to that time, had not recognized the new Kingdom of Italy. This commercial treaty marked a long step toward the Italo-Prussian understanding; in view of which Prime Minister Lamarmora, in reply to the question of Count Usedom, whether Italy would take up arms against Austria if Prussia went to war with Austria, felt much perplexity in answering, (in part sincerely, in part by calculation,) "in spite of the inner satisfaction which he would feel at an event so favorable to the destinies of Italy."

In reality, Lamarmora distrusted Bismarck, who, in his instinctive trickery, was brutally sincere. Lamarmora was afraid of displeasing Napoleon III., not understanding that Italy's ally of 1859, (France in the campaign of Magenta and Solferino,) identifying himself with the interests of France, was not then greatly preoccupied over the eventual rupture between the Teutonic monarchies. Napoleon was possessed by the idea that Venice might be restored to Italy without a war.

Lamarmora continued to hold the same view, but in March, 1866, he sent to Berlin, at Bismarck's request, General Govone, as assistant to the Italian Minister Plenipotentiary Barral, to treat definitely with Prussia for a convention, if not for a treaty.

Lamarmora was a simple soul, an intellectual mediocrity of limited culture, of loyal heart, very honest, instinctively recoiling from the subtle arts and inevitable trickery of diplomacy—in which Cavour had been so great a master, and Bismarck not much behind him—whence it is easy to understand how he shrank from everything that might look like deceit, and was always afraid of trickery.

Barral, the Italian Minister at Berlin, was not strong enough to hold his own against Bismarck, or to make his own authority prevail with Lamarmora. Lamarmora had two clear-sighted, accomplished, and conscientious informants—General Joseph Govone at Berlin and Constantine Nigra at Paris; they at last succeeded in overcoming the hesitations of the honest soldier, who had no large vision of genius, and only somewhat late realized that it was the indubitable wish of Napoleon III. that an accord might be brought about between Italy and Prussia, an accord for which Bismarck was working determinedly, so much so that he had already used to King William of Prussia—who was opposed to an alliance between Prussia and Italy—the characteristic phrase, repeated later to Nigra: "If Italy had not existed, it would have been necessary to invent her!"

There are voluminous records of these slow, laborious, and uncertain negotiations, in which the Trentino "from the

crest of the Alps" was first included, on the insistence of Barral, Lamarmora, General Govone, and his assistant, Colonel Driquet, among the territories which Italy was to get from Austria; and was later excluded, when Count Barral accepted the Prussian claim that the Trentino, because it formed a part of the Germanic Confederation, could not be ceded to Italy at that time; but what could not be done before the war might be done during, or after, the war, especially after an appeal to the population of the Trentino.

Finally, according to God's will, an "offensive and defensive treaty of alliance" was signed in Berlin on April 8, 1866, in accordance with which Italy, following the initiative of Prussia, should declare war on Austria as soon as she was notified by Prussia; the war to be carried on with all her forces; and that Prussia and Italy should make no peace or armistice except by mutual consent, which should only be given after Austria had agreed to cede "The kingdom of Lombardy-Venezia" (thus officially styled by Austria, even after 1859) to Italy; and to Prussia, territories equivalent in population (two and one-half millions) to the said realm. The treaty was to lapse in three months (that is, on July 8) from the date of signature, if, during that period Prussia had not declared war on Austria. The treaty remained secret; it was definitively ratified by the two sovereigns on April 20, and on April 21 Bis-

marck presented to the German Diet the explosive proposal for "the federal reform of the Teutonic Parliament," from which he promised himself the war with Austria, which neither his sovereign, King William, nor the upper classes nor the German masses desired; while in Italy Lamarmora, for many and not vain reasons, would have preferred to obtain Venice without a war.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Bismarck's proposal was for a new German Confederation, from which Austria should be excluded. The Diet rejected the proposal, and prepared to make war against Prussia, as the wanton disturber of national peace. On June 14, 1866, war between Austria and Prussia began. As a result of the decisive battle of Sadowa in Bohemia (also called Koeniggraetz) on July 4, Austria was defeated, and Prussia annexed Hesse, Hanover, Nassau, the former free city of Frankfurt, besides the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, with the magnificent harbor of Kiel. These annexations increased the area and population of Prussia one-half; before the war she had a population of 20,000,000; after it her population was 30,000,000.

Thus, largely through the help of Italy, modern Prussia came into being; Italy, on her part, had won the battle of Custoza on June 24; as a result, through her alliance with Prussia, she regained the province of Venetia, with its capital, Venice, but not the ardently desired Trentino.

Signor Comandini does not say so explicitly, but he allows it to be inferred that, because of the service rendered by Prussia to Victor Emmanuel II. in 1866, Victor Emmanuel III., in 1916, though at war with Austria, refrained as long as possible from declaring war against Germany.

Austrian Red Book on Rumania's Entrance Into the War

THE Foreign Ministry of Austria-Hungary issued a Red Book on Oct. 11 dealing with the diplomatic relations between that monarchy and Rumania from the beginning of the war to Aug. 27, when Rumania threw in her lot with the Entente. The book contains 111 documents, mostly reports of Count Czernin, the Austro-Hungarian Minister at Bucharest, to Baron Burian, the Foreign Minister of the Dual Monarchy, and

all of a nature intended to clear these officials from the charge of being responsible for the country's being taken by surprise. The responsibility for this is thrown upon the military authorities of Austria-Hungary. The Red Book also charges Rumanian high officials with frequent and deliberate lying.

It begins with a document which reveals that Count Berchtold on July 22, 1914, instructed the Austro-Hungarian

Minister at Bucharest to inform the King of Rumania (King Carol) and the Premier that he intended to send a note to Serbia. This seems to have been done. Four days later another telegram was sent to Count Czernin, in which Count Berchtold, then Foreign Minister of the monarchy, instructed him to make it clear to the King and Government of Rumania that in the case of Serbia he expected strict neutrality from Rumania, and, should Russia prove hostile, a loyal co-operation on the part of that country. Two days later Count Czernin telegraphed to Count Berchtold, saying that the King of Rumania declared that in the conflict with Serbia the monarchy could rely on the strict neutrality of Rumania, but that in case Russia should intervene Rumania could not take an active part on the side of the monarchy. At the same time the King declared "that no power on earth could persuade him to attack the monarchy or join the monarchy's enemies."

Count Czernin quoted Prince Ferdinand (the present King) as saying in the Fall of 1914 that he would regard himself as a "miserable wretch" if he entertained any intentions of aggression toward Austria-Hungary. The passing of King Carol, however, changed the situation. On Oct. 6 Count Czernin reported: "I have again spoken with King Carol. He was weeping, and said that he has only one wish: to die and put an end to everything." He died on Oct. 10, 1914, and by Dec. 2 the Austrian Minister was writing to his superior: "All the signs point to the fact that during the Spring of next year Rumania will intervene on the side of the Entente." M. Bratiano, the Rumanian Premier, gave signs of leaning in that direction, and King Ferdinand made evasive answers to queries on the subject.

Rumanian Mobilization

About the beginning of June strong Rumanian forces were sent to guard the Austro-Hungarian border. On Sept. 24 Count Czernin warned M. Bratiano that if the Rumanian mobilization continued his Government would demand an explanation. A day later he received in-

structions from Baron Burian as follows: "I instruct your Excellency to remind M. Bratiano that the object which Rumania would achieve by joining the Central Empires would be to build a mighty wall against Russian ambitions in Central Europe and the Balkans; that Bulgaria is about to free herself from that danger, and that the time has come for Rumania also to do her utmost in the direction suggested by her history, her interests, and her own common sense."

This did not seem to have any effect on M. Bratiano, for on Nov. 3, 1915, Count Czernin received further instructions from Vienna, in which it was said: "The Imperial and Royal Government has received reliable information to the effect that large Russian forces have been concentrated on the Rumanian frontier. M. Bratiano should be asked what he proposes to do if permission should be asked for the passage of Russian troops through Rumanian territory." It was suggested, however, that the question should be put in a friendly manner. M. Bratiano assured Vienna that he would not allow such a thing, and the King gave the same assurance.

On May 12, 1916, after months of correspondence on the same lines, M. Bratiano is alleged to have said that "in his opinion peace would shortly come on basis of status quo, and that Rumania would then be fortunate in not having intervened. The utter annihilation of any of the belligerent groups could only be effected at a distant date, and Rumania could not endure a long war." "Nevertheless, M. Bratiano made me understand," continued Count Czernin's report, "that he believed the annihilation of the forces of the Dual Monarchy was very probable, while that of the Russian forces was impossible, and that in consequence the permanent possession of Transylvania was possible, but that of Bessarabia was impossible."

King Ferdinand spoke to Count Czernin on May 26 in terms of admiration with regard to the Austro-Hungarian offensive against Italy, but declared that co-operation with the monarchy was unimaginable. Two weeks later the Minister reported that news of the suc-

cesses of the Russians had created great excitement in Rumania. On July 19 the dispatches of Count Czernin already struck a note of despair. "Whatever we could do," he writes, "to bring about a postponement of Rumanian intervention has been done. The work of diplomacy might help to delay the rupture for hours, but it cannot altogether prevent it. The factors in this case are the guns. These have the last word, and the situation will develop according to their success or failure." No doubt by this he meant to impress upon Vienna that unless the Austro-Hungarian armies could hold the Russians everything was lost. A week later, after another interview with King Ferdinand, he telegraphed: "I am quite convinced that Rumania is negotiating with the Entente, and any further Russian victories may create a very dangerous situation here."

Terms Offered by Allies

On July 28 he wrote to say he was in possession of terms on which Rumania was to join the Allies. These were:

1. A general offensive by the Entente.
2. A further advance of the Russians in the Carpathians.
3. An allied force for defense against Bulgaria.
4. The cession to Rumania of Transylvania, the Banat, and Bukowina.
5. Rumania only to declare war against the monarchy.
6. Artillery and munitions to be supplied to the Rumanian forces.

Count Czernin added in this dispatch that he was also aware that Rumania would join the Entente during the latter half of August. "M. Bratiano made no secret of his opinion that the war was nearing its end and that the man power of the Central Empires was exhausted, while that of the Entente Powers, especially Russia, was inexhaustible."

On July 28 he told Baron Burian that it would do no harm to caution the King of Rumania of the "bad moral effect of a breach of the kind contemplated." He received instructions to this effect, but the King declared to him that the conditions were quite different from what they were early in the war, and that the promises or statements made by his

uncle (King Carol) could not bind him. He saw M. Bratiano also, who said: "He wants to be in it when the war is at an end, as the defeat of the monarchy is absolutely certain."

On Aug. 8 Count Czernin wrote: "Bratiano in the course of a long conversation told me that we might achieve a prolongation of Rumanian neutrality by the cession of Bukowina. This I refused to discuss, as I knew the views of Baron Burian on the subject, and I also knew that, even if we made such a promise when, as he thinks, we are on the road to defeat, Rumania would attack us nevertheless." A few days later Count Czernin telegraphed that great numbers of troops were being called up and equipped by night, and quoted the King as having declared that he would probably get over the crisis.

On Aug. 12 Baron Burian wrote to Bucharest instructing Count Czernin to inform the King, "with all necessary precautions," that M. Bratiano was still negotiating with the Entente behind the King's back, and informing him when it was too late of his activities. This again produced no effect, for on Aug. 22 Count Czernin again reported that, while the Hungarian frontier was swarming with men, the Russian frontier was quite undefended, and he made "friendly allusions" to this subject to the Premier.

The last time Count Czernin saw the King was a day before the declaration of war, on Aug. 26, when he told the King that "the warlike preparations demand on our part definite steps, and unless we get satisfactory assurances energetic steps will be taken. The King answered, in his usual feeble manner, that he believed his army could not oppose the Russians if they chose to enter Rumania." M. Bratiano on the same day said that the Crown Council next day would have to decide, and added that he feared an attack on the part of the Bulgarians.

The last document in the book is the declaration of war.

The Hungarian papers, commenting on the Red Book, say it seems clear that Baron Burian was informed even of the date of intervention, and yet no precautions were taken to defend the frontiers.

The Invasion of Turkey

By James B. Macdonald

The author of this article is a traveled Briton who has formerly resided in the East.

THE Turkish Empire at the period of its greatest expansion was the main thoroughfare from the West to the East, and today it is one of the alternate routes capable of great development by means of railways. In former days, Constantinople was the most important strategic site in the world, and, as the Ottoman power weakened, nations fought and schemed for its acquisition. It was the gateway to the East when Napoleon desired it, and Russia first sought it, and when Britain opposed both. The cutting of the Suez Canal and its passing with Egypt into the de facto possession of the world's strongest naval power moved the strategic values in favor of the British Empire.

Britain and Russia in modern times were and are the two greatest Asiatic powers, rivals during the period of their growing expansion, and at all times intolerant of any other European power coming within the sphere of their influence in the East. Into this scenario steps the present German Emperor upon his advent to the throne, intent, like another young Emperor in the year 1807, upon stepping over the British in India to a larger "place in the sun."

The Czar Alexander met Napoleon at Tilsit in June, 1807, and, full of youthful enthusiasm and inexperience, thought he could give ear to proposals for a joint conquest of India and subjection of the British and yet be able to subordinate the mature mind of the world's greatest adventurer to his will. Thus arose differences between Britain and Russia, which, fanned into bitterness by the Crimean war—an extension of the same quarrel—took 100 years to mollify; yet that estrangement of the past is as nothing compared to the resentment felt today by the British against the Kaiser and his people, and it is partly due to the same cause.

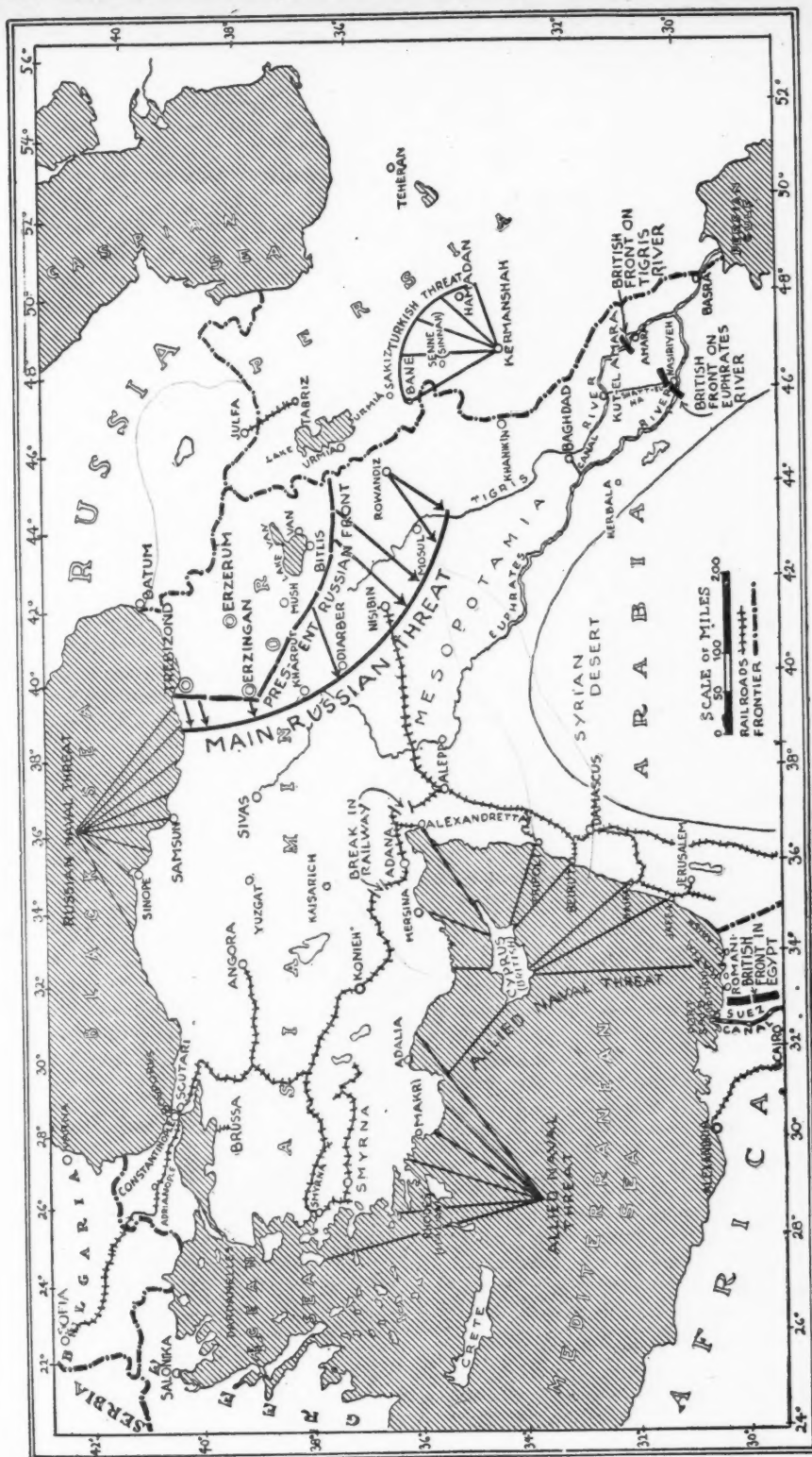
During a previous world war, Britain gained her great Indian empire, but lost at the same time her young New England colonies. India has been the foundation of British wealth, and still is the keystone of the British Empire; but if the British people have gained much from India it has not been without great sacrifices, and India has gained still more in security, prosperity, and civilization. The administration of India is the glory of the British, and they have given of their best in making it what it is today.

He then who strikes at India and Britain's sea supremacy strikes at what is fundamental in Britain's worldwide power, because with India and Egypt in other hands, and the nation's sea power minimized, Australia and New Zealand could neither maintain their connection with Great Britain nor yet remain independent.

Germany in Eastern Politics

The present Kaiser, throwing aside the policies and traditions of Bismarck, tried his 'prentice hand at Asiatic politics with ulterior ends. His first diplomatic move was to impress upon Russia that in China lay her natural field of expansion, that Germany was her friend, and Britain her foe. In this way he sought to divert the attention of political Russia from European politics, and more particularly from those of the Near East, to which he himself intended to devote primary consideration.

The war with Japan brought disillusionment to Russia, and henceforth the contest of wits in the Balkans became more acute because all parties were now wide awake to what the issues were. In the meantime, the Prussian General, Baron von der Goltz, was sent to Turkey to reorganize its army, and ever since the German people have been educated to the belief that their destinies lay in the East, and that what used to be called



TURKEY'S FIGHT FOR LIFE: ALL THE FRONTS—FROM THE BALKANS TO EGYPT AND PERSIA—WHERE TURKISH ARMIES ARE OPPOSING ENTENTE FORCES

the "Near Eastern question" must be settled in favor of Germany by war or otherwise.

To further this great scheme of "Eastward Ho!" from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf, an elaborate system of canals has been developed throughout Germany, until today vessels of 1,000 tons can steam through these inland waters to the Black Sea, since the Rivers Rhine, Elbe, and Danube are now linked up. It was principally by means of this route that war matériel was exported from Germany to Bulgaria and Turkey, and return cargoes obtained of grain and fodder from Bulgaria, and copper, cotton, wool, and tobacco from Turkey; but this has now been stopped by the entry of Rumania into the war and the consequent closing of the Danube.

German Railway Projects

The fulcrum, however, which moved Germany into the East was the acquisition of State-pushed railway monopolies, the ousting of the earlier British and French individual financiers, and the appropriation of their schemes. The first railway built in Asiatic Turkey was the short line from the Bosphorus, opposite Constantinople, to Nicomedia, on the Sea of Marmora. This and the Smyrna-Aïdan line were financed by British capital, while French financiers built the Syrian railways.

The Bagdad railway was conceived by Sir William Andrew, a distinguished Anglo-Indian railway official, surveyed by Sir John MacNeill and General Chesney in 1857, and favorably reported on by a select committee of the House of Commons in 1872; but no support was forthcoming from the British Government.

In 1889 the Kaiser astonished Europe by his visit to the Sultan Abdul Hamid, and his visit was pregnant with railway schemes. Shortly afterward it was announced that a German company had taken over the Nicomedia railway and obtained concessions to prolong it eastward to Angora and southward to Konia. These projects completely blocked any prolongation of the Smyrna-Aïdan line.

Subsequent developments were the so-

called pilgrim railway to Medina, in Arabia, and the Bagdad railway, both of which were constructed primarily with a view to military considerations. The pilgrim railway was carried along the fringe of the desert to the east of the Syrian hills, and so was less exposed to an invasion from the sea, but at the same time further away from the populated areas of Syria and Palestine. The railway to Bagdad, instead of running direct to that town down the Euphrates Valley, as commercial interests would dictate, was projected across a barren country to Mosul, whence it could be carried alongside the Tigris River to the head of the Persian Gulf and into Northern Persia also, if political developments permitted these extensions.

The Teutons hoped by means of these railways to divert much of the traffic which passes through the Suez Canal and to lessen the political importance of the latter, but as they are yet unfinished one cannot say to what extent this would have been the case. It is, however, clear that they were conceived more as a menace to British power in the East than as a vehicle of commerce.

Britain was quick to see the danger to her empire and to the civilization she had built up in the East; and Russia, also, perceived the possibilities of the case, which endangered the richest portion of her empire and its most vulnerable part. Moreover, the success of German aims meant the absolute defeat of Russia's traditional ambition to occupy Constantinople—a situation which would make an appeal to arms inevitable.

Politics of the Near East

For the last fifteen years diplomacy has been handling these combustibles, which at any moment might ignite. Unless Germany, either directly or through the instrumentality of Austria, could control the Balkan States, there was no immediate danger, and the struggle centred on this issue.

Following the disclosure of Russia's temporary weakness through the war with Japan, Austria took advantage of the situation to annex Bosnia and Herze-

govina in breach of the treaty of Berlin, and so drove in the first wedge.

Russia waited her opportunity, and in due course brought about the first Balkan war to thwart Austria's aims. The Teutonic powers responded with the second Balkan war, which, however, went contrary to their hopes; but German domination of Turkey stabilized the situation, or at least gave time to ameliorate it.

In 1914 the moment seemed propitious, and, notwithstanding Italy's warning, Germany urged Austria on to embark in the present war—nominally to prejudice and avenge the assassination of the heir to the throne, but actually to drive a further wedge through Serbia and open the way to the East.

Austria's objective throughout was Saloniki, while Germany was bent on obtaining through communication with Turkey. It was easy to start such a war, but another matter to confine it within Balkan limits, as statesmen had foreseen all along, because the balance of power in Europe cannot be arbitrarily altered without a great upheaval.

The issue now lies with the god of war, but should the Teutonic powers lose the hazard, as seems probable, then Turkey—the latent cause of all the trouble—will be carved up according to the wishes of Britain and Russia, while Germany will have no further interest in Asia or Africa. Turkey for her part will fight to the death rather than give up Constantinople and the Dardanelles, but this has been decreed by the Allies, whose dissensions alone in the past have maintained her so long in Europe. Britain had given her guarantee to Turkey since 1879 that she would maintain her in possession of Asia Minor against all enemies, but never contemplated that a Turkish Government would by an underhand agreement place their country and its resources at the disposal of Germany or any other third party. Confronted with a common danger in the East, Britain and Russia cannot let go until they have carried the war to a successful issue and vindicated the prestige upon which their Asiatic empires have been built up.

The East does not regard these matters

from the same viewpoint as the Western World, and no European power having dominion in Asia can overlook this.

What India Really Thinks

Britain even more than Russia dominates the East by her prestige, because she has in normal times only 80,000 white troops to represent her immense power, while that of Russia is more manifest. Prestige in this case simply means the belief of the people of India and their neighbors that Britain is invincible—that it is folly to oppose her will. So far as their experience goes, Britain has never been beaten in warfare, even although she has frequently met with reverses during the opening stages.

What is the real opinion of the people of India about this war?

1. They see that Germany for the last decade has been preparing to challenge the great British Raj, (power,) and that Turkey has fortuitously become her tool.

2. The doctrine that what Germany wants in the East, Germany must have is rejected by India, who advances in her own right a more substantial claim to "a place in the sun" for her overcrowded 320,000,000 people than the illusory pretensions of Germany.

3. Mesopotamia is the counterpart of India climatically, ethnically, and in the character of the country. It can therefore never be a white man's country, but is well adapted for Asiatic settlement.

4. Anglo-Indian interests in the Persian Gulf and lower Mesopotamia were predominant up to the outbreak of war, and historically are antecedent to the advent of either Turk or Teuton in these parts.

5. If it is a question, as it is, of finding a successor to the Turk in Mesopotamia, who has never been in beneficial occupation, that successor must be India, not Germany.

6. India has both the means and the power to make good her contentions in this respect by force of arms, and the people are unanimous that nothing be left undone to this end.

As regards the issue of the war, the fact that Britain and her great rival of the past, Russia, are fighting on the same side has more significance to the

native mind than anything else. In their opinion these are the two strongest fighting powers in the world, and the fate of Germany and Turkey is written on the wall. Mohammedan India has been told by its spiritual head that "such mighty sovereigns as the King-Emperor and the Czar can never be defeated," and all India believes this.

There are phases of the relationship between a European State and its great Eastern dependency which one cannot touch upon in war time. It will suffice to say that British rule in India depends upon her prestige being vindicated, and India demands that Germany be driven out of the East.

When Germany deliberately challenged the might of Britain and Russia in Asia, she presumably counted the cost—one side or the other has to submit to political eclipse. There is no middle course. Had the war been a purely European one, as so many on this side considered it, it might have been capable of adjustment, but it is a different story when Europe is fighting today because the Kaiser desired to become an Eastern potentate and his people have joined in his folly.

Turkey's Technical Base

Turkey depends for her matériel upon the workshops of Germany, and should her means of transportation through the Balkans be severed then nothing remains to her but unconditional surrender. The entry of Rumania into the war has closed the Danube route, which is no longer available to either Bulgaria or Turkey. This leaves only the single railway through Belgrade, Sophia, and Adrianople. Is it equal to meeting the requirements of both countries—even if it can be successfully guarded against the allied attacks on either side? We doubt it. Once existing stores are used up, the position of Bulgaria and Turkey will become acute.

The least of Turkey's transportation troubles is in bringing the war material to Constantinople. The real difficulty begins when it is ferried across the Bosphorus. Rail facilities are available only part of the way to the different

fronts in Armenia, Mesopotamia, Arabia, and the Egyptian Desert; and prior to the war there was practically no motor transport in the country. To land war stores, therefore, at Sivas, Kharpout, Nisibin, Mosul, Bagdad, and Beersheba must be a colossal undertaking.

Control of the Black Sea

Turkey is unable to use the Black Sea because of the vigilance of the superior naval forces of Russia. In 1914 she had two superdreadnought battleships building in private yards in Great Britain, and on their completion was contemplating war with Greece. These were the Sultan Osman I. and the Reshadieh, of which the former mounted fourteen 12-inch guns and the latter ten 13.5-inch guns. On the eve of hostilities these ships were commandeered by the British Navy, and are now in commission as the Agincourt and the Erin.

It is a well understood principle that private yards in Great Britain are only permitted to build warships for foreign Governments on the understanding that in case of need the Government may take them over at contract price.

This left Turkey with a hopelessly inadequate navy, until the German battle cruiser Goeben and the light cruiser Breslau escaped into the Dardanelles in August, 1914. The former on her trial trip did over 28 knots an hour, and the latter apparently could keep up with her at full speed while both were escaping. It was these vessels, flying the Sultan's flag, which brought on hostilities between Russia and Turkey by shelling the harbor of Odessa before a declaration of war.

Russia had nothing in the Black Sea to match the Goeben for armament or speed until in 1915 she launched three battleships, each of which carries heavier guns than the Goeben, but is slower in speed. These were the Ekaterina II., built by an Anglo-Italian syndicate, and the Imperatritza Maria and the Imperator Alexander III., both built under the supervision of the Clyde shipbuilding firm of John Brown & Co. Each carried twelve 12-inch guns, and twenty 5.1-inch guns, with a displacement of 22,500 tons, and a speed of 21 knots. These ves-

sels had to be built in the Crimea, because, under the treaty of Berlin, Russia was not permitted to send war vessels through the Dardanelles, and for the same reason their coal capacity was less than is usual to their class.

After a game of tortoise and hare, the Russian fleet at length brought the Goeben and Breslau to action and damaged them so severely that they are now practically useless, as there are no dry docks or repairing facilities at Constantinople where they could be patched up.

By gaining command of the Black Sea, the Euxine fleet made possible the brilliant success of the Grand Duke's armies in Armenia, and restricted the Turks to the long and difficult communication by land.

The Russian Campaign

The seesaw of the last two months' operations in Armenia and Kurdistan has left this front much as it was six months ago, with the exception that the Russians have occupied Erzingan and established road communication from there to Trebizond on the coast. These two points represent the most westerly advance, and leave the armies of the Czar in a favorable position to continue toward Sivas and Samsun when the southern sector is brought more into line.

From Erzingan the front runs to Oghnat, and thence south of the road running through Mush, Bitlis, and Van to the Persian border at or near Dier. The Russian left wing is across the Turkish border in the neighborhood of Rivanduz, and their line of advance is along the caravan route from Tabriz to Mosul. In this sector a battle was fought which resulted in the defeat of the Fourth Turkish Division and the capture of two of their regiments.

The Turks have repeatedly tried to break through the Russian lines at Mush and Bitlis, and on each occasion have been thrown back. A recent venture occurred about a fortnight after the capture of Erzingan. It was planned by Major Gen. Gressman, a young German officer, who conceived the ambitious project of driving a wedge through the Russian centre to a point east of Erzerum, com-

PELLING the evacuation of that fortress and Erzingan, and the withdrawal of the Russian left wing. The Czar's troops had to yield Mush and Bitlis at the first onslaught, but came back, and the positions remain "as you were."

The Turks fully recognize that if their opponents reach Harput, Diarbekir, the railhead at Nisibin, and the City of Mosul, it will most seriously compromise their military situation. Here in Kurdistan, between Oghnat and Rivanduz, we may look for the next hard-hitting offensive when the Grand Duke Nicholas passes the word to General Yudenitch.

The Allies are in complete possession of Persia, save only that portion of the caravan route from Khanikin to Hamadan and the northern road from Kermanshah to Sakiz. The Turkish incursion into Persia was primarily intended to prevent a junction between the British in Mesopotamia and the Russians in Persia. The latter were advancing on Bagdad, not in sufficient numbers to take it by themselves, but rather with the object of co-operating with their allies, when they were held up by the Ottoman frontier force midway between Khanikin and Kirind, and driven back on Kermanshah and later beyond Hamadan. They had reached the most difficult part of their journey, and, as it will have to be fought over again, we may quote a description of the road given by W. B. Harris, who traveled it some years ago:

Sunrise found us at Mian-Lek, at an altitude of over 4,000 feet above the sea, showing that we had already during the night descended some 1,200 to 1,300 feet from Kirind. * * * So we did not rest at Mian-Lek, but continued our road among sparsely grown woods until, reaching the head of the pass—the Gate of Zagros—we commenced the long descent. The road winds down first along the head of the valley and then on its northern face, turning and twisting so as to render as easy as possible for traffic the descent of 1,000 feet. For the greater part of the way the road is roughly paved, a memorial of the vast work of early days, when the very path existing today formed the great highway from Media into Babylonia. How many great armies and great Kings of the olden times have passed up and down it would be impossible to enumerate.

When the Summer heat made fighting impossible on the Babylonian plain, the

Turks availed themselves of the occasion to organize a drive of their own amid these hills with the troops set free from the siege of Kut-el-Amara and Kurdish auxiliaries from the neighborhood. Moving on a wide front through the Kurd country, as well as along the caravan route described above, they forced the Russians out of Kermanshah and pressed them back to Hamadan, and sixty miles beyond it toward Kasbin. At the same time they cleared the northern road from Kermanshah to Tabriz as far as Sakiz, which is about half way.

Although this region is not of military importance to Russia at the moment, still the Turks have gained a large measure of success here, which was designed to distract the Grand Duke's attention from their main attack at Mush and Bitlis. The Grand Duke, however, dispatched a force from Tabriz early in September that drove in the Ottoman left wing and sent it flying through Bana back into the Kurd hills, while the Turkish right sympathetically retired on Hamadan. Should this pressure be continued, the Turks must withdraw the way they came or be cut off when the Cossacks reach Kermanshah.

Turkish Military Problems

The great obstacle to the rapid conquest of Asiatic Turkey is the enormous territory to be covered, with the paucity of communications. The Ottoman high command in entering upon the war gambled upon the chance that no enemy could progress rapidly in the invasion of their country, and that, given time, their ally, Germany, would win the battles of Europe and come to their assistance. With this hope deferred, the military problem before them is a difficult one, because the Russian capture of Erzerum, Trebizond, and Erzincan turned the defenses of the Taurus Mountains and left the way clear to the invader for a march through the interior of Anatolia to Scutari on the Bosphorus, opposite Constantinople.

The Anglo-Indian invasion of Lower Mesopotamia was no less disquieting to Turkey than to her Teutonic partner, whose schemes it jeopardized and sought

to nullify, because both were well aware of the immense resources of India and that the surrender of General Townshend, with 3,000 British and 6,000 native Indian troops, was a very small incident in the military outlook and would not by any means end the adventure. The revolt of the Arabs in Arabia, which achieved success through the friendly aid of the British, relieved the vast Mohammedan world in India, Africa, and Central Asia from any religious or political allegiance to the Sultan of Turkey and stultified the declaration of a holy war. It also resulted in a tremendous loss of prestige to Turkey in the neighboring countries.

Attack on Suez Canal

The second attempt by the Turks, on Aug. 4, to attack the Suez Canal was a greater failure than its predecessor, on Feb. 3, 1915. The desert to the east of Suez is probably the hottest place on earth, and in July and August the heat is unbearable, yet Turk and Briton advanced to meet each other and a battle ensued at Romani, some twenty-three miles east of the canal.

In that open terrain, rifle and machine gun fire was even more effective than shell fire, although monitors were playing on the enemy from the Bay of Tineh.

The Turkish force, 14,000 strong, under General von Kressenstein, attacked on a seven or eight mile front, but were routed by British territorials and Australian cavalry with the loss of 3,920 prisoners, 1,251 killed, and about 4,000 wounded.

Their army on each occasion consisted of a division, which would appear to be the maximum force that they can provide with water during the passage of the desert, and to attempt to carry the defenses of the Suez Canal with such meagre numbers is ludicrous in the extreme. We are inclined to accept the official explanation from Stamboul that it was merely a reconnoissance in force. The probabilities are that the Turks were more afraid of their own country being invaded from across the desert than hopeful of seizing the Suez Canal. If such were the case, the obvious course was to push a reconnoissance in force, with a

view to ascertain what strength the enemy disposed, and if he really intended an invasion of Palestine by land, to disconcert his plans.

British cavalry and camelry later reconnoitred as far as Bir-el-nazar, sixty-five miles east of the canal, and on Sept. 6 drove in the Turkish outposts in that locality. Another force on Oct. 15 cleared the Turks out of the Moghara hills, which lie midway across the desert by the central route. British warships command every seaport on the coast—Mersina, Alexandretta, Beirut, Haifa, and Jaffa—and they possess the Island of Cyprus, a few hours distant from the mainland, as an admirable base. One of their seaplane squadrons bombarded Homs, forty-five miles inland, which was intended to interfere with the forwarding of supplies to the Turkish armies in the south. It is obvious, therefore, that the British threat of an invasion of the Levant is a very real danger, since it is well known that they have considerable forces available in Egypt, and for that reason the Turks dare not weaken their army in Syria or in the Adana vilayet.

But this does not end the worries of the Turkish leaders. They suspect that the Allies have designs on the important seaport of Smyrna. With that as a base, the Allies would menace the main railway line which serves all the Ottoman armies in Asiatic Turkey. An indirect attack on Smyrna is quite feasible, although the probabilities are that this may be deferred to a later stage of the campaign. The allied fleets command the coast from Smyrna to Adalia, and can effect a landing in this region whenever they wish. The French demonstrated this by seizing the Island of Castellorizo and landing a force on the mainland at Makri.

The Italians possess the Island of Rhodes, lying off the mainland, and retain a large force there; the French hold large colonial reserves in Algiers; the British likewise in Egypt, and even the

allied base at Saloniki can yield its quota when Winter closes down operations in the Balkans.

All these matters are pertinent to the disposition of the Ottoman forces and militate against the effectiveness of any blow they may attempt in Armenia or Mesopotamia.

Successive onslaughts to gain the initiative against the Russian left flank have ended in failure, and the net result now is that the Ottoman forces everywhere are on the defensive.

British in Mesopotamia

With the advent of the cold weather the British are able to renew their campaign in Mesopotamia. To this end they made great preparations when the tremendous heat of the Babylonian plain made military operations there quite out of the question.

The Superintendent of Rangoon Harbor was put in charge of the erection of suitable landing facilities at the sea base, and dredging operations were undertaken at the bar of the river, so that the largest laden transports may now ascend to Basra. A railway has been constructed from the coast to the Tigris front, and a great flotilla of shallow-draft river steamers and craft of all kinds has been specially built in Great Britain, with a view to the coming riverine warfare.

Being no longer tied down by the urgent necessity of relieving General Townshend, an enlargement of the theatre of operations may develop, and this may take the form of a second expedition ascending the Euphrates River, with Bagdad also as its objective. Between Nasiriyeh, where this flotilla would start, and Kut-el-Amara is an old irrigation canal called the Shatt-el-Hai. It would be dangerous for any army to ascend the Euphrates without providing against the possibility of a second descent by the Turks upon Nasiriyeh by this route.

Coming events in this theatre promise to be of a particularly interesting nature.

Turkish Foreign Minister's Defense of Armenian Massacres

The Turkish Foreign Minister, Halil Bey, in an interview with The Associated Press representative at Vienna, Oct. 25, attempted to throw the blame of his Government's massacres of Armenian men, women, and children upon the Armenians themselves, on the ground that they had risen in revolt when the Russians invaded the country. He said:

THE Young Turks have always looked upon the Armenians as a valuable asset to the Turkish Empire. The fact is, we needed them. The country's commerce was largely in their hands, and as farmers the Armenians have a great value. We did not look upon them as valuable chattels, however. We were willing to give them an equal share in the Government, which we did, as is shown by the fact that before the outbreak of the war we had a large number of Armenians in the Chamber of Deputies and also several Senators and a Minister. Nearly all the Vice Ministers were Armenians, because we recognized the ability of the Armenians and were ready to give them their political rights in the tenancy of a proportionate number of public offices.

After the revolution all went well for a time, and the Young Turks hoped they had finally found a solution to the problem which had vexed the old régime in Turkey for many years and had retarded the progress of the country. The Balkan war, however, caused the Armenians to again take up their separatistic ideals. Committees formed an organization with the intention of securing for the Armenians an autonomous government.

I think I would be the last man to deny a people self-government, but the case of the Armenians is one where this must be done. The Armenians, spread throughout Asia Minor and Southern Russia, are merely a majority in the districts usually designated as Armenian. Armenian autonomy, therefore, would lead to the loss of the independence of

the other Ottoman races. Under these conditions even the Young Turks were opposed to the Armenian plan, but in justice they wanted to give the Armenians a fuller share in the Government, which was done, and even our worst traducers cannot deny that.

When the war broke out we knew exactly what the Armenians were doing. More bombs, rifles, ammunition, and money had been brought into the country, and their organization was made even more perfect. I was then President of the Chamber of Deputies and was very fond of the Armenian members, as I had always been a friend of that race. So I called the Armenian representatives together and asked what they intended doing. At the end of the conversation I told them I could sympathize with their ideals and had always done so as long as they were not entirely separatistic.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I fully understand your position and hope that you understand ours. We have engaged in a war in which we may go down. That will be your opportunity to make arrangements with the Entente, but bear in mind that the Ottoman Government will apply the most severe measures if you act against the Turks before you know we are conquered. Make your plans so that you can meet the Entente Powers with clean hands, which you can do by supporting us so far and no further than the law demands. I think the Entente statesmen will see the correctness of such conduct and will recognize your claim to autonomy. You can then take up the work where we left off and in which I wish you every success, but bear in mind that we are not gone yet, and that the slightest false move on your part will bring trouble to all Armenians. Sit quiet and let us try this issue. When you are sure we have lost, go over to the Entente and get from them all you can."

[Enver Pasha, the leader of the Young Turks, Halil Bey said, called in the Ar-

menian patriarch one day and told him the same thing, but despite this, he said, the Armenians rose when the Russians invaded Asia Minor, and the Turkish Government took the measures which had been outlined to the Armenian leaders beforehand. The Turkish Foreign Minister said that the Armenian organization made it impossible to confine the steps taken against the Armenians to a single locality in rebellion, because the organization was so perfect that only a sweeping measure at the first hint of an uprising could meet the situation. Halil Bey continued:]

I will say that the loss to the Ottoman Empire through the deportation of the Armenians has been immense. The Armenian is able and industrious, and, therefore, valuable in the economic scheme, but what could be done? We were at war and obliged, therefore, to employ every means to make secure our own position, which was betrayed so

basely through our confidence. * * * We stand or fall with the Central Powers, and at present there is nothing to indicate that any of our troops will fail—not so long as we have Germany to head the combination.

The Germans cannot be beaten in this war, because with the spirit to win they combine an unusually high ability as organizers. Germany's will to win and her organization are for Turkey every guarantee for success and victory. A people of 70,000,000 imbued with such a spirit is unconquerable. * * *

We in Turkey are one with the Central Governments in the determination to defend our national integrity. Though we have been shorn in recent years of much of our territory, there remains enough of the empire in point of extent and wealth of soil to build up a prosperous State, in which opportunity will come to all. That is the program of our Party of Union and Progress.

Siege and Surrender of Kut-el-Amara

Official Report of General Sir Percy Lake

THE British War Office published on Oct. 12 the following dispatch from General Sir Percy Lake describing officially for the first time the operations in Mesopotamia from Jan. 19 to April 30, 1916, during which he, as successor of General Nixon, attempted in vain to relieve General Townshend's besieged force at Kut-el-Amara. In connection with General Nixon's report, summarized in the June issue of *CURRENT HISTORY MAGAZINE*, the present dispatch completes the story of the ill-fated Anglo-Indian expeditions to seize Bagdad.

General Lake's report covers three phases, all failures: (1) The fight to force the Hannah defile, Lieut. Gen. Aylmer commanding. (2) The attempt to flank the Turkish right at Dujailah redoubt, also led by General Aylmer. (3) March 11 to April 30 the capture of the Hannah and Felahieh positions, and the failure to force the Sanna-i-Yat

position, resulting in the fall of Kut; commander, Lieut. Gen. Sir G. F. Goringe.

Operations at Hannah

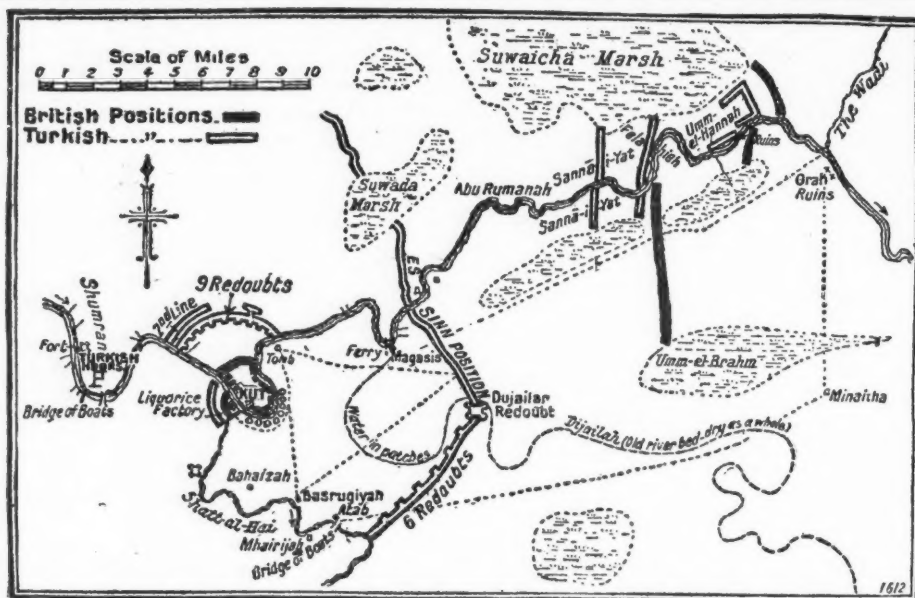
After describing the comparative smallness of this relief force and the difficulties of terrain, General Lake thus tells the story of the first phase, Jan. 19-23:

After the battle of Wadi River General Aylmer's leading troops had followed the retreating Turks to the Umm-el-Hannah position, and intrenched themselves at the mouth of the defile, so as to shut the enemy in and limit his power of taking the offensive.

The weather at this period was extraordinarily unfavorable. Heavy rains caused the river to come down in flood and overflow its banks, and converted the ground on either bank into a veritable bog.

Our bridge across the Wadi was washed away several times, while the boisterous winds greatly interfered with the construction of a bridge across the Tigris, here some 400 yards in width.

It was essential to establish artillery on the right bank of the Tigris so as to support,



SCENE OF UNSUCCESSFUL BRITISH ATTEMPTS TO RELIEVE KUT-EL-AMARA

by enfilading fire, the attack of our infantry against the Hannah position.

Guns and troops were ferried across with difficulty, owing to the high wind and heavy squalls of rain, but by the 19th all troops allotted to the right bank had crossed over and were established in the positions from which they were required to co-operate with the main force on the left bank.

Meanwhile, the leading infantry brigades on the left bank had pushed nearer the enemy. Jan. 20 was devoted to a systematic bombardment of his position, and during the night the infantry pushed forward their advanced line to within 200 yards of the enemy's trenches.

The First Repulse

On the morning of the 21st, under cover of an intensive artillery bombardment, our infantry moved to the attack.

On our right the troops got to within 100 yards of the enemy's line, but were unable to advance further. Our left column, consisting of the Black Watch, Sixth Jats, and Forty-first Dogras, penetrated the front line with a rush, capturing trenches, which they held for about an hour and a half. Supports were sent forward, but, losing direction and coming under heavy fire, failed to reach them. Thus, left unsupported, our previously successful troops, when Turkish counterattacks developed, were overwhelmed by numbers and forced to retire.

Heavy rain now began to fall and continued throughout the day. Telephone communication broke down, and communication by orderly became slow and uncertain.

After further artillery bombardment the attack was renewed at 1 P. M., but by this time

the heavy rain had converted the ground into a sea of mud, rendering rapid movement impossible. The enemy's fire was heavy and effective, inflicting severe losses, and though every effort was made, the assault failed.

Our troops maintained their position until dark and then slowly withdrew to the main trenches which had been previously occupied, some 1,300 yards from those of the enemy.

As far as possible all the wounded were brought in during the withdrawal, but their sufferings and hardships were acute under the existing climatic conditions, when vehicles and stretcher bearers could scarcely move in the deep mud.

To renew the attack on the 22d was not practicable. The losses on the 21st had been heavy, the ground was still a quagmire and the troops exhausted. A six hours' armistice was arranged in order to bury the dead and remove the wounded to shelter.

I cannot sufficiently express my admiration for the courage and dogged determination of the force engaged. For days they bivouacked in driving rain on soaked and sodden ground. Three times they were called upon to advance over a perfectly flat country, deep in mud, and absolutely devoid of cover, against well-constructed and well-planned trenches, manned by a brave and stubborn enemy approximately their equal in numbers. They showed a spirit of endurance and self-sacrifice of which their country may well be proud.

Attempt on Right Bank

A period of reorganization followed the repulse at Hannah. It was decided

next to attack the Turkish position on the other bank of the Tigris, at Dujailah redoubt, so as to get through and relieve Kut before the arrival of the flood season in March. This phase of the operations extended from Jan. 4 to March 10. General Lake says:

On the afternoon of March 7 General Aylmer assembled his subordinate commanders and gave his final instructions, laying particular stress on the fact that the operation was designed to effect a surprise; and that, to prevent the enemy forestalling us, it was essential that the first phase of the operation—i. e., the capture of the Dujailah redoubt—should be pushed through with the utmost vigor.

His dispositions were briefly as follows: The greater part of a division under General Younghusband, assisted by naval gunboats, contained the enemy on the left bank. The remaining troops were formed into two columns, under General Kemball and General Keary, respectively, a reserve of infantry, and the cavalry brigade being held at the corps commander's own disposal. Kemball's column, covered on the outer flank by the cavalry brigade, was to make a turning movement to attack the Dujailah redoubt from the south, supported by the remainder of the force operating from a position to the east of the redoubt.

The night march by this large force, which led across the enemy's front to a position on his right flank, was a difficult operation, entailing movement over unknown ground and requiring most careful arrangements to attain success. Thanks to excellent staff work and good march discipline, the troops reached their allotted positions apparently undiscovered by the enemy, but while Keary's column was in position at daybreak ready to support Kemball's attack, the latter's command did not reach the point selected for its deployment, in the Dujailah depression, until more than an hour later. This delay was highly prejudicial to the success of the operation.

In spite of their late arrival the presence of so large a force seems to have been quite unexpected by the Turks, as Dujailah redoubt was apparently lightly held when our columns reached their allotted positions. Prompt and energetic action would probably have forestalled the enemy's reinforcements. But time was lost by waiting for the guns to register and to carry out reconnaissances, and when, nearly three hours later, Kemball's troops advanced to the attack, they were strongly opposed by the enemy from trenches cleverly concealed in the brushwood, and were unable to make further ground for some time, though assisted by Keary's attack upon the redoubt from the east.

The southern attack was now reinforced, and by 1 P. M. had pushed forward to within 500 yards of the redoubt, but concealed trenches again stopped further progress, and

the Turks made several counterattacks with reinforcements which had by now arrived from the direction of Magasis.

It was about this time that the corps commander received from his engineer officers the unwelcome news that the water supply contained in rainwater pools in the Dujailah depression, upon which he had reckoned, was insufficient, and could not be increased by digging. It was clear therefore that unless the Dujailah redoubt could be carried that day the scarcity of water would of itself compel our troops to fall back.

Turks Again Victorious

Preparations were accordingly made for a further assault on the redoubt, and at 5:15 P. M. attacks were launched from the south and east under cover of a heavy bombardment. The Ninth and Twenty-eighth Infantry Brigades got within 200 yards of the southern face, where they were held up by heavy fire, although reinforced. Meanwhile the Eighth Infantry Brigade, supported by the Thirty-seventh, had assaulted from the east; the two leading battalions of the former, the Manchesters and Fifty-ninth Rifles, and some of the Thirty-seventh Infantry Brigade, succeeded in gaining a foothold in the redoubt. But here they were heavily counterattacked by large enemy reinforcements, and, being subjected to an extremely rapid and accurate shrapnel fire from concealed guns in the vicinity of Sinn Afar, they were forced to fall back to the position from which they started.

The troops, who had been under arms for some thirty hours, including a long night march, were now much exhausted, and General Aylmer considered that a renewal of the assault during the night March 8-9 could not be made with any prospect of success. Next morning the enemy's position was found to be unchanged, and General Aylmer, finding himself faced with the deficiency of water already referred to, decided upon the immediate withdrawal of his force to Wadi, which was reached the same night.

The evacuation of our wounded had preceded our retirement. The first parties of wounded reached Wadi at 4 P. M. on March 9, and the last wounded man was attended to in hospital at that place at 2 A. M., March 10. The corps commander speaks in high terms of the gallantry and devotion displayed by officers and subordinates of the Medical Service and Army Bearer Corps during the fighting. They collected and attended to the wounded under heavy fire in a manner which called forth the admiration of the whole force.

Fighting Against Floods

The next month was a period of desperate struggle against the Tigris floods, which at times threatened to cover the whole region, and which necessitated enduring the enemy's fire in a sea of mud.

By April 4 the ground had sufficiently dried to carry through a new and successful attack upon Hannah, which was executed by General Maude and the Thirteenth Division. The enemy's position was a maze of deep trenches occupying a frontage of 1,300 yards between the Tigris and the Suwaicha Marsh, and extending 2,600 yards from front to rear. About the same time the Abu Roman mounds on the right bank were taken.

On the night of April 8-9 an assault was attempted upon the Turkish position at Sanna-i-Yat; but the enemy discovered and repulsed it with heavy artillery fire. The British dug themselves in at a distance of 300 to 500 yards from the Turkish line. It was then decided to make another attempt to force the Turkish right at the Sinn Aftar redoubt. On the morning of April 17 the Beit Aiessa position was attacked. The General continues:

Under cover of an intense bombardment the Seventh and Ninth Infantry Brigades advanced at 6:45 A. M., and actually reached the Turkish trenches before our artillery fire lifted. When the bombardment ceased they leaped into the trenches, bayoneted numbers of the enemy, and the Beit Aiessa position was soon in our hands. The enemy left 200 to 300 dead in the trenches, and 180 prisoners were captured.

These operations, culminating in the capture of Beit Aiessa, reflect great credit on Major General Keary and the troops under his command. Steady and consistent progress was made day after day in spite of most difficult conditions and often with a shortage of rations, which the transport was heavily strained to bring forward.

At 5 P. M. the enemy's artillery commenced to bombard Beit Aiessa and to establish a barrage in rear of the Third Division, sweeping the passage through the swamps along which its communications lay. An hour later a very strong counterattack came from the southwest. In spite of heavy shelling from our guns the attack was pressed home against the Ninth Infantry Brigade, from which a double company had been pushed forward to guard two captured guns which could not be brought in during daylight. In retiring the double company masked our fire; the Ninth Infantry Brigade was pressed and gave ground, exposing the left of the Seventh Infantry Brigade, which was also forced back. Our troops rallied on the Eighth Infantry Brigade, which was holding its ground firmly on the left of the line, and on a portion of the Seventh Infantry Brigade.

Reinforcements from the Thirteenth Division were already moving forward, but owing

to the darkness and boggy ground they were delayed, and some hours elapsed before they arrived.

The attack, which commenced at 6 P. M., was followed by a series of heavy attacks throughout the night, the Eighth Infantry Brigade on the left repelling as many as six such attacks. But our line held firm, and the enemy retreated at dawn, having suffered losses estimated at 4,000 to 5,000 men.

Although the enemy had suffered heavy losses and had failed to obtain any success after their initial rush, they had checked our advance and regained that portion of Beit Aiessa nearest the river which included the bunds controlling the inundations. Its recapture was essential.

During the succeeding days some progress in this direction was made by trench fighting, and by consolidating positions pushed out toward Sinn Aftar. The boggy nature of the ground made movement difficult, and many of the troops were worn out with fatigue. * * *

Sanna-i-Yat Proves Impregnable

Throughout the 20th and 21st the Sanna-i-Yat position was bombarded. Arrangements were made for the assault to take place next morning, on a front which eventually had to be reduced to that of one brigade, the extreme width of passable ground being only 300 yards. After preliminary bombardment the Seventh Division advanced, the Nineteenth Infantry Brigade leading. Besides our artillery on both banks, massed machine guns on the right bank covered our advance. The leading troops carried the enemy's first and second lines in their immediate front, several of the trenches being flooded, but only a few men were able to reach the third line.

Large Turkish reinforcements now came up. They delivered a strong counterattack, which was repulsed. A second counterattack, however, succeeded in forcing our troops back, as many men were unable to use their rifles, which had become choked with mud in crossing the flooded trenches, and so were unable to reply to the enemy's fire. By 8:40 A. M. our men were back in their own trenches.

By mutual consent parties went out, under the Red Cross and Red Crescent flags, to collect their respective wounded. The Turkish casualties appear to have been heavy as they were evacuating wounded until nightfall. Our casualties amounted to about 1,300.

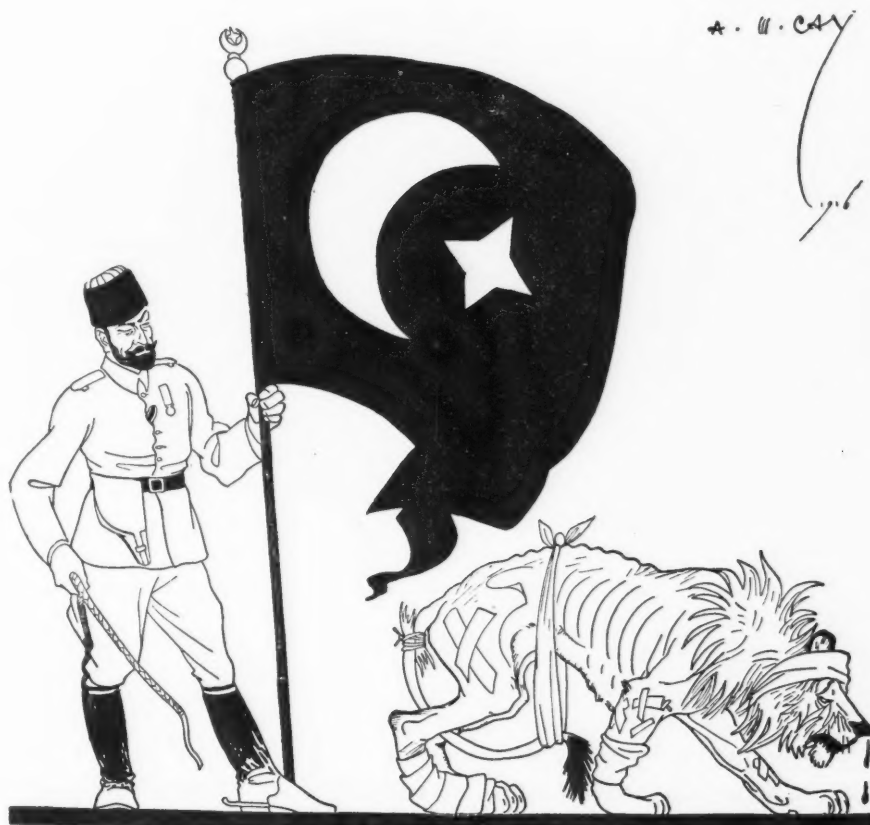
Persistent and repeated attempts on both banks had thus failed, and it was known that at the outside not more than six days' supplies remained to the Kut garrison. General Gorrings's troops were nearly worn out. The same troops had advanced time and again to assault positions strong by art and held by a determined enemy. For eighteen consecutive days they had done all that men could do to overcome, not only the enemy, but also exceptional climatic and physical obstacles—and this on a scale of rations

which was far from being sufficient, in view of the exertions they had undergone, but which the shortage of river transport had made it impossible to augment. The need for rest was imperative.

General Lake's report closes with the narrative of a final attempt to get food to General Townshend's starving men in Kut-el-Amara. The fastest river steamer on the Tigris, the Julnar, was sent to try to break through the blockade on the night of April 24, but a burst of heavy Turkish firing told the story of the

gallant failure. Eight tons of supplies were dropped into the besieged city by aeroplanes, but the situation could not be materially altered by that method, and on April 29 General Townshend surrendered to the Turkish commander, Major General Khalil Pasha. "I need not enlarge upon the bitter disappointment felt by all ranks on the Tigris line," adds General Lake, "at the failure of their attempt to relieve their comrades in Kut."

A German Cartoon on the British Loss of Kut-el-Amara



—© Continental Times, Berlin.

The "Sick Man of Europe" as lion tamer.

Activities of the Japanese Navy

[An official statement prepared for *The London Times* by the Japanese Admiralty]

AT the outbreak of the terrible hostilities between the great powers of Europe the action of Germany had compelled our ally, Great Britain, to declare war against that country. Even at Kiaochau (Tsing-tao) Germany's leased colony in China, all possible warlike preparations had arduously been made by the Germans. The incessant movements of her warships in all parts of the Eastern Seas had become a menace to the international trade of Japan and other friendly powers. Free and frank consultation took place between Japan and Great Britain, with the result that the two powers agreed to take such measures as were essential to the protection of their joint interests, in accordance with the provisions of their alliance.

First, the Japanese Government approached the German Government with moderate advice. On the refusal of the latter Japan found herself unavoidably involved in the present war under the terms of her treaty of alliance with Great Britain. The sole ground of Japan's participation in this terrific war being that already mentioned, the plan of operations of the Japanese Navy was arrived at in consultation with the chief of the British Navy. Consequently, the general movements of our fleet were, and still are, whenever necessary, carried out in conjunction with the British Navy.

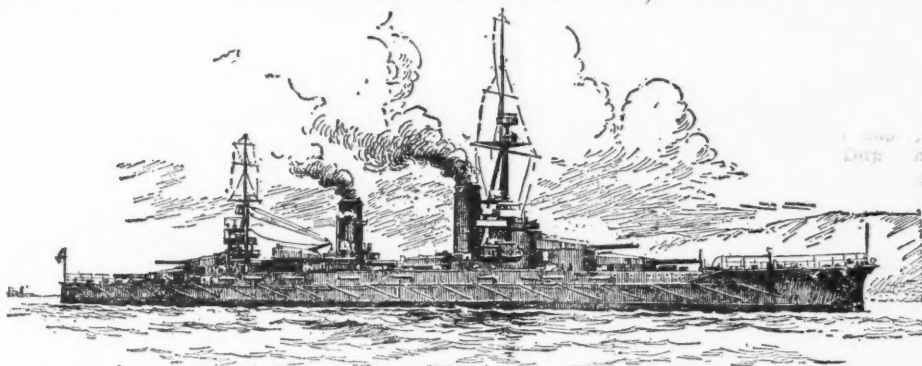
I.—Battle at Kiaochau

Directly after the declaration of war by Japan the main force of the First Japanese Fleet was dispatched to the region extending from the Yellow Sea to the northern part of the Eastern Sea for the purpose of searching for and warding off any attack by the hostile squadron. Meanwhile, the Second Japanese Fleet hastened simultaneously to the open sea outside Tsing-tao and began the attack on that German stronghold. The British

battleship *Triumph* and the destroyer *Usk* were both placed under the command of the Second Japanese Fleet, and thus took part in the operation.

At this time the main body of the enemy's Eastern Fleet was playing hide-and-seek among the South Sea Islands, while the rest of their vessels sought safety under the guns of the Tsing-tao fortress—not daring to steam out of port. In presence of this situation the Japanese Navy steadily and watchfully awaited the further development of the chances of war. At the end of August, 1914, the first transport of the Japanese besieging army started for Tsing-tao, the First Japanese Fleet securely conveying it in conjunction with a portion of the Second Fleet, which took upon itself the duty of safeguarding navigation in the direction of the Yellow Sea. Either directly or indirectly the navy assisted the army transports to reach their destination without any hitch. Subsequently a part of the Second Fleet assisted the landing of the besieging army at a certain point in the vicinity of Tsing-tao.

Meanwhile the Second Japanese Fleet, accompanied by another force, and strengthened by torpedo and destroyer flotillas, as well as a specially commissioned flotilla, were all concentrated in the direction of Kiaochau, and kept the strictest watch over the enemy by day and night. Having forced the main body of the German fleet deep within the port, a force was dispatched to sea, notwithstanding the greatest risk of terrific storms, to clear the way for the transport of the second part of the besieging army by clearing the seas of mines, &c. Furthermore, the Japanese aeronautical squadron was sent up repeatedly and hovered above the danger zone of the hostile fortifications. The *Takachibo*, the specially commissioned boat, had succeeded in cutting the enemy's maritime



JAPANESE BATTLESHIP FUSO, 30,600 TONS, 40,000 HORSE POWER, LAUNCHED IN 1914

cables which connected them with the outside world.

In the middle of September, 1914, when the second transportation of the Japanese troops took place, the first fleet had again resumed the task of convoying it. The main force of the second fleet had, from Sept. 28 onward, together with its mine-sweeping work, co-operated with the besieging army in the repeated bombardments of the German forts. At the same time it assisted in rendering the blockade more and more effective. The naval heavy guns section, which had already joined the besieging army in the neighborhood of Tsing-tao, had successfully commenced the bombardment of the hostile squadron, bottled up inside the port since Oct. 14—a bombardment which seriously handicapped the preconceived plans of the German warships. Subsequently it gave substantial help, in co-operation with the army, in the tremendous attacks against the very strong German positions.

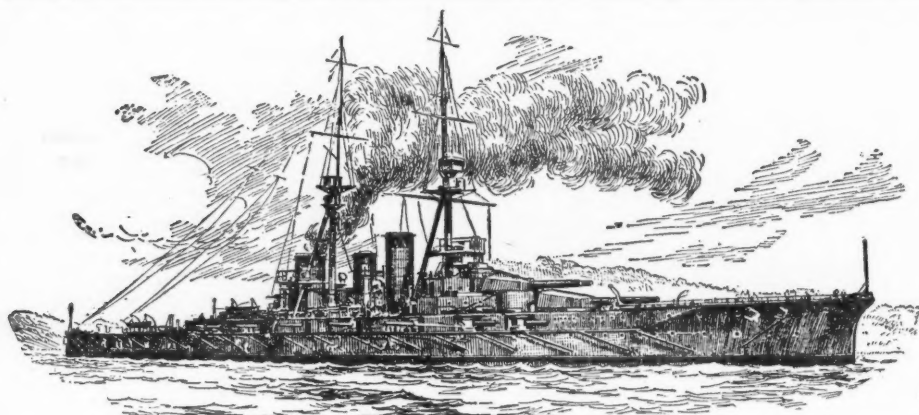
On the completion of the preparations about the end of October, 1914, for the attack on the Tsing-tao fortresses the Second Japanese Fleet began a severe cannonade from the 29th against the German forts and camps and joined in the general assault of the besieging army which commenced on Oct. 31. Upon the surrender of the enemy on Nov. 7, 1914, *en bloc*, the blockade was raised by a proclamation of Nov. 10, thereby bringing to a conclusion the Japanese operations in this direction. In these operations the Japanese Navy lost

the following vessels: The cruiser Takachibo, Sirataye, a destroyer, torpedo boat No. 33, the specially commissioned steamers the Chohmon-Maru III. and VI., as well as the Kohyoh-Maru. The following enemy warships were either sunk or severely damaged: The cruiser Kaiserin Elisabeth, five gunboats, and two destroyers.

II.—Eastern and China Seas

Directly after the outbreak of the war the Third Japanese Squadron was intrusted with the protection of seaborne commerce in the region extending from the southern part of the Eastern Sea to the China Sea. As the war developed it extended its vigil as far as the east of the Philippine Islands, and at the same time it undertook the maintenance of communications between the different operating squadrons. But, as the enemy warships were completely driven from the Eastern Seas by the beginning of November, 1914, the Third Japanese Squadron was after that date given the task of keeping watch over the German vessels.

Meanwhile during February, 1915, a serious disturbance had taken place among the Indian troops in Singapore. At the request of the Commander in Chief of the British Eastern Fleet, the Commander of the Third Japanese Squadron landed marine troops at Singapore and thus rendered special help in suppressing the disturbances. Part of this squadron is now performing other duties. Its sphere of action has since



JAPANESE BATTLE CRUISER HIYEI, 27,500 TONS, 64,000 HORSE POWER, LAUNCHED IN 1911

been extended in the direction of the Indian Ocean.

III.—The Indian Ocean

A division of the Japanese squadron dispatched to the South Seas, led by Captain Kwanji Kato, commander of the Ibuki, had proceeded to Singapore on Aug. 26, 1914, and joined the British Eastern Squadron. At that time the allied squadrons assumed a waiting attitude while exercising a strict watch over the adjacent seas. On Sept. 10, 1914, one of the enemy warships, the Emden, appeared in the Indian Ocean and the Eastern Seas. The Japanese division, largely increased in numbers, exerted the best of its power to hunt down such enemy warships, while another part of the Japanese fleet convoyed the transports carrying the Australian and New Zealand contingents. The enemy warships continued their activities, thereby rendering navigation in the Indian Ocean dangerous. The result was that on Oct. 15, 1914, another Japanese division was dispatched to co-operate with the British squadron. On Nov. 9 the Emden attacked the Cocos Island, when she was destroyed by the Sydney, thus putting an end to the operations in those waters. Subsequently the Ibuki had, either independently or in conjunction with the British warships, convoyed the great fleet of transports from the British oversea dominions, and thus carried the footprints of Japan as far as Aden. At present the sphere of

action undertaken by the Japanese Navy is extended over the length and breadth of the Indian Ocean.

IV.—The Pacific

At the beginning of the war a division of the German fleet was operating off the North American coast and in the vicinity of Hawaii. There was much uncertainty as to the whereabouts of the main body of the German fleet previously cruising around the South Sea Islands, together with those German and Austrian warships which escaped from their eastern basis in Tsing-tao before the Japanese declaration of war. Consequently, the moment war was declared by the Mikado the Japanese Navy dispatched a fighting division of its First Fleet to the Pacific, with a view to safeguarding the international trade routes as well as searching for these German and Austrian vessels. Soon afterward another body of the First Japanese Fleet was dispatched to the South Seas. Its object was to protect the Australian trade routes and to search for German vessels. The two naval divisions were able in co-operation to do splendid work.

The enemy, however, tried strenuously to evade our ships, so that the Japanese vessels occupied all his important strategic positions scattered throughout the South Seas and thereby deprived him of all his naval bases. At the same time, all the natives of the possessions thus occupied were treated with the greatest con-

sideration by the Japanese Navy, being allowed to continue their daily life perfectly unmolested and undisturbed. The measures thus taken have not only consolidated and confirmed the safety of those places, but have also contributed very considerably toward the progress and success of our subsequent operations. Meanwhile these Japanese squadrons in the South Seas exercised enormous pressure, either directly or from afar, upon the remnant of the enemy warships scattered all over the high seas, as well as upon the main body of the German fleet cruising off the Chilean coasts.

V.—West Coast of America

Before this the Japanese Government had been compelled, in consequence of the disturbances in Mexico, to send out at the end of the year 1913 a man-of-war, the Izumo, (commanded by Captain Keijiroh Moriyama,) in order to protect their own people in that country. Then followed the great European war in 1914. Thereupon the Japanese Navy commissioned the Izumo to insure the safety of the trade routes along the western coasts of America. Simultaneously two other warships were dispatched from Japan to join Captain Moriyama's vessel for the purpose of engaging in the warlike operations against any hostile vessels in those waters. This has come to be known as "The division dispatched to America" which consisted of the Izumo, Hizen, and Asama. Subsequently Captain Moriyama was promoted to the rank of Rear Admiral and was made the Commander in Chief of this division. The British warship the Newcastle, and the Rainbow of the Canadian Navy, were also attached to the command of Rear Admiral Moriyama in those waters.

Events developed very favorably for the Japanese Navy, and on Oct. 15, 1914, one of the German warships, the Gaiel, while entering Honolulu Harbor, Hawaii, escorting some transport steamers, was discovered by a portion of the Japanese division which was cruising in that vicinity. Thereupon the Japanese vessels put on speed to get outside the harbor and kept a close watch on the

German ships in order to prevent their escape. On Nov. 7, 1914, these enemy vessels were at length interned by the American authorities in Hawaii. Later, the main body of the German fleet appeared off the coast of Chile, and it became fairly plain that nearly all of the enemy vessels, which had thus far been scattered on all seas, had succeeded in reuniting. This reunion of the hostile ships constituted an entirely new phase of the operations of the Japanese Navy in the Pacific.

At this time the British Australian squadron happened to be cruising along the western coast of America. The Moriyama squadron acted in concert with this British force, both bringing pressure to bear upon the German fleet by cruising down to the south. In taking this course they supplemented the vigorous action of another British squadron from a different direction. The joint plan of operations was continued for some time, until at length, on Dec. 9, 1914, a severe defeat was inflicted upon the German fleet by the British squadron off the Falkland Islands, when the great majority of the enemy ships were destroyed.

Apart from the Japanese division already mentioned dispatched to the American coast, the Japanese Navy sent a further division to those waters with a view to dealing with the remnant of the German warships as well as to protecting the trade of Japan and other friendly countries. On March 10, 1915, however, one of the hostile warships, the Prince Eitel Friedrich, escaped into a United States port and was there disarmed. Four days later another enemy warship, the Dresden, was also successfully destroyed off Juan Fernandez by some British men-of-war. Thus the operations in these waters were brought to a satisfactory close.

VI.—Naval Construction

We now propose to furnish an outline of the developments of the Japanese Imperial Navy during the past six years. Parliament has approved of the expenditure on naval reinforcements of \$113,965,527 for the period between April 1, 1911, and March 31, 1919, in addition to \$82,975,529, the balance left on March 31, 1911. Since 1910 four battleships, four

battle cruisers, three second-class cruisers, two second-class coast defense boats, and two second-class gunboats have been added to the navy, while two battleships, each of 30,800 tons, are under construction. In the same period two battleships, three second-class cruisers, one third-class cruiser, two first-class coast defense boats, three third-class coast defense boats, one second-class gunboat, and four dispatch boats were struck off the register. Thus, deducting the sixteen warships withdrawn from service, the Japanese Navy has, during the period in question, added one ship to its force, including the two under construction. In addition fifteen destroyers have already been launched and nine are under construction, including four of 1,227 tons displacement, one of 955 tons displacement, and four of 835 tons. But twelve old ones have been struck off the register, and thus the net increase during the last six years has

been twelve. The number at present is sixty, with a total displacement of 27,666 tons. In the same period forty-two torpedo boats were withdrawn from service, and no new ones have thus far been built to replace them, the number at present existing being twenty-seven, with a total displacement of 3,317 tons. Some submarines have also been constructed, the total now being seventeen.

The following figures give the personnel of the Japanese Navy on Jan. 1, 1916: Commissioned officers of all ranks and cadets, 7,236; noncommissioned officers and men, 82,172. Total, 89,408. There were also 1,069 civil officials in the navy on April 1, 1916.

The expenditure on the Japanese Navy for 1916, according to the budget estimate, is \$50,968,597, of which \$23,178,338 is for ordinary expenditure and \$27,790,258 for special expenditure. The cost of the navy represents 16.99 per cent. of the total national expenditure.

Lord Rosebery on "Immediate Peace"

Lord Rosebery, former Prime Minister of Great Britain, said in a speech delivered at Edinburgh on Nov. 1:

In some irresponsible quarters I hear some babble of immediate peace, a sort of "as you were" peace, which would enable the Prussians to remain much as they are, ready and prepared with the experience they had gained and with resources not much impaired, to begin again at the earliest opportunity their fiendish antagonism against civilians.

Is it really supposed that we have shed our dearest blood by hundreds of thousands, that we have been paying over £5,000,000 a day and shall continue to do so as long as it is necessary, in order to leave Prussia the devilish power she has been in the past?

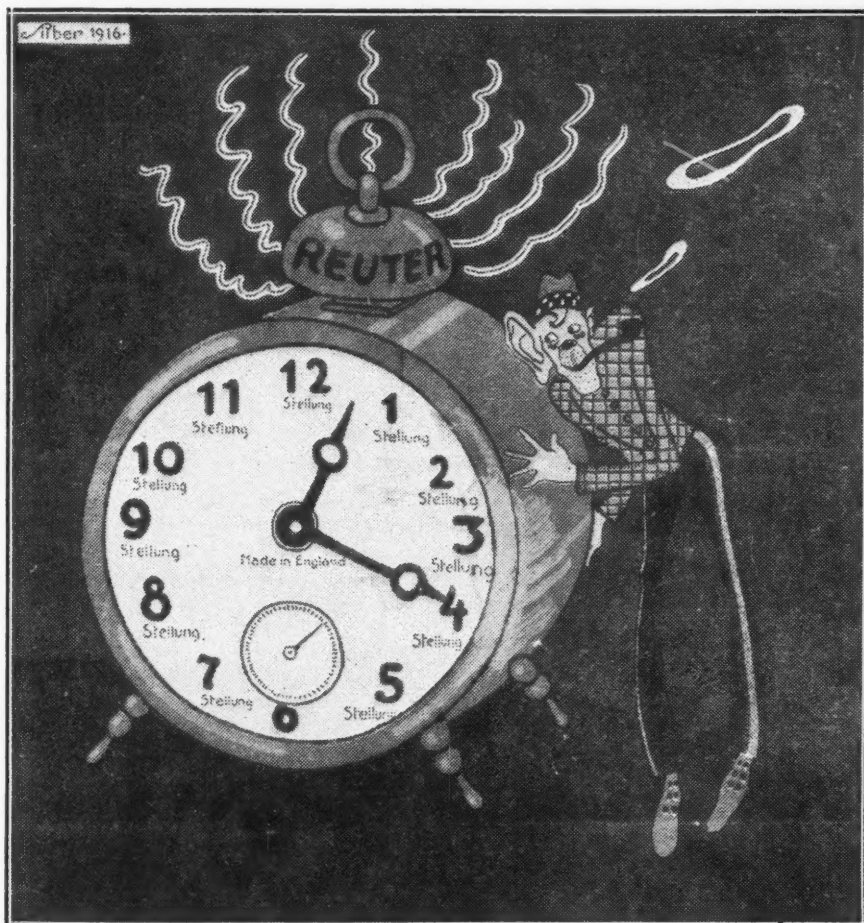
Why, I venture to say this (I cannot, of course, speak on behalf of the dominions): If there were a Minister (and thank God there is not) so cowardly, shortsighted, and imbecile as to conclude a peace of that kind, I am afraid our dominions and our Britons beyond the seas would say that "a country so governed is not a country to adhere to; we had better find some better statesmen of our own."

Look at Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, five small kingdoms, every one of them outraged by the German power. We are fighting for them, for Norway, greatly outraged at this moment by the massacre of her merchant seamen on high seas. We are fighting for Sweden, who at any moment may find herself in the same position. We are fighting for every neutral nation. We are fighting for one that is not weak, the United States, for if we were vanquished, which Heaven forbid, the United States would be the next to suffer from the aggressive and unscrupulous power of Prussia.

THE EUROPEAN WAR AS SEEN BY CARTOONISTS

[German Cartoon]

The English Offensive Clock



—© Der Brummer, Berlin.

It runs five minutes, then stops again; but the alarm goes off all the louder then, and can be heard all the way to America.

[English Cartoon]

A "Tense" Situation

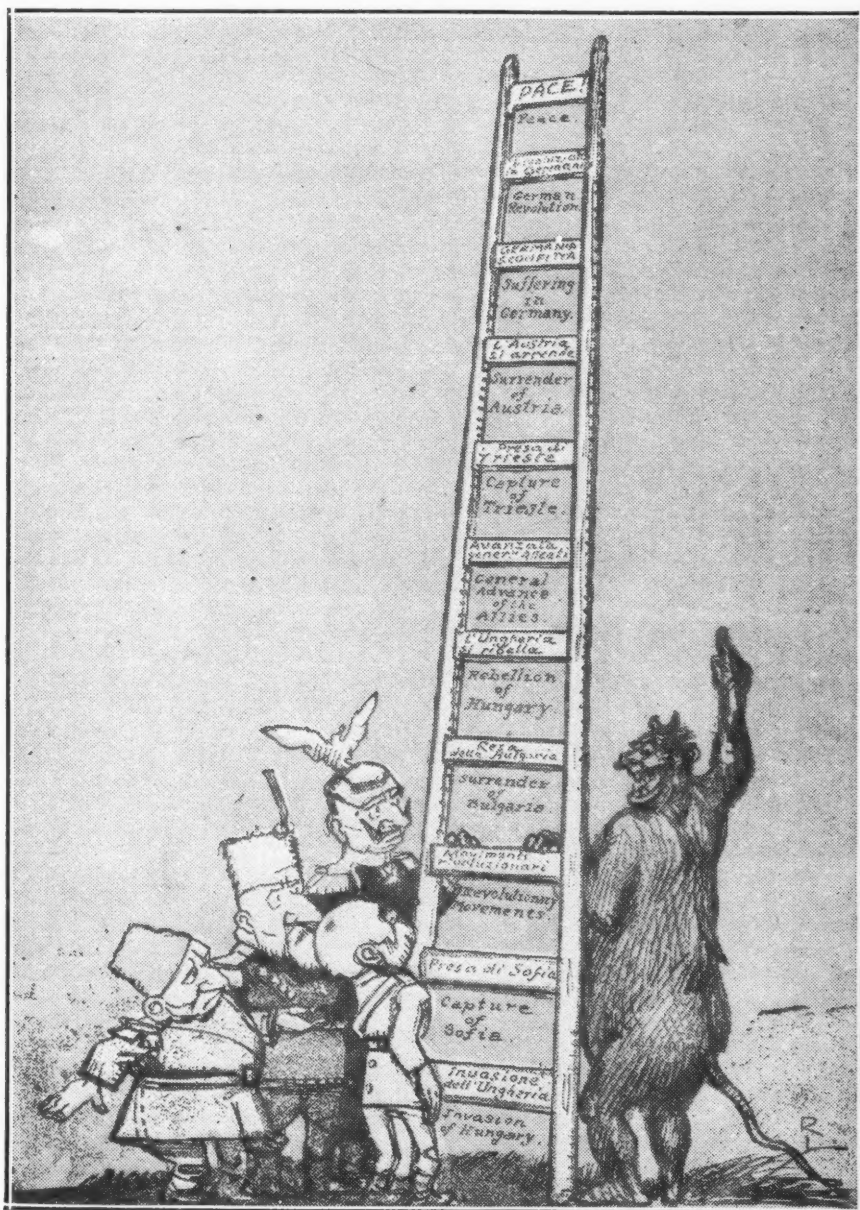


—From *The Sketch*, London.

FRITZ: "Vos ve vinning, Heinrich?"
HEINRICH: "Ya! I tink ve vos!"

[Italian Cartoon]

The Ladder

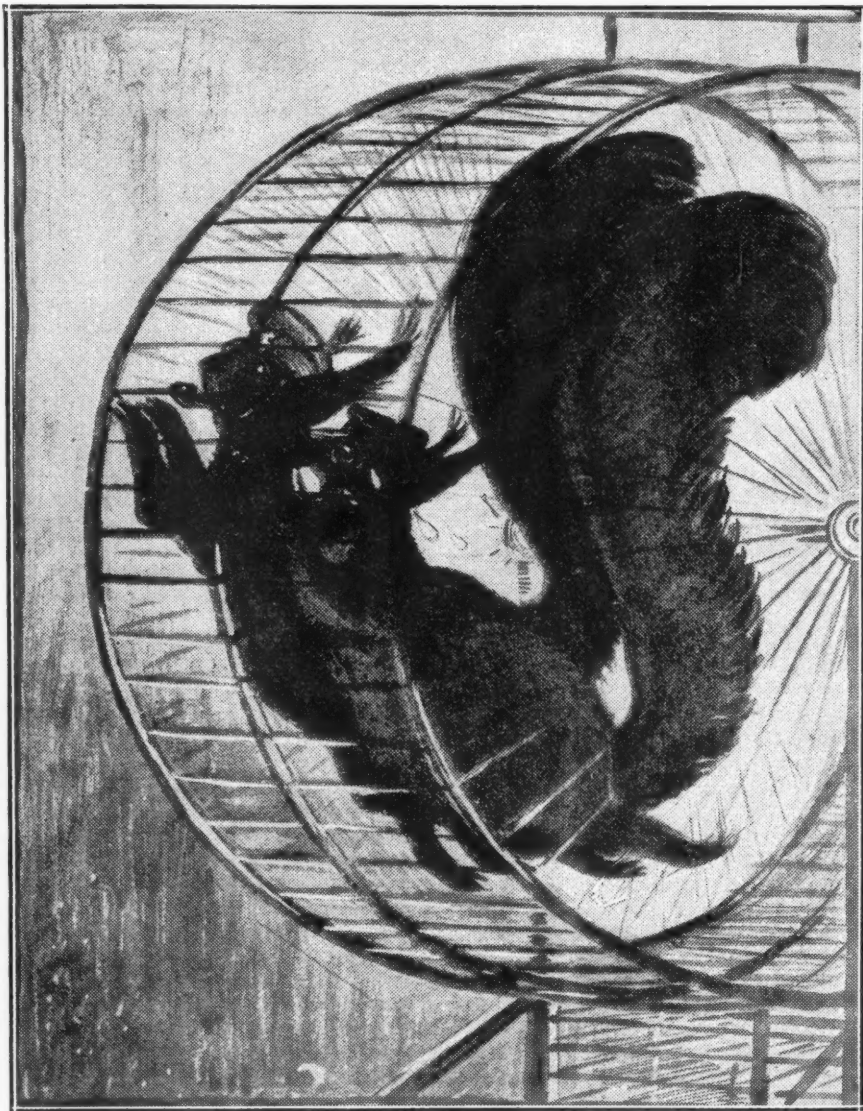


—From *L'Asino*, Rome.

"You must climb to the top, my boys!"

[German Cartoon]

Progress of the Allied Offensive



—© *Lustige Blaetter, Berlin.*

“What do you think, brother; shall we soon be at the Rhine?”

[Russian Cartoon]

Diplomatically Stated

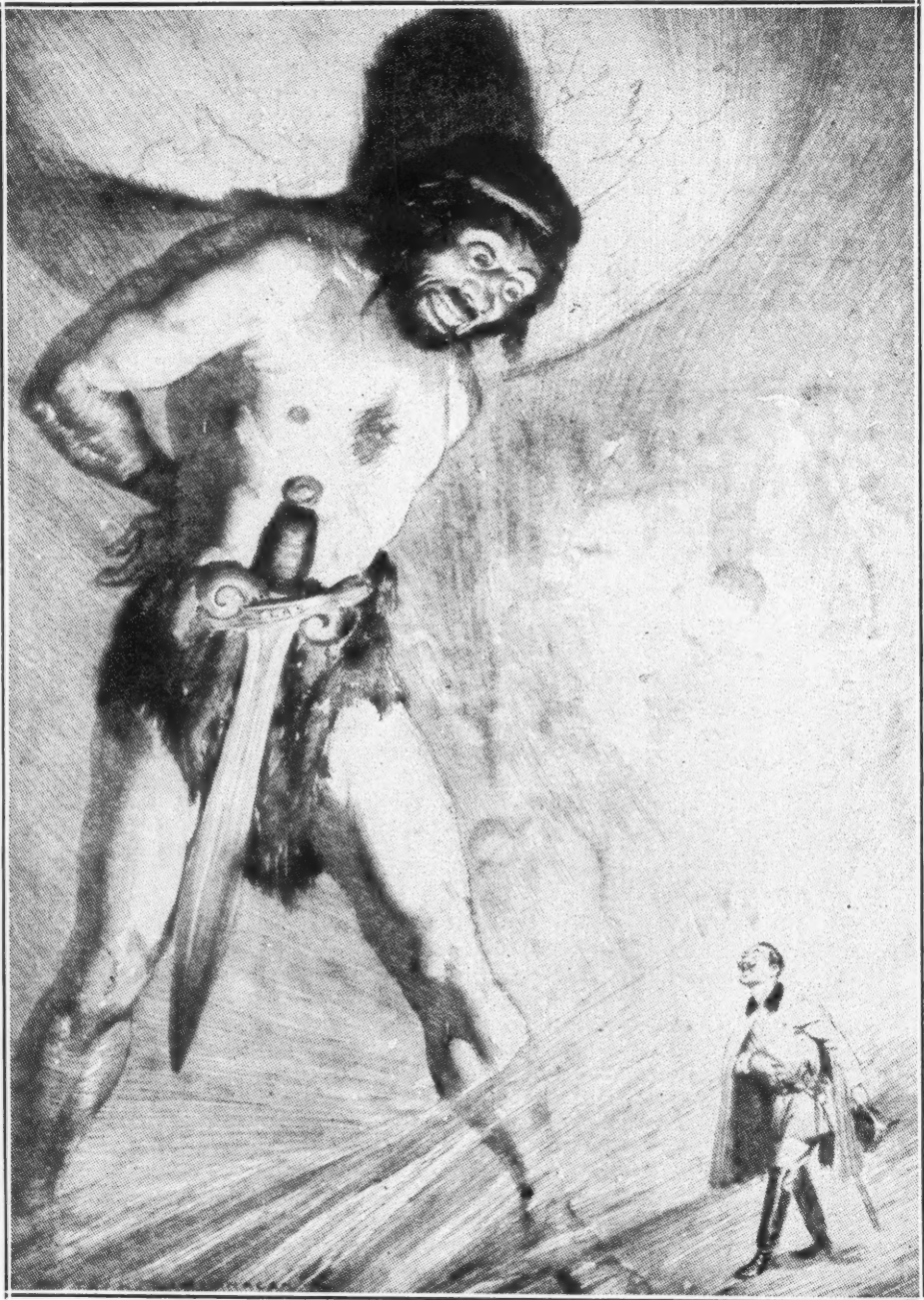


—Victoroff in Boudilnik, Moscow.

DIPLOMAT (to Kaiser): "You well deserve your rest, Sire, after your Verdun victories."

[Australian Cartoon]

The Egomaniac Aspires



—Flanagan in *The Sydney Bulletin*.

WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN: "My dear Atlas, I shall now endeavor to relieve you."

[Australian Cartoon]

The Egomaniac Perspires

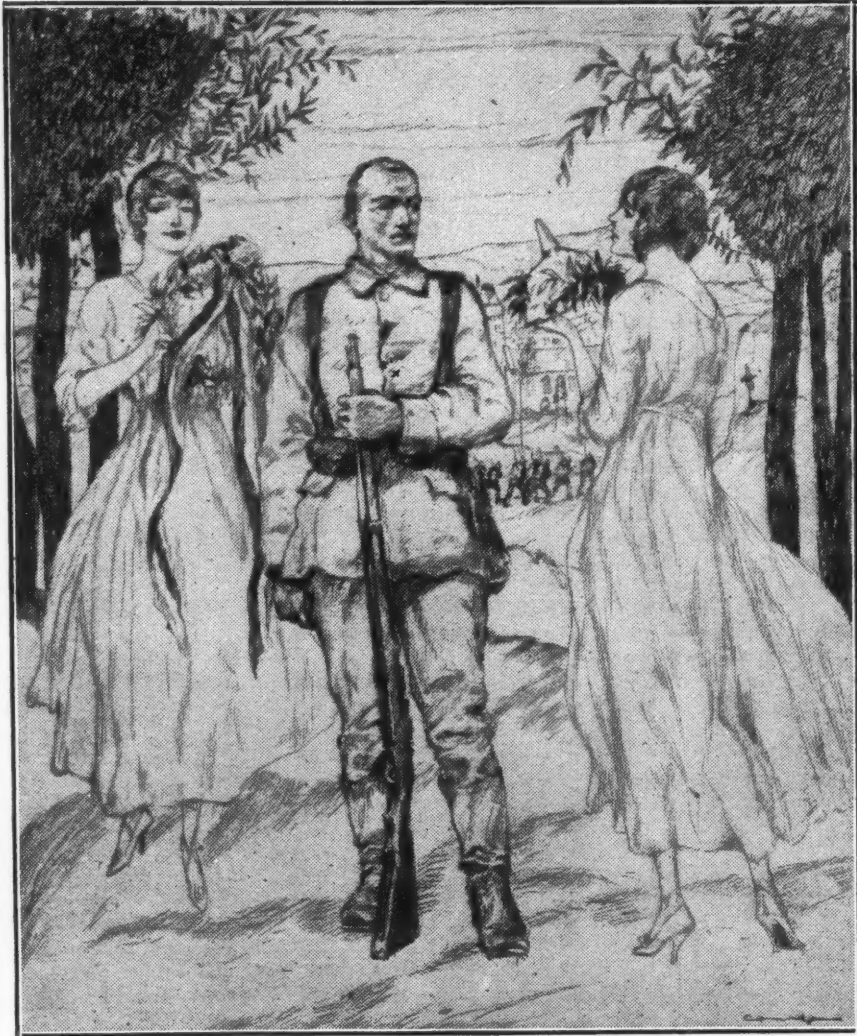


—Minns in *The Sydney Bulletin*.

ATLAS: "There you are, my lad; you WOULD have it."

[German Cartoon]

The Laurel Crop

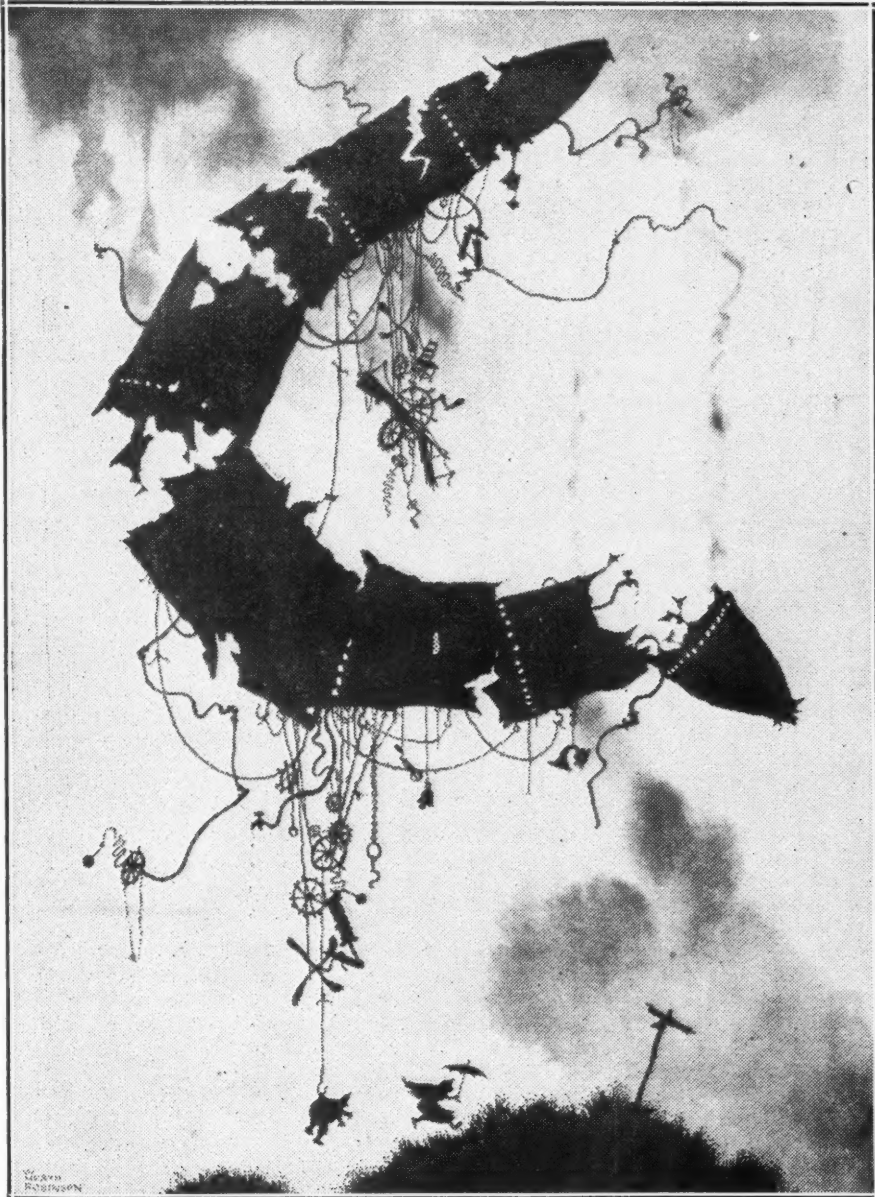


—© *Lustige Blätter*, Berlin.

The German soldier's homecoming.

[English Cartoon]

The Sup(p)er-Zeppelin



—From *The Sketch*, London.

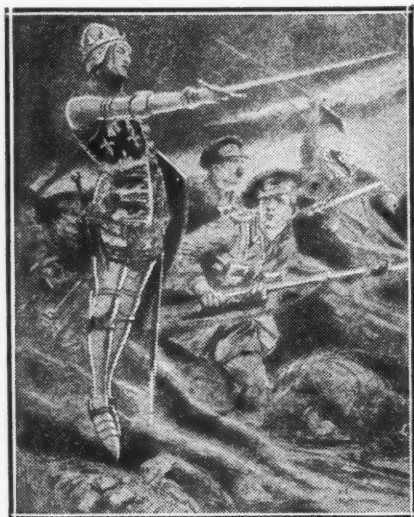
MRS. PARKINS (returning from birthday party): "Great Pemberton! No more lobster suppers for me!"

[English Cartoon]
Liqueur, Sir?



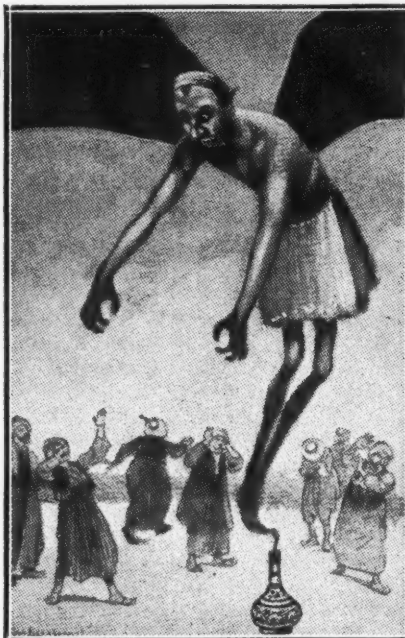
—From *The Sketch*, London.
FRITZ: "No Tanks!"

[English Cartoon]
The Black Prince of Picardy.



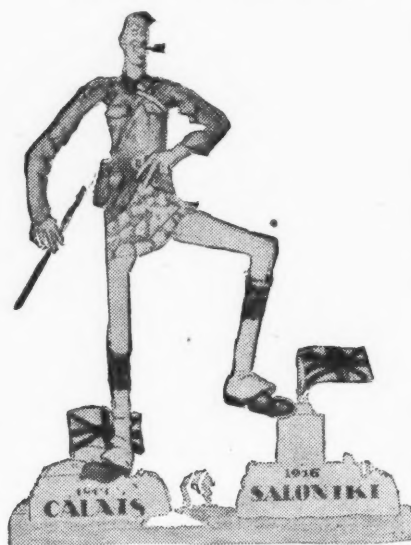
—T. H. Robinson in *Today*, London.
British manhood once more maintains the traditions of valor on the battlefields of the Black Prince.

[Dutch Cartoon]
The Modern Aladdin



—From *De Nieuwe Amsterdammer*.
The Central Powers have let loose the spirit of war, but how can they get it back into the bottle?

[German Cartoon]
Two British Victories



—Wieland, Munich.
"If we cannot conquer our enemies, at least we can win from our friends."

[Italian Cartoon]

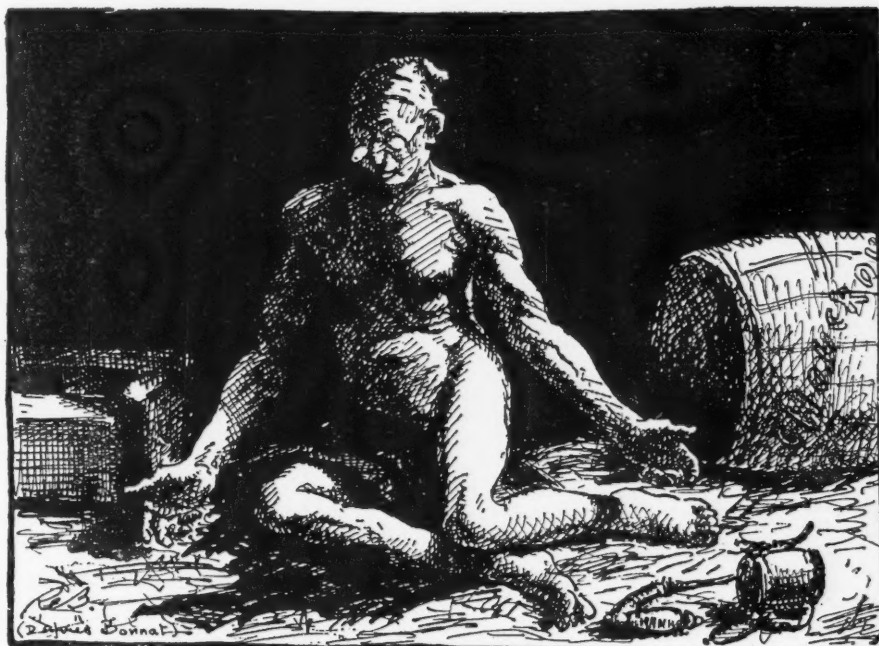
The New Slave Dealers



In lands occupied by the enemy.—From *Il 420*, Florence.

[French Cartoon]

After the War Loan



GERMAN PEASANT: "The Kaiser hath given; the Kaiser hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Kaiser."
—© *Le Rire*, Paris.
[Germany's war funds are raised almost entirely from the German people themselves]

[German Cartoon]

Our World-Master Hindenburg

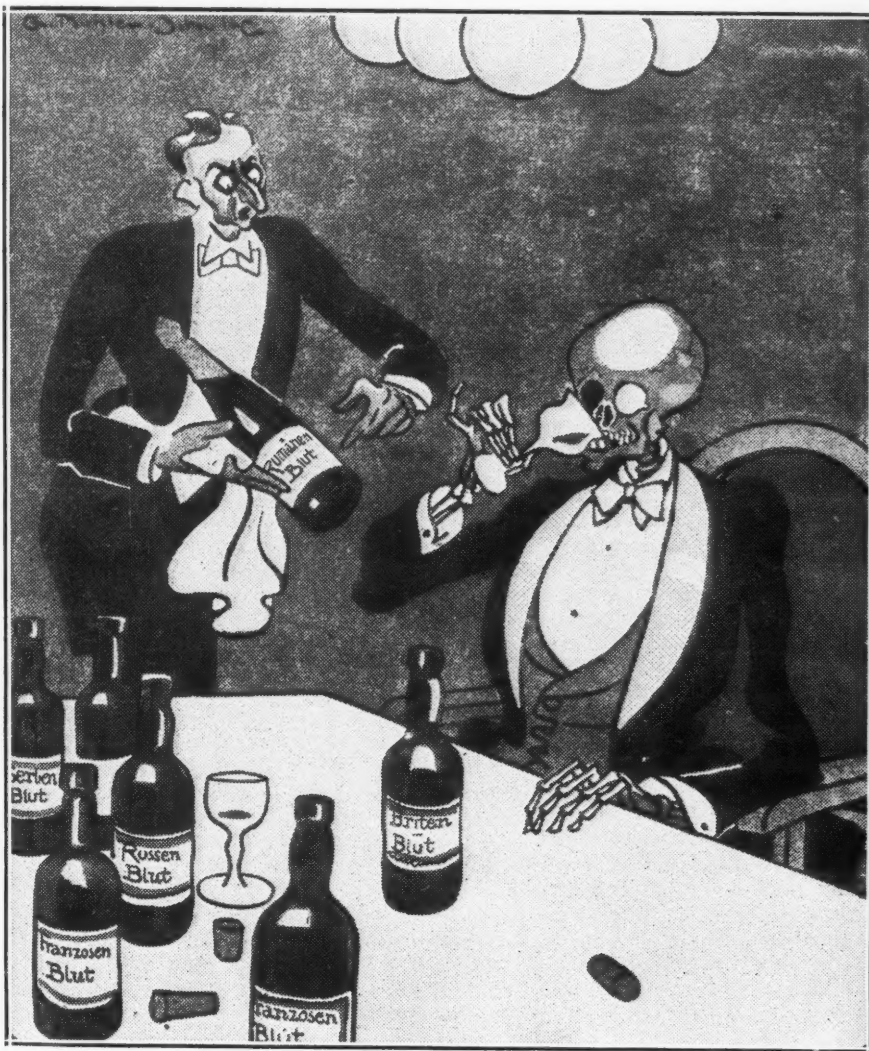


—© Lustige Blätter, Berlin.

"So many against one! And he will checkmate them all."

[German Cartoon]

Rumania Must Bleed



—© Der Brummer, Berlin.

GREY (British Minister) TO DEATH: "Excuse me, Sir, but for fear you may not have enough, I have brought you this choice Rumanian vintage."

[English Cartoons]

The Lion That Grew

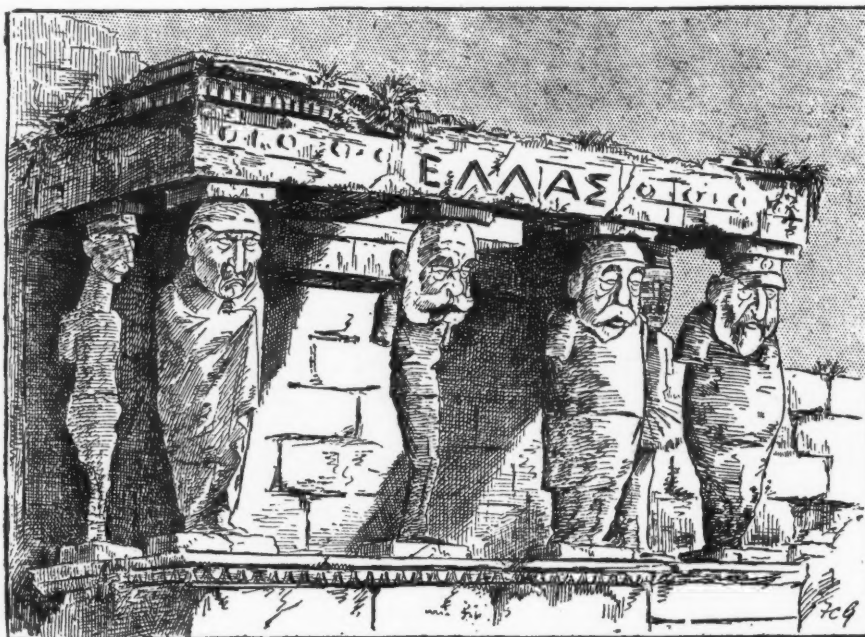


—From The Westminster Gazette.

1914.
THE KAISER: "A contemptible little creature, my dear Bethmann Hollweg, not worth bothering about!"

1916.
BETHMANN HOLLWEG: "What a dreadful menace to Europe!"

Hellas—Alas!



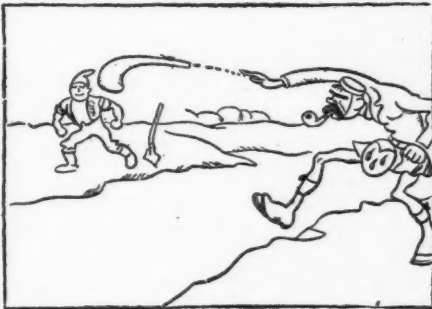
—From The Westminster Gazette.

The Greek Government and its pillars.

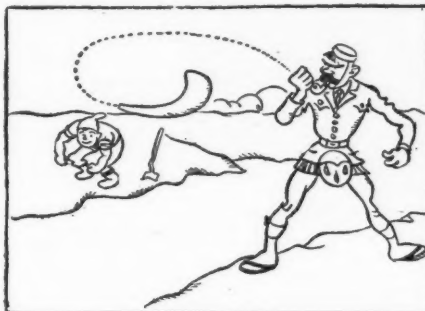
[German Cartoons]
The Boomerang



—One—



—two—



—almost hit!—



—Damnation!—
—© Der Brummer, Berlin.

The Merchant Submarine



—© Continental Times, Berlin.

Mercury grows fins and breaks Britannia's paper "blockade."

[German Cartoon]

Hypnotism



—Sascha Schneider in *Cartoons Magazine*.

How the War God Lures the German Youth.

[Dutch Cartoon]

Peace Prospects



—Louis Raemaekers, Dutch Cartoonist.

Germania shows signs of weariness.

[French Cartoon]

The British Drive



—Leandre in *Les Annales*, Paris.
A French artist's tribute to Great Britain's work on the French front.

[French Cartoon]

Discouraging



"It's no fun being an Austrian General; if one is not made prisoner by the Russians or Italians, one is kicked by that Boche of a Hindenburg!"

[German Cartoon]

After the Great New Drive

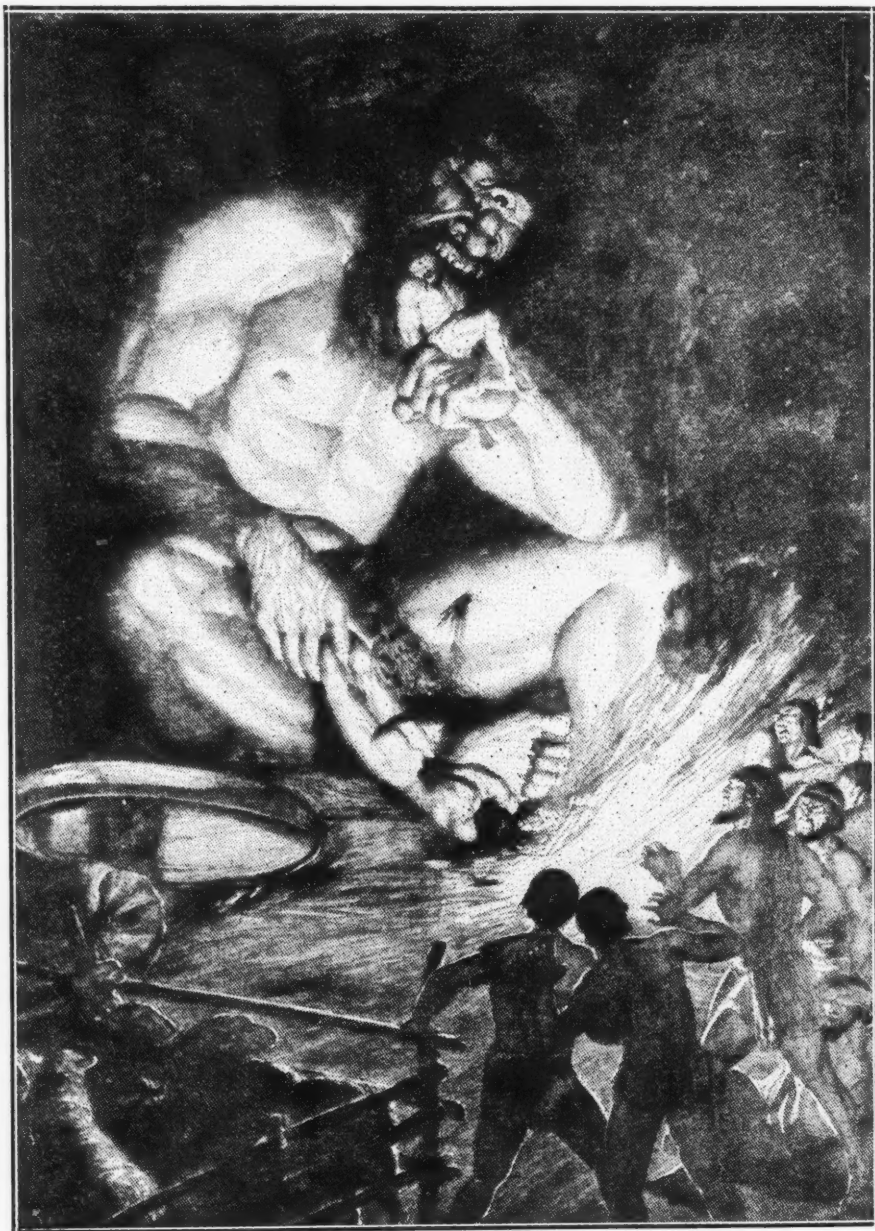


—© *Simplicissimus*, Munich.

"Yet another kilometer won! Perhaps our great-grandchildren may live to see the Germans thrown out!"

[Australian Cartoon]

The Modern Polyphemus



—Jack Flanagan in *Cartoons Magazine*.

Chief of the Cyclops as the Modern War God—He Eats 'Em Alive!

Progress of the War

Recording Campaigns on All Fronts and Collateral Events
From October 12, Up to and Including
November 12, 1916

CAMPAIGN IN EASTERN EUROPE

- Oct. 15—Russians storm Teuton trenches on the Vladimir-Volynski front in Volhynia; Rumanians fall back in the Kaliman mountain district of Transylvania.
- Oct. 18—Rumanians drive Teutons back in the Predeal region, south of Kronstadt; frontal drive brings Russians to within three miles of Halicz.
- Oct. 20—Teutons are driven back to the frontier in Transylvania, but capture important Russian positions on the west bank of the Narayuvka River.
- Oct. 22—Russians defeated in Galicia south-east of Lemberg and driven across the Narayuvka River.
- Oct. 23—Rumanians on Transylvanian front repulse invaders and recapture Mount Presacai.
- Oct. 24—Germans take Predeal in Transylvania; Rumanians drive Teutons back in the Oituz sector.
- Oct. 25—Teutons capture Vulkan Pass.
- Oct. 26—Rumanians capture Mount Kerekharan, south of Bicaz; all Austro-German invaders driven from the province of Moldavia.
- Oct. 27—Germans in Transylvania reach Campulung, twenty miles within the Rumanian border.
- Oct. 29—Rumanians defeat Bavarian Alpine corps south of Vulkan Pass; Russians check Teuton invasion from Red Tower Pass.
- Nov. 3—Rumanians drive Teuton forces across the Hungarian border at Table Butzi and attack in the Buzeu Valley, occupying Mount Siriul and Taturumio.
- Nov. 4—Rumanians recapture Rosca, east of Predeal; Teutons retire rapidly in the Juil Valley; heavy fighting on the Alt.
- Nov. 9—Teutons capture Surdolu in Rumania, sixteen miles from the Hungarian border.
- Nov. 10—Rumanians driven back in the region west of the Buzeu Valley; Russians on the Stokhod forced back on two-and-a-half-mile front near Baranovich.
- Nov. 12—Rumanians assume the offensive in Transylvania; Russians penetrate the province to a distance of more than fifty miles below the Bukowina border.

CAMPAIGN IN WESTERN EUROPE

- Oct. 12—British on the Somme front advance between Gueudecourt and Les Boeufs.
- Oct. 14—French troops take Genermont, near Ablaincourt.
- Oct. 18—French force Germans out of Sailly-

Saillisel, take dominating hills, and capture first German line west of Péronne.

- Oct. 21—British on the Somme advance on a three-mile front from Schwaben to Le Sars.
- Oct. 24—French break Verdun line on four-mile front and advance two miles, capturing the fort and village of Douaumont, La Caillette Wood, and advancing to the western outskirts of the village of Vaux.
- Oct. 30—French take trenches northwest of Sailly, but cede ground south of the Somme between Biache and La Maisonnette region.
- Nov. 2—Germans evacuate Fort Vaux; French advance northeast of Morval.
- Nov. 3—French reoccupy Fort Vaux and reach the outskirts of the village.
- Nov. 4—French capture western part of the village of Vaux.
- Nov. 5—French capture greater part of Saillisel and the northern part of St. Pierre Wood; British secure dominating position near Waslencourt.
- Nov. 7—French take German positions on front of two and a half miles south of the Somme, capturing the villages of Ablaincourt and Pressoire.
- Nov. 12—French retake all of Saillisel.

BALKAN CAMPAIGN

- Oct. 12—Serbs gain a foothold in the village of Brod, southeast of Monastir.
- Oct. 16—Russians report Teutons in Dobrudja driven back to Dobric.
- Oct. 18—Turks arrive on the Struma front.
- Oct. 19—Serbs capture Brod.
- Oct. 20—Serbs rout the Bulgars at the plateau and village of Velyeselo and turn the flank of the Kenali line; Italians, moving east from Avlona, occupy a village in Southern Albania.
- Oct. 21—Bulgar-Turco-German army in Dobrudja under General Mackensen captures the town of Tuzla on the Black Sea coast.
- Oct. 22—Rumanians retreat in Dobrudja as Mackensen's army occupies Teprai Sari and Cobadin.
- Oct. 23—Mackensen captures Constanza and cuts the railroad to Cernavoda.
- Oct. 24—Mackensen's forces capture Rashova on the Danube and the town of Medjidie on the Constanza railroad.
- Oct. 25—Rumanian-Russian forces evacuate Cernavoda; Italian forces in Albania link up with the Entente forces on the Macedonian front.

- Oct. 26—Rumanian-Russian forces blow up bridge over the Danube at Cernavoda to halt pursuit.
- Oct. 27—Rumanian-Russian army in Dobrudja falls back to prepared line from Hirsova to Casapkeul.
- Oct. 29.—French troops in the Monastir section capture the village of Gardilovo and a system of Bulgarian trenches between Kenali and the Cerna.
- Oct. 30—Russian, Serbian, and Rumanian forces in Dobrudja assume the offensive.
- Nov. 1—British capture Barakli-Azuma, Kumli, and Proserik on the Struma front.
- Nov. 6—Russo-Rumanian army in Dobrudja drives Mackensen's army out of four villages north of the Cernavoda-Constanza railroad.
- Nov. 7-9—Mackensen driven back twelve miles toward Cernavoda-Constanza line; his retreating army sets fire to the towns of Hirsova and Topal.
- Nov. 10—Russians occupy Dunareav Station on the west side of the Danube, two miles from Cernavoda.
- Nov. 11—Russians advance southward in Dobrudja and occupy the villages of Ghisdarechti and Topal; Russian fleet shells Constanza.
- Nov. 12—Serbs occupy the village of Polog and Culse Hill in the Cerna River section.

ITALIAN CAMPAIGN

- Oct. 13—Italians break Austrian lines at several points in drive toward Trieste and take strong Austrian positions between Sette Croci and Monte Roite.
- Oct. 18—Italians take the summit of Mount Pasubio.
- Oct. 21—Italian Alpini take strong Austrian position in the Boite Valley.
- Oct. 27—Italians blow up Austrian ammunition depots on the Julian front.
- Oct. 30—Italians win battle in the Cordevole Valley to the south of Settesasa.
- Nov. 3—Italians take strong Austrian defenses east of Veliki Kribach and Mount Pecinka on the Julian front.
- Nov. 4—Italians push forward in the Wipach Valley.

CAMPAIGN IN ASIA MINOR

- Oct. 18—Russian troops in Armenia drive off attacks by Turks and Kurds on Sudindag Mountain.
- Oct. 26—Russians capture Bijar, in the Hamadan sector, Persia.
- Oct. 30—Turks driven out of six villages near Hamadan.
- Oct. 31—Russians disperse Turkish forces in the district of Gumuskhanah.

- Nov. 7—Allies occupy the Island of Leros, off the coast of Asia Minor.

AERIAL RECORD

Aerial engagements on the western front have been notable for the number of machines that took part. Twenty-three machines were reported lost on Oct. 21. On Oct. 23 twenty aeroplanes were shot down in the Somme region. Of these the Allies lost eleven and the Germans nine. On Nov. 9 a fleet of thirty allied aeroplanes raided German bases at Ostend and Zeebrugge and in Northern France. The Germans lost thirteen machines and the Allies seventeen.

Forty allied aeroplanes raided the Mauser works at Obendorf on Oct. 13. Six German and nine allied machines were reported shot down.

Austrian seaplanes dropped bombs on Padua, Nov. 11, setting fire to several buildings.

NAVAL RECORD

The Cunard liner *Alaunia* was sunk by a mine in the English Channel.

In a raid made by German destroyers on the English Channel, Oct. 27, the British lost six drift-net boats, the torpedo-boat destroyer *Flirt*, and the transport *Queen*. Berlin denied the British assertion that two German destroyers were lost.

German submarines have been unusually active. The Greek steamer *Angheliki*, which was taking to Saloniki recruits of the volunteer movement, was torpedoed near Piraeus and about two hundred men were drowned. In the Mediterranean Sea, the American steamship *Lanao*, the French cruiser *Rigel*, the British transports *Crosshill* and *Sebek*, the Hawaiian liner *Columbian*, and the Peninsular and Oriental liner *Arabia* have been sunk. One American citizen was on board the *Arabia*. In the war zone thirty Norwegian, two Danish, one Rumanian, one Russian, four Swedish, three Greek, and eighteen British vessels, including the freighter *Rowanmore* and the horse transport *Marina*, have been sunk. Both the *Rowanmore* and the *Marina* had American citizens on board.

MISCELLANEOUS

On Nov. 5 Germany and Austria proclaimed the Kingdom of Poland. Austria-Hungary also granted autonomy to Galicia.

Greece has conceded further demands of the Allies, who have formally recognized the Provisional Government set up by Venizelos.